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NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

BUSINESS-STREETS, MERCANTILE BLOCKS, STORES, AND BANKS.

Continued from page 186.

OUR Custom-House in New-York, like that in Philadelphia, is a plain, large, solidly-constructed, and costly building, of white marble, which some people of delicate, æsthetic morals make complaints about, because it resembles a Greek temple. But the resemblance is not so exact that any body need be distressed by it. The Parthenon was only the expanded idea of a log cabin, and we have quite as good a right to an expanded log cabin in New-York as ever they had in Athens, for we have had a good many more of the primitive types of the Greek temple in our country than there ever were in Greece. Our meridian is very nearly the same as that of Athens, and the climatic requirements of both cities are similar. We think it is quite probable that our architects would have planned just such buildings as our so-called Greek Custom-House, if a copy of Stuart and Revett had never crossed the Atlantic, or Athens never existed. Our Custom-House is not so objectionable for being like the Parthenon, as for being unlike it. We do not imagine that Ictinus, the architect of that temple, would complain of his New World descendant for imitating his work, but, for not doing it more accurately. Our Custom-House displays the Greek triglyphs in all their stiffness; but, in place of the ornamental metopes it should have, it has utilitarian panes of plate glass, to let in light upon the "attic cells," where custom-house clerks sit at their mahogany desks. There is a pediment with heavy cornices, guttæ and all, at either end, supported on ponderous fluted pillars; but the tympanums are destitute of sculptures, so

that they look like picture frames hung up without pictures. Perhaps, some of these days, when custom-houses shall be abolished, and this marble building shall be appropriated to a better purpose, the statuary, the metopes, and the polychromatic tints which once beautified the Parthenon, will be supplied. There is room for improvement all round us; and, when the "good time" comes, we dare say our Custom-House will receive its share of attention. In the mean time, we would advise all discontented amateurs of architecture to be tolerant towards our Greek temples, and remember that, if they are not very becoming to the uses for which they were designed, that they are very solid, have cost a good deal of the public money, and are likely to last a long time; and that, if they might have been better, they might also have been worse. Our Custom-House was built under the presidency of General Jackson, who was certainly no Pericles, and could hardly have been expected to build public edifices like him. Besides, Pericles had a Phidias and an Ictinus, as General Jackson had not, to embody and improve his magnificent projects. But the site occupied by our Custom-House has been sanctified by a presence greater than that of Pericles, or any other Greek; it was in the balcony of the old Federal Hall, which stood on this spot, where Washington took his inaugural oath, as first President of the United States, and the pediment of the Custom-House, which now looks like a blank canvas, with a splendid frame, should be filled with sculptures representing this great event in our national history, and



Custom-House.

commemorating the spot which was consecrated by its enactment. The Custom-House stands in a splendid position for the display of a sculptured picture; its portico rears itself boldly up in its snowy magnificence, in front of Broad-street, and is elevated from the surface of Wall-street, on a platform to which you ascend by eighteen marble steps. The two ends on Wall and Pine streets are precisely alike, but the difference of position gives a look of grandeur to the Wall-street end, which the other hardly suggests. The building is entirely isolated, fronting on Wall, Nassau and Pine streets, and having an alley of ten feet on the south side, which separates it from the neighboring buildings. As a piece of masonry, it is doubtless equal to any structure in the world; and, if let alone, will probably endure as long as the Pyramids. It is built entirely of white marble, which was brought from the Berkshire quarries in Massachusetts; and the only wood-work employed in the whole structure is in

the doors. The form of the building is a parallelogram, two hundred feet long, and ninety feet wide; its height is about eighty feet. The pediment at each end is supported by eight fluted columns of white marble, five feet eight inches in diameter, and thirty-two feet high. On each side there are thirteen square pilasters, with windows in the embayed intervals. The interior is divided into a grand rotunda, and numerous offices for the different departments of the Custom-House. The rotunda is sixty feet in diameter; the dome is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, thirty feet high, with capitals of white Italian marble. Under the dome are the desks of the four deputy collectors, and around the sides of the hall are the desks of the entrance and clearance clerks. All the business transacted with the Custom-House must first be begun here, and, in the little room adjoining, where the cashier keeps his desk, nearly two-thirds of the entire revenue of the country is received, and

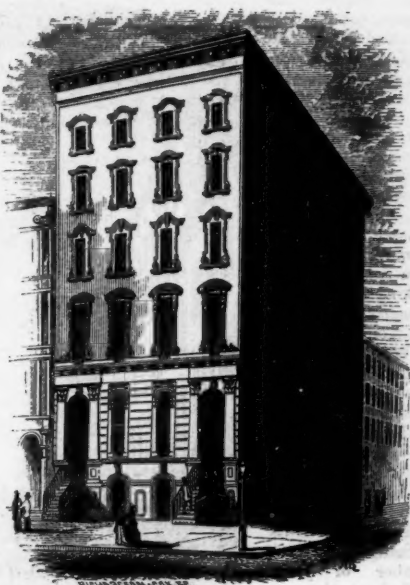
paid over to the Sub-treasurer, whose vaults are in the north-eastern corner of the building. In the crypt are the offices of some of the important subordinate officers; and it is only by a visit to this part of the structure that its solidity and massiveness can be felt. Some of the marble blocks weigh over thirty tons. The roof is of marble: the slabs weigh three hundred pounds each, and overlap each other eight inches. The building was commenced in May, 1834, and completed in the same month in 1841. The cost, including the lot, was \$1,195,000; the building alone cost \$950,000.

Emerson says in one of his poems—

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone."

But we Yankees have too many other good things to boast of, to feel any pride in the Parthenons which we rear for all sorts of purposes, and the Custom-House in Wall-street, solid, beautiful, and costly as it is, we are by no means proud of. Perhaps our pos-

terity may be; but our High Bridge is a much finer architectural object than could be found in all Athens, and we are not proud of even that. The late



Metropolitan Bank.



Stores corner of Broadway and Rector Street.

John Frazee, the sculptor, had the superintendence of the building of the Custom House, but cannot be called its architect, as he has sometimes had the credit of being.

Wall-street contains many fine buildings besides those that we have given views of, and among them is the new banking house of the Seamen's Saving's Bank, on the corner of Wall and Pearl streets. One of the oldest commercial buildings in the city is the old Tontine Coffee House, between Water and Pearl streets, the large room of which was used as a Merchants' Exchange for a great number of years, until about the year 1828, when the first Exchange, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1835, was finished. One of the peculiarities of our new banking institutions is to settle down upon the corners of streets. The very finest of all the new banking houses is that of the Metropolitan Bank, on the corner of Pine-street and Broadway. This superb building is but just finished; it is faced with brown free-stone, and displays a greater quantity of ornamental sculpture upon its two fronts than the whole of Broadway could have exhibited ten years ago. It is, in fact, to our banking institutions and the drygoods business, that we are chiefly indebted for whatever of architectural excellence or beauty our city can boast of. The Metropolitan Bank is, too, a drygoods bank, which was established chiefly by drygoods merchants, for the special convenience of their own department of trade.

The great leading business of New-York, that which gives employment to the vast fleets of sailing ships and steam vessels that continually crowd its magnificent harbor; which builds the superb hotels that ornament its streets; that creates banks, erects warehouses, extends its docks, attracts thousands of traders from all corners of the continent, and makes it the great, wealthy, elegant and



View of Dey st. from Greenwich st., looking towards Broadway.

busy metropolis it is—is Drygoods. Under this comprehensive head is included every thing that is used for covering the human body, excepting shoes. New-York is, in truth, what some of our ambitious tailors call their establishments, the great clothing emporium of the world. A very considerable part of all the various articles used in clothing the limbs and backs of this entire continent, the calicoes of Manchester, the cloths of Yorkshire, the laces and hosiery of Germany, the millinery of France, the silks of India, and the cottons of Lowell, pass through the warehouses of New-York, and pay their percentage to our merchants, who constitute a calico aristocracy. During the last year there was imported into the port of New-York, foreign merchandise to the amount of one hundred and eighteen millions, seven hundred and seventy-five thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three dollars; and of this amount, sixty-two millions, six hundred and eighteen thousand, four hundred and twenty-one dollars came under the head of drygoods. More than one half of the commerce of New-York is in drygoods. We get a better idea of the immensity of this great branch of trade, by looking at that part of the city



Stewart's Store, Broadway Front.

which the business almost entirely monopolizes. The U. S. Bonded Warehouse, fronting on Broadway, is used mainly for storing drygoods; and there were recently stored in this one building, goods to the amount of three millions of dollars. The drygoods dealers were once confined almost exclusively to Pearl-street; the business extending from Coenties Slip to Franklin Square. But now Pearl-street has been nearly abandoned by the business, and

the drygoods men occupy almost entirely Broad-street, Beaver-street, Exchange Place, Pine-street, William-street, Liberty-street, Cedar-street, Courtlandt-street, Dey-street, Maiden Lane, and about a mile of Broadway. These are the streets that are almost wholly monopolized by importers and jobbers of drygoods; while, in addition to them, are numerous large drygoods stores in Nassau-street, Fulton-street, Park Place, Park Row, and even

Murray and Warren streets. These are all wholesale streets. The retailers of drygoods are nearly as numerous, and are found principally in Canal-street, Grand-street, Broadway, the Bowery, Greenwich-street, and the Avenues. It is startling to enumerate the number of churches which have been pulled down and displaced to make room for the great business which spreads with such astounding rapidity over the whole lower part of the city, prostrating and utterly obliterating every thing that is old and venerable, and leaving



Stewart's Store, Chambers-street front.

not a single land-mark, in token of the former position of the dwelling-places of our ancestors. These demolished temples are the Dutch Reformed Church in Garden-street, now Exchange Place, the Presbyterian Church in Wall-street, the French Protestant Episcopal Church du St. Esprit in Pine-street, Grace Church on Broadway, the Presbyterian Church in Cedar-street, and the Quaker Meeting House in Liberty-street. Within the past twenty years all these stately houses of worship and their parsonages have been torn down, the contents of their grave-yards and family vaults ruthlessly scattered, and the sacred ground covered with long blocks of brick and free-stone warehouses for the storage of drygoods. Hotels, theatres, and private mansions have shared the same fate.

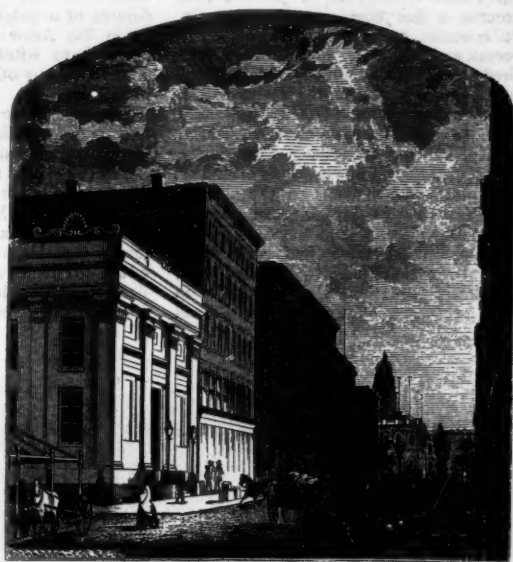
Calico is omnipotent, and whole streets melt away at her approach. On the sites of the time-honored and venerated Mansion House and the City Hotel, on Broadway, are now blocks of brown-stone drygoods warehouses. Where the National Hotel once stood is a white marble building, of Elizabethan architecture, devoted exclusively to the sale of silks and ribbons; Stewart's "Marble Palace" is on the site of the Washington Hotel, and where the old Park Theatre once stood, there are now spacious brown-stone stores, occupied by drygoods jobbers and clothiers. Dey-street, which, but a short time since, was exclusively occupied by private dwellings and boarding-houses, has been entirely torn down and rebuilt for the accommodation of drygoods dealers. The first of the great brown-stone warehouses erected on Broadway, is the block on the corner of Rector-street and Broadway, which covers the entire site of Grace Church and its rectory. This superb store is fifty feet front on Broadway, and two hundred and twenty feet on Rector-street. It is built of brick, and faced with brown free stone. The finest of the Broadway drygoods stores, and, we believe, the most extensive and elegant building occupied by one firm, in the world, is Stewart's store on Broadway. This immense drygoods-ery occupies the entire block between Reade and Chambers streets, with a frontage on Broadway of one hundred and fifty-two feet; the front on Chambers-street is one hundred feet, and about the same on Reade-street; it is eighty-three feet high, from the sidewalk, and is divided into five stories. The Broadway and Chambers-street fronts are of a delicate light cream-colored marble of remarkable uniformity of tint. It was brought from the Westchester Quarries, which are part of a vein nearly as delicate in tint

and texture as the best Italian, which strikes in a northerly direction through Massachusetts and Vermont, and terminates in Canada. The architectural details of Stewart's store are open to technical objections, but, as a whole, it is an imposing structure, and an ornament to the city. A warehouse built for the sale of merchandise is not the kind of building to which we should look for architectural perfection, but the only public building we can boast of that is superior to Stewart's store is our City Hall. The interior of this great establishment is divided into departments for the sale of distinct varieties of goods; in the centre of the building there is a superb hall, one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and eighty high, lighted from an elegant lantern in the dome. The walls and ceiling of this splendid apartment are very elegantly and chastely decorated with paintings, and the merchandise, to the sale of which it is appropriated, is of the most costly description of silk stuffs and brocades. The first floor is appropriated to retail customers, while the basement, with spacious subterranean galleries beneath the side walk, is set apart for all kinds of carpetings and floor-cloths. The upper lofts are appropriated to the wholesale departments. There are three hundred salesmen and clerks constantly employed. When lighted up at night, there are upwards of four hundred gas burners in use. The number of panes of French plate glass, used in the building, is about two thousand. The sheets of plate glass in the windows on each side of the principal doors are one hundred and thirty-four by eight-four inches—the doors have but one plate each, one hundred and thirty by forty-one. The other windows are divided into four lights, sixty-seven by forty-two; there are sixty of these. All the sashes are made of metal. The windows and doors have revolving iron shutters. The business of Stewart's store, we are informed, amounts to over seven millions a year. Stewart's is the only retail drygoods store on the east side of Broadway; the tide of fashion sets on the sunny side of our great thoroughfare, but the scarcity of stores will compel some of the great establishments further up to cross over, before long, and we hope to see more white marble fronts on the shady side of the street, where they are more needed than on the other side.

Murray-street, which, but a short time ago, was wholly occupied by private dwellings of most intense respectability, has felt the influence of the great change that has overcome the lower part of our city; the following view is from the

corner of Church-street, looking towards the City Hall, which is seen in the distance. The square building on the corner is a church edifice which has undergone very great changes within a very short time. It was erected by a Dutch Reformed Congregation, now worshipping in a Gothic brown-stone church in the Fifth Avenue. It was sold by the original proprietors to the Universalists, under the pastoral charge of Rev. E. H. Chapin, who, in turn, purchased the Church of the Divine Unity, in Broadway, and sold their own church to be converted into the inevitable drygoods stores. There are

already several large, and well-built stores in Murray-street, which, before long, will become wholly a business street. Just below the church, of which we have a view in the engraving, stood the venerable Presbyterian Church, which was ta-



View in Murray-street looking towards Broadway.

ken to pieces and reconstructed in Eighth-street, opposite the Opera House, precisely as it looked on its original site. Since its transportation it has been occupied by a great variety of sects, but is now in the possession of the Roman Catholics.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

A bare enumeration of the hotels of New-York would tell the whole story of her commercial greatness, and the prosperity of the country of which she is the metropolis. Our hotel-keepers bear as little resemblance to the Will Bonifaces of the past century, whom we read of in English novels, as Baron Rothschild bears to Isaac of York. Hotel-keeping has become a great business, requiring a large capital, a knowledge of the world, intelligence, liberality, and an enterprising spirit.—There are, in Broadway alone, fifteen large first-class hotels, and innumerable restaurants, cafés, and boarding-houses, some of them large enough, and splendid enough, to be included in the list of hotels. The oldest hotel in the city is the United States, formerly Holt's, an immense, and well-constructed marble building, fronting on Pearl, Fulton, and Water-streets. It has more than four hundred windows, and, though a perfectly plain building, without the slightest pretension

to architectural beauty, it makes a very imposing appearance from its magnitude. It has never been ranked among our first-class hotels. The next in age, and the first in reputation, is the Astor House, which is probably more widely known than any other hotel in the world. The position of this great hotel is one of the finest in the city, and it will probably retain its attractiveness during the next half century, let the city change as it may. The Astor House was first opened in May, 1836, by the Boydens of Boston; the next year it passed into the hands of Boyden, Coleman and Stetson; and, in the year following, it came under the sole administration of its present proprietors, Coleman and Stetson, who have given it a reputation such as no other hotel has ever enjoyed. It is a massive structure of Quincy granite, spacious and well arranged, having a frontage on three streets, with the Park fountain in front, and the south end overlooking the green inclosure of

St. Paul's churchyard, a position that secures a free circulation of pure air. It contains three hundred and forty rooms, and has often entertained six hundred guests. It is built round a quadrangular court, which, until lately, had a fountain in the centre; but the proprietors have recently erected a spacious saloon, framed of iron, and richly decorated, in this open space, to be used as a kind of exchange and bar-room, on the plan of the New-Orleans hotels. The proprietors are wide awake to the changes going on around them, and contrive to keep their hotel always supplied with the latest inventions and discoveries in the great art of living well. Until

within the last year or two all great dinners, of a public character, were given in the Astor House, and its dining rooms have witnessed more sumptuous feasts than any other house on the continent.

The first house in Broadway, and the only ante-revolutionary building left in this great artery of our city is the WASHINGTON, a hotel and restaurant; a few doors above on the same side of the street, on the corner of Morris-street, and opposite that little oval spot of verdure, with its white marble fountain in the centre, called the Bowling Green, and which was once decorated with a leaden statue of George the Third, is Delmonico's Hotel and re-



Astor House.

restaurant, kept on what is called the "European plan." The other restaurant of the Delmonicos is on the corner of South William-street and Beaver-street; it has been the most renowned "eating house" in New-York during the past twenty years, and the principal resort of the French and German merchants who do business in the lower part of the city. The first Delmonico's was in William-street, and was destroyed in the great fire of 1835, after which the two brothers opened their restaurant in Broad-street, while their present house was building. The busi-

ness was established by the father and uncle of the present proprietor, who emigrated to this country from Switzerland some thirty years ago. Delmonico's in Broadway includes but two of the buildings given in the engraving. It is a favorite hotel with foreigners, and keeps up its reputation for excellent cookery. Above Delmonico's, and just below Wall-street, is Judson's Hotel, which is also kept on the European plan, and has a public restaurant, which is a favorite dining place for "down town" merchants. There is no hotel in Broadway between Jud-



Delmonico's Hotel.

son's and the large hotel known as Howard's, on the corner of Maiden Lane, but there are great numbers of respectable restaurants, both in Broadway and the neighboring streets, for almost the entire male population of New-York dine "down town," and they require a great many feeding places. In Maiden Lane, near Pearl-street, is the Franklin Coffee House kept by Clark and Brown, which deserves a passing notice, as a remarkable instance of stability in this constantly changing metropolis. It was one of the first dining houses established in New-York, and it has been kept by the same proprietors in the same spot thirty years. It has always been a favorite resort of English merchants, and is the only place of the kind in the city where the traditions of the English kitchen are preserved in all their old-fashioned purity. It is one of the few respectable restaurants in New-York where they ignore napkins and eat with steel forks. The atmosphere of Clark and Brown's is thoroughly English, and when you enter its dining-room, with its John Bullish little exclusive mahogany boxes, that resemble church pews, you might fancy yourself in an eating house in the neighborhood of Threadneedle-street, without any great effort of the imagination; and the bluff-looking landlord in his white apron and long carving-knife standing behind a sirloin of beef, with his back to a plum-pudding, will not destroy

the illusion. It is frightful to think of the rounds of beef and legs of mutton that Mr. Brown must have cut up during the thirty years he has been head carver at the Franklin Coffee House. The city East of Broadway has never been favorable to hotels, but, on the West side there are a good many large and flourishing ones; there are three in Courtlandt-street, one in Dey-street, three in Murray-street, two in Park Place, and three in Chambers-street; on the East side of the Park there are the Clinton, Lovejoy's, Earl's, French's and Tammany Hall, all large and well-conducted houses, but not ranking with the great hotels in Broadway. The next hotel on Broadway after the Astor is the American, on the corner of Barclay-street; then comes the "Irving," which is a congeries of houses, rather than one house, and includes the entire block between Chambers and Reade streets. These houses were not originally intended for hotel purposes, but were converted to their present use, and amalgamated under the name of the Irving House, by their original proprietor, about five years ago.

The Irving, which is named in honor of the author of the Sketch Book, is an immense pile of dark granite, irregular in outline, and entirely free from architectural embellishment. It is one of the largest hotels in the city.

The external aspect of a hotel should be light and cheerful, and even a bizarre

and fantastical character would be much preferable to a coldly correct, and classical style. Formality and heaviness should be avoided beyond all other things, and therefore granite should never be used in the façade of a hotel, as its dark color renders it a most unsuitable material for a building intended for festive purposes. The external appearance of the Irving House is as gloomy as a fortress, and the Astor House looks more like a penitentiary than a hotel. In the new hotels which have been built on Broadway, and, in other parts of the city, a much better taste has been displayed than in the two great houses in question. White marble is becoming a very common building material, and when it is tastefully employed, as in the front of the St. Nicholas and the Lafarge Hotels, the effect is in the highest degree cheerful and pleasing. We cannot but think that a lively and cheerful aspect to a hotel must impart a flavor to the dinner, and be an essential aid to digestion. Brown free-stone is preferable to granite, but there is no material for a hotel to be compared with marble. And, for the same reason that white is desirable for the exterior of a hotel, it should be avoided in the interior. For white is only cheerful when it presents a broken surface, and is

subject to the play of light and shade. The interior of a house being always in shadow, the walls and ceilings should be vari-colored. Cold white walls and ceiling, in a dining-room, are enough to destroy a keen appetite and impair digestion. Pictures, unless of fruits and flowers, are very objectionable in a dining-room, if they are of a sufficiently positive character to call off the attention of the convives from the table, which should be the most attractive object in it. The æsthetics of the table are now more cultivated by our hotel-keepers than was the case a few years ago. The dining-room of the St. Nicholas is an exquisitely beautiful example of a banqueting room, and shows to what a high condition the fine art of dining well has already been carried in this city. The ladies dining room of the Astor House is also a fine example of the same kind; the proportions of the room are perfect, and on the walls are hung some paintings of a pleasing character, and of a high order of art.

A short distance above the Irving, on the opposite side of Broadway, on the corner of Leonard-street, is the Carlton House, and not far above that, a smaller hotel, at the dépôt of the New Haven Rail Road, called the New Haven House. On the corner of Franklin-street and Broadway is "Taylor's Saloon," the



The St. Nicholas.

largest and most elegant restaurant in the world. The building is a stately edifice seven stories high, fifty feet front on Broadway, and one hundred and fifty feet on Franklin-street. The Broadway front is brown free-stone, richly and profusely ornamented with sculptures. The Franklin-street front is of pressed brick, with brown-stone window dressings. Taylor's is both a restaurant and a hotel. The saloon on the first floor contains an area of seven thousand five hundred square feet; the ceiling is eighteen feet high. There are two grand entrances; the floor is laid with marble tiles of a novel and beautiful design; the counters are of pure statuary marble, and ornamented with bronze and gilt figures, and supported at the corners

by kneeling figures of marble. The saloon includes two floors, and the walls are covered with mirrors in rich gilt frames; the chairs and sofas are covered with rich cloth of crimson and gold; and the ceilings are ornamented with gildings and scroll work of great beauty. This extensive restaurant is intended for ladies, and, like Thompson's, the other great dining-room for ladies in Broadway, has gradually grown up with the population of the city from an humble ice-creamery and confectionary to its present magnificent dimensions. Among the novelties of Taylor's saloon are two conservatories of great beauty, and a cut glass fountain seventeen feet high.

Further up on the opposite side is the Collamore House, a plain building, with a brown-stone front, on the corner of Spring-street. On the opposite side of Broadway, between Broome and Spring streets is the St. Nicholas Hotel, one of the last finished, and most splendid of all our public houses. The engraving of the St. Nicholas presents its front as it will appear when it is finished according to the original plan, but it should include the new brown-stone edifice which has been built since it was completed, and which extends to the corner of Spring-street, as it has been leased by the proprietor, and



Taylor's Restaurant.
[The new building, to be opened in May.]

will form part of this magnificent establishment. The actual extent of the house now occupied, is but 100 feet front and 200 feet deep, but, when completed, it will have a frontage on Broadway of 200 feet. The front of the St. Nicholas is the finest architectural feature of the noble thoroughfare on which it stands; it is constructed of a very fine marble, and is richly ornamented with bold sculptures of beautiful designs. The main entrance is in the centre of the building, through a portico supported by four Corinthian columns. The interior of this superb hotel is a brilliant surprise even after gazing on its elegant façade. The resources of the Upholsterer have been exhausted in furnishing its apartments, and all that carving and gilding can do to give gorgeousness to its appointments has been done. The finest of porcelain, the richest of cut glass, and the most brilliant of Sheffield ware decorate its tables. Its "bridal chamber," one of the newly invented institutions of hotel life, is scandalously splendid, and timid brides are said to shrink aghast at its marvels of white satin and silver brocade. It was supposed when the St. Nicholas was first thrown open to the wondering admiration of the select multitude of ladies and gentlemen who were invited to inspect its sparkling apartments, that luxury could



Prescott House.

no farther go, that there was no beyond, in the progress of refinement, to this latest offspring of the arts. But the next hotel will, doubtless, go a step beyond, and dazzle us with splendors of furniture before unheard of.

On the corner of Spring-street above the St. Nicholas, is the new hotel called, in compliment to our great historian, the Prescott House. The Prescott House is built of brick, with cast-iron ornamental heads to the windows. It is not so extensive as some of its neighbors, being but 100 feet on Spring-street, by fifty feet on Broadway. On the opposite side, on the corner of Prince-street, is the Metropolitan Hotel, which presents a frontage on Broadway of 300 feet and six stories; this front is of brown free-stone, while that on Prince-street is of brick with stone dressings. The dining-room of the Metropolitan is on the Prince-st. side, and is one hundred and fifty feet long by forty feet in breadth. It is said there are more than twelve miles of water and gas pipe

in this immense hotel, and two hundred and fifty servants. It has accommodations for one thousand guests. In the quadrangular court of the hotel is Niblo's theatre, the entrance to which is through a passage way in the centre of the Broadway front. The whole interior arrangements of the hotel are on a scale of magnificence corresponding with its grandeur of proportions.

Above the Metropolitan, on the opposite side of Broadway, and opposite Bond-street, is the Bond-street House, a small family hotel, with a plain white marble front; and, above that, is the New York Hotel, an immense brick structure, which occupies nearly the entire block, bounded by Washington and Waverley Places, and Broadway and Mercer-street. It is a hotel of the first class, both in extent and character, and has been built about ten years.

The Lafarge Hotel is now in course of erection, in front of Metropolitan, late Tripler's Hall; it has a façade of white

marble, of a highly ornamental character, designed by James Renwick, 125 feet in extent. This hotel will contain two hundred and twenty-eight separate apartments, and will cost about two hundred thousand dollars.

The Astor Place Hotel, directly opposite Astor Place, in Broadway, has been formed by the union of two granite houses.

The St. Denis is a rather *outré* and dreamy-looking building, six stories high, on the corner of 11-th street and Broadway, directly opposite Grace Church. Its external character, though bizarre and fantastical in the extreme, is very far from being unpleasing. The profuse ornamentations are not of a costly character, being castings of cement. The defect of the building, architecturally speaking, is the want of a door, there being nothing to distinguish the main entrance from the windows on the same floor.

On the corner of Broadway and Union Place, and fronting Union Square, is the Union Place Hotel, another first-class house. Further up Broadway, on the corner of 20th-street, is the Gramercy Hotel, the terminus of Broadway Hotel do. m at the present time; but it is not likely to remain so much longer, for our god Terminus does not stay long in one place, in these progressive times, but keeps jogging on with his carpet-bag in hand.

The Clarendon is a fine large brick building in the Elizabethan style, on the corner of 17th-street and Fourth Avenue, just above Union Square. and. though

neither the largest nor most pretending of our new hotels, it is probably one of the most comfortable and elegant of the whole brood.

Hotel life in New-York is as varied as the character of the population; visitors from any part of Europe may here find a home where they will hear their own language spoken, imbibe the potations of their father-land and inhale the flavor of their native dishes. But French is the predominant style of our public cuisine, and the language of diplomacy is also that of the bills of fare on all our hotel tables, except the Astor House, where they give English names to all dishes that are capable of translation. There is a Spanish hotel in Fulton-street, a *Café de Paris*, a *Tortoni*, and a *Rocher de Cancale* in Broadway, an Italian restaurant, strongly flavored with Bologna sausages, in William-street; a *Pension Française* in almost every street, while all the different tribes of Scandinavia and Germany have their distinct houses of refreshment kept by their own countrymen. The hotel population of New-York would alone form a city of no mean size; it probably does not fall much short of ten thousand.

Hotels *garni* are very numerous, and some of them are on a large and splendid scale, like Julien's hotel in Washington Place; but these do not properly come under the head of hotels and restaurants.

Much fault has been found, by a certain class of people who regard every deviation



The Metropolitan.

from old customs with alarm, with the splendors of our new hotels, and the habits of luxury and extravagance which they indicate. But it may be some consolation to these timid people, who are more terrified at sunshine than they would be by darkness, to know that all the splendor of which they complain is only the evidence of our prosperous condition, and that gas-lights and brocatelle are much cheaper than the tallow candles and chintz to which they have been accustomed. The

marble fronts, painted ceilings, satin counterpanes, and unlimited baths, which are now matters of course in our hotels, have not in the least advanced the price of hotel board, while the proprietors make more rapid fortunes than they ever did in the days of the old Bonifaces, when "mine inn" was as cheerless and uncomfortable as it is now brilliant and enjoyable. But the bridal chambers? Well, bridal chambers being very commendable things in themselves, which no right-minded man



The St. Denis.

or woman can make any objections to, we do not think they should be cried down, or put down, on the score of their splendor.

One of the most marked characteristics of New-York are the eating-houses, or dining-saloons. No other city in the world, it is probable, has half so many of these establishments, in proportion to its population, as New-York. They are terribly destructive to social enjoyment, beyond a question, but they are, unquestionably, a very great convenience, are economical, and the inevitable result of our geographical position. The natural concentration of business in the lower part of the city

has driven all the families miles up town, and across the East and North Rivers, and down the bay to Staten Island. As the fathers, brothers, and sons do not go home to dinner, the mothers, wives, and daughters, have no inducements to eat their meals in solitude; so, while the male members of the family are eating their little dinners at Delmonico's, Frederick's or Sweeney's, as the case may be; the female members are solacing themselves with fricandeaus, meringues and ices at Thompson's, Taylor's, or Weller's; so that it may be said that nearly half the people of New-York dine out every day



The Clarendon.

in the week but Sunday. The lares and penates of many a household must be neglected, in consequence of this custom. The worst effects of the eating-house system are upon the rising generation. The little people are taken out, to save trouble, and fed on dainties at the brilliant restaurants, where their appetites are awfully vitiated, and they eat most alarming quantities of ice-creams and oysters. Eating in public may beget a certain freedom of manner and *nonchalance* in little ladies and gentlemen, but we fear the practice is not calculated to promote the health either of the mind or the body. Home must seem cheerless and unattractive in comparison with the gilding, and bustle, and gorgeous luxuries of our great restaurants. The family dinner must be a tame and insipid meal to too many of those who form the great body of the patrons of these fashionable resorts. The company at these places is often of a questionable character, and children are too apt to witness practices which are not likely to benefit their morals.

The ladies' saloons of Broadway are establishments of very recent growth, but they have already attained to a most astounding degree of magnitude and splendor. It is only within a very few years that any thing more could be obtained at these luxurious places than ice-creams, pastry and oysters. But now they serve up dinners at the briefest notice that would do credit to any *café* in Paris. On the counters of these temples of confectionery, may always be seen the choicest and earliest fruits of the season, the rarest productions of the hot-house, and the most delicate bouquets that the conservatory can offer; while the Titians and Raffaelles of candy, daily produce some novelty of sweetness, to tempt the youthful lover of bonbons.

Society is rapidly tending towards hotel life, and the advantages of a cluster of families living together under one roof, are every day becoming more and more apparent. The dearth of rents, the scarcity of servants, and the thousand nameless inconveniences and expenses of

single households, which every house-keeper can enumerate, are strong inducements to take rooms at a hotel, where all the cares of house-keeping are avoided, and a thousand luxuries may be enjoyed that families of moderate incomes must deny themselves, in what the Fourierites call, the "isolated household." But, families can be just as isolated in a hotel as in a separate house, and generally be not half so exposed to impertinent observation. We ride in public carriages, travel in public steamboats, ships, and railroad cars, and there is no reason why we should not live in public houses. The chief difficulty now is, that our hotels are all of one grade, and there is no choice but to live in luxury and splendor, if you live in them at all, whether it be agreeable to your tastes and income, or not. We hope that the next move in hotel-keeping will not be an ambitious attempt to outshine the splendors of all other hotels, but to open a house with all their conveniences and comfort, but without the splendor, for the accommodation of those who have simple tastes and limited means. Let there be a few such houses opened on the same scale, as regards size and convenience, as the Astor, the St. Nicholas, and

the Metropolitan, and public houses would soon bear the same proportion to private ones, that omnibuses now do to private carriages. None but the very wealthy would ever think of living in their separate houses, if the same principle of accommodations for the masses were applied to hotels, that is done in the case of travelling equipages.

The first hotel that was built in New-York, was in the year 1642, and is thus alluded to in Brodhead's history:

"The constant intercourse at this time between New-England and Virginia brought many transient visitors to Manhattan. On their way to and from Long Island Sound and Sandy Hook, the coasting vessels always stopped at Fort Amsterdam; and the increasing number of his guests occasioned great inconvenience to the director, who frequently could afford them but "slender entertainment." Kieft, therefore, built "a fine hotel of stone" at the Company's expense, where travellers "might now go and lodge." This hotel, or, "Harberg" was conveniently situated on the river side, a little East of Fort Amsterdam, near what is at present known as 'Coenties Slip.'

To be Continued.



Laying the Rub Pavement in Broadway, corner of White-street.

THE MILL POND.

I.

THE linden, maple, and birch-tree bless,
 With cooling shades, the banks I press
 In the midsummer sultriness;
 And under the thickest shade of all
 Singeth a musical waterfall.

II.

The burnished breast of a silver pond
 In the sunlight lieth beyond,—
 Clear, and calm, and still as death,
 Save where the south wind's blurring breath,
 Like an angel's pinion, fluttereth.

III.

The south wind moveth, but maketh no noise,
 Nor ever disturbeth the delicate poise
 Of the little fishing floats, the boys
 Sit idly watching on log and ledge:
 It toucheth but softly the languid sedge,
 Drooping all day o'er the water's edge.

IV.

In the thickets, shady and cool,
 The white sheep tear their tender wool;
 Pensive and calm, one snowy lamb
 Stands sighing beside the grassy dam;
 Shaking and breaking the heavy boughs,
 The limber colts and the sober cows
 Down from the woody hillside come,
 To lave in the wave, and hark to the hum
 Of the waterfall, beating its airy drum.

V.

Deep in the shadowy dell at noon
 I lie, and list to the drowsy tune,
 Fanned by the sweet south wind;
 And I think how like to the poet's mind
 Are the skyey depths of the silver pond,
 That in the sunlight lieth beyond—
 These lindens tall, and the slimy wall
 Over which poureth the waterfall.

VI.

When the angry March winds blow,
 And rains descend, and freshets flow
 In torrent and rill from mountain and hill,
 And the ponderous wheels of the sunken mill
 Go round and round, with a sullen sound,
 Rumbling, mumbling, half under ground,—
 Hoarsely the waterfall singeth all day,
 And the waters are streaked with marl and clay.
 Obscure, impure, black, greenish, and gray:

VII.

But when these shaded banks I press
 In the midsummer sultriness,
 Standeth all still the mumbling mill;
 The quiet pond doth seem to thrill
 With joys which all its windings fill;

And in its depths the eye may view
A world of soft and dreamy hue :—
Banks, and trees, and a sky of blue.

VIII.

Willow and sedge, by the water's edge,
And children fishing from log and ledge ;
Lilies, cresses, and wild swamp grasses,
And every butterfly that passes,
The lakelet's placid bosom glasses.

IX.

Thus when the luminous waters of life
Are vexed no more by storms of strife
And turbulent passion's sweeping wind,
The mirror of the Poet's mind
All Nature's images receives :
The kingly oak with its myriad leaves —
Even the web the spider weaves !
The cloud at even, the sun at noon,
By night the stars and the charmed moon ;
And the feet of Aurora, in golden shoon.

X.

And the tree of Pride, and the web of Art,
Hope's radiant Stars, and clouds that start
Across the heaven of the heart !
Love's glorious sun, in its burning noon ;
Pale Sorrow, rapt by the magic moon ;
Sweet, glowing Pleasure, in golden shoon,
Treading like Fire Youth's dewy grasses ;
And each bright-winged thought that passes
The sky-deep soul of the Poet glasses.

MARY L. WARE.

Memoir of Mary L. Ware, wife of Henry Ware, Jr. By EDWARD B. HALL. One
Vol., pp. 434. Boston : 1853.

THE rapid accumulation of wealth in our country is the amazing tale of every day—"an o'er true tale." Science is creating new modes of production, ingenuity is devising new means of acquisition ; commerce is pouring in its riches through a thousand gates, and the earth and waters of California are glittering with gold ready for the hand of the coiner.

The inventions of oriental imaginations seem to have been but partial prophecies of the actual luxuries of our days. It would have cost Aladdin many a rubbing of his lamp to have produced the palaces of the Fifth Avenue. The beautiful forms of art that embellish them were beyond the sphere of his wildest fancies. The ring of the magician conjured up gardens whose fruits were precious stones, but the science and labor which produce luscious fruits and delicate flowers in our cold North,

were far beyond its magic. No dream of philanthropy shadowed forth the comforts and adornments that are now found in the habitations of our humbler citizens and secluded rustics. The citizen and rustic of our times, were the thrall and serf of former days. Those who then toiled for masters and wore collars, now have baths in their houses, and prints from Raphael and Corregio on their walls !

But why is this an "o'er true tale ?" Because that in our civilization, moral progress does not keep pace with material development. Because that luxury having first stimulated, then intoxicates, and then enfeebles. We need now and then to pause—to detach ourselves from the train—to get out of the noise and excitement of this onward movement, and look at objects that are steadfast, and colors that neither dazzle nor fade ; in short to

consider what are our true riches—what the treasures that do not pass away. Of these treasures there is nothing more precious than the finished lives of the good, recorded with fidelity and simplicity—the true story well told.

Biography, next to fiction, is the most popular literature. If we read the history of a real individual with an interest less keen than that with which we peruse the entangled incidents of a heroine of romance, we bring to it the same universal appetite, curiosity; not the vulgar curiosity that leads one to pry into one's neighbor's private history, but a curiosity sanctified by a desire to know how the traveller that has gone before us has sped over the road that we must travel; how its advantages have been attained; how its temptations have been resisted; how its evils and dangers have been met, or avoided; how its weariness has been endured; how its pleasures have been enjoyed, and how its goal has been reached. In the life of Mary Lovell Ware we have the most profitable example. Her experience was strictly limited to domestic life. She was neither poetess nor authoress, nor missionary, nor prodigy of genius, nor phenomenon of eccentricity. She might, if the exigence had called her to it, like the Maid of Saragossa, or like the nobler Maid of Orleans, have led armed men to battle and to victory. In France and in the French revolution, she would have gone to the scaffold with as free and as steady a step as Madame Roland, for the only question with her was practicable duty, and for that her courage and fortitude were indomitable. Her niche is not in the Temple, but at the shrine of our homes. She was no demi-goddess, but, what is fitter to our purpose, she was the *heroine of domestic life*; and thousands and tens of thousands of daughters, wives, mothers and benefactors, may learn from her how to sow, and how to reap the harvest-fields of life; and the better learn from her, because her field was on the plane of our common experience. There were vicissitudes in her life—sharp trials, great joys, and keen sorrows; everyday opportunities of doing, suffering, and enjoying; but they were trials and opportunities similar to those of every woman who lives fifty years. To her the young girl may go to see how youth may be consecrated and vitalized by a spiritual and practical religion; how reverence becomes the highest; how girlish friendships may be dignified, sustained and enjoyed; how innocent and profitable social life may be made; how perplexing duties may be adjusted. The daughter may learn how filial duty and filial love work to-

gether, doing that spontaneously and joyously which, as task-work, is but dull and cheerless.

She has exemplified the state of feeling upon which the most sacred relation of life must be entered so as to secure it from the wreck that, known or unknown, so often attends it; that relation which is still the unexpounded riddle, making one of two, and yet leaving the one for ever two; the most complicated, the most perilous relation—the oftenest desecrated—and yet, “the loveliest flower in all the field of life!”

We might go on through all natural and assumed domestic ties, but we prefer to enforce opinion by testimony from the memoir—as, perchance, some may first learn from this widely-diffused magazine, the existence of a book which (though it has already, within two months of its first publication, arrived at a third edition) naturally has a more local circulation.

It is quite satisfactory that the life of Mary Ware should be given to the public at this time; that such an actual existence should be opposed to the creations of a writer of some of the most popular novels of this day of popular novels, and to the views of women, which their author has widely exhibited in his (otherwise) delightful lectures.

Mr. Thackeray, with infinite fertility of invention, and with the acutest perception of the varieties of mankind, and a power and unity in their demonstration which an anatomical entomologist might envy, gives us but two varieties—two phases of womankind—his Becky, Blanche, and Beatrix; women with all the weaknesses, and without a particle of the affection, of their sex; ambitious, but without the greatness that attends it; unrelenting in selfishness; unscrupulous as fiends, and alluring as she who was the Fate of Nelson. His other genus is composed of his Amelia, Mrs. Pendennis, and that insipid, homœopathic dilution of womanhood, Lady Esmond, who, at first, seems rather pleasing and refreshing like a glass of *eau sucre* but *toujours eau sucre*, is more tiresome than *‘toujours perdrix.’*

We have heard (but we can scarcely believe it of one who calls the noble women of England his country-women), that Mr. Thackeray alleges in his defence, that he has “described women as good as he has found them.” God help him, then! If he has been so singularly unfortunate, we pity him. If, in the infinite variety of one half of the race of God's creation, an adverse fate has limited Mr. Thackeray's observation to two species, why not enlarge his horizon from that other world which is the true mirror of

mature. Isabella and Imogen, Constance and Queen Catharine, Desdemona and Viola, Rosalind and Beatrice, the intellectual Portia, and even the Merry Wives, all beautiful varieties of the same race, each differing from the other as one star differeth from another—all living and immortal—should have taught Mr. Thackeray to look upward to the firmament of women above him, and not always to select for our observation those who are earth-bound, beneath his searching and scornful glance. Mr. Thackeray cannot be a stranger to Rebecca, and Flora McIvor, and Jeanie Deans, and surely, he will not deny that Scott held his mirror up to Nature.

We are far from questioning the merit of Becky Sharp. She is the true type of her hateful class. Even in our 'demi-civilization'—in our pure republic—there are specimens of female adventurers, speculators, *traders*, that verify this exquisite delineation. Mr. Thackeray has a keenness of perception, a thoroughness in searching out the vices, frailties, and infirmities of his race, that resembles the trained sagacity of the cleverest and most accomplished detective policeman. No rent, no soil on poor humanity escapes him. But was it not enough to preserve one such specimen as Becky Sharp, in his glowing amber? Why multiply them?

Shakspeare's and Scott's museums are like the halls of the Vatican, filled with the divinest creations of Heaven, with now and then a drunken Faun to typify the sensual degradation of man's nature. Will Mr. Thackeray force us to compare his collections to the museums of morbid anatomy—instructive, it may be, to the student of diseases, but most repulsive and disheartening to the lover of his kind?

In his "Snobs of England," Mr. Thackeray exercises his genius legitimately and curatively. This is confessedly "morbid anatomy," and we hail the masterly skill of the exhibition. The whole civilized world should study it, learn from it, and give Mr. Thackeray thanks for it. There are "Snobs" every where. Civilization breeds such vermin. The richest fruits are most beset with every species of crawling thing, and he who can produce a satire, pungent and penetrating enough to extirpate them, is a benefactor to his race. We admire the health that ventures fearlessly amidst contagion—the boldness that penetrates to the most infected districts of the aristocracy, and manfully carries its besom into the palace and the church.

But when the world is Mr. Thackeray's oyster, and he opens it, we expect to find

good food, and—sometimes, a pearl. We see in him so thorough a contempt for pretension and assumption, for the pharisaicalness and hypocries that pervade the civilized world, from the puritanical rustic to the London Crawleys; we perceive such an uncompromising love of integrity, from its coarsest manifestation in the keeping of a verbal contract, down to its saving influence in the deepest depths of man's heart; we see so much frankness and geniality, so kindly a spirit, a man so loyal, good and true, that we feel something like mortification at his using his great gifts to depreciate his race, and to disparage and—degrade woman.

Before proceeding in expressions of dissatisfaction, it is fitting we should acknowledge the immense debt that young men and young women, and the world of Mr. Thackeray's readers, owe him for the freedom of his books from grossness and coarseness, in their technical sense; for his manly scorn of that whole class of vice, with all its shallow compromises, and insulting hypocries.

In his last novel, "Henry Esmond," Mr. Thackeray manifests some relentings. There is, it is true, an immense upward progress from Dobbin to Warrington, the only men in either Vanity Fair or Pendennis that an honest gentleman could cordially grasp by the hand; and there is still an ascension from Warrington to the generous, refined, courteous, brave, and gentle Henry Esmond. But even in this last book, we have the old pattern repeated in the two women newly baptized as "Lady Esmond" and "Beatrice." True, Lady Esmond is higher bred than Amelia, or poor Helen Pendennis; but, Mr. Thackeray, "fine feathers don't make fine birds." She is the same insipid, colorless character from one end of this charming book to the other, in spite of the elaborate laudation that always attends her; and the brilliantly beautiful, and spirited Queen's-maid-of-honor, Beatrice, though, at the first glance, she seems to differ utterly from the low-born Becky Sharp, with her green eyes and parti-colored hair, and infinitely versatile genius; yet they have both the same basis, the same unbridled ambition, the same unmitigated selfishness, the same hopeless corruption. We do not so much object to Becky, Blanche, and Beatrice. (Is the alliteration accidental?) They show for what they are worth; they are beacons on the great highway of life, buoys to warn the mariner from hidden rocks; but it is Mr. Thackeray's pattern woman that we disclaim—his ideal—a woman doomed and content "to dwell in decen-

cies for ever," a woman with the instincts of maternity (common to her sex), "jealous as a Barbary cock-sparrow," gentle without calmness, generous without discernment, self-sacrificing, not from strength, but weakness; loving, but never wisely, and spoiling all she loves. We freely confess that these are not portraits from lay figures. They are lifelike, painted from originals—there are plenty of them; but there are also exceptions. You may find them in every household, and every where, where women most do congregate.

The mischievous tendency of this presentment of woman is already apparent in unfledged college boys, who respect nothing in the shape of woman, though they may yet preserve some nursery love for the doting mother at home. They mount on Mr. Thackeray's nobly tall and broad shoulders, and when he but archly smiles at the sex, they laugh derisively, and exult in his authority to throw overboard the slight remains of the traditional reverence which inconveniently bridle their passions, and restrains their egotisms.

We remember a striking point in one of Mr. Thackeray's lectures when, pausing amidst its general current, he impressively advised young men to keep good company and read good books. Excellent advice! But an improvement on it was given by a wise mother to her son, when he was about to put the Atlantic between them. "Read good books, my dear boy," she said, "and drink water!" Now, we imagine the tendency of Mr. Thackeray's books, and lectures, is to inspire young men with a thorough contempt for this elemental drink, to make them feel that a sparkling glass and a sparkling life are inseparable, and that a jovial, rollicking "good-fellow tavern and club-life, when morning shall dawn on the empty bowls" (Mr. Thackeray's phrase was felicitous, we cannot quite recall it), away from the cold regularities, and galling restraints, and tensing pettinesses of a woman-infected home, is the life of lives. Alas for the multitude of Saxon gentlemen that have been tempted by its geniality, and ruined by the miseries that underlaid it!

That young men may "reck his own reed," we hope Mr. Thackeray will never repeat such a book as his *Vanity Fair*; that he will not compel them, by the attraction of irresistible wit to follow him through his volumes, with no other company than such as he counsels them against; that he will create his heroines after some better model than the prototypes of *Amelia*, and the *Viscountess*; that he will not waste respect, and love, and praise, and

the choral lamentation of wife, children, and friend (that friend Henry Esmond!) upon a poor wretch who, having no virtue but the originally kind nature God had given him, died in mid-life a gambler, and a drunkard; and we further pray Mr. Thackeray never again to permit a pure, high-minded, and *clear-sighted* man (that man Henry Esmond too!) to entertain a ten years' impossible love for such a minx as *Beatrice*. Mr. Thackeray will make us read his books, and he is therefore bound by his own showing to make them good books. He "is bound over to good behavior" by the fearful responsibility of writing books for the young, whose minds are in a fusible state, ready to be cast in the mould a superior genius makes for them.

We seem to have wandered far from our purpose, but we have not. We wish to confront the character of Mary Ware with Mr. Thackeray's heroines, those pale effigies of humanity; to show how a woman can be a heroine in domestic life, without ever overstepping its modest boundary; how she may combine strength and wisdom with love, gentleness with courage, delicacy with intrepidity, cheerfulness and tolerance with an all-pervading, all-informing piety, and the greatest good to others with self-renunciation. "To the word, and the testimony."

Mary Lovell Piccard was an only child, born in Boston, on the 2d of Oct., 1798. Her father was a respectable English merchant, her mother, a Massachusetts woman, granddaughter of "Master Lovell, a classical teacher in Boston," one of the corps whom the New England people delight to honor, and in his person did honor by making him a member of the Continental Congress. Mary's mother "was a woman of self-culture, who loved books, and chose the best;" thus, by her own instincts, practising the wisdom which Mr. Thackeray has concentrated into an apothegm. She is described as of "a commanding person, benignant countenance, and dignified demeanor."

In these attributes, the daughter was the copy of the mother, but with characteristics more peculiar and much more striking. She had a large, full, dark eye, so powerful, penetrating, and sagacious, that it seemed to open a direct communication from soul to soul. Its glance might awe, might rebuke you, but never repel, nor mortify you. There was so much love in its scrutiny, so much tenderness, and pity, if need there were for pity, that you felt yourself in the presence of one whose compassions failed not. The strength of her mind and will are intimated in the imperfect engraving of her prefixed to her memoir. But we miss altogether the light of cheerful-

ness that played over her face, like sunshine on a rock, giving a bright and mutable grace to that which is in its nature steadfast and immovable. This cheerfulness might have been temperament in the beginning, but it was courage, and trust, and faith, as she went into the conflicts of life, and victory at the last. Nothing ever abated, or disturbed it, not the teasing cares of life, nor its hardest work, nor the sorest bereavement, nor her own terrible illness, nor the sure and evident approach of death. Through it all, there was the same cheerful gleam from her eye, the same sincere smile on her lips. Her spirit dwelt in light, and there was no darkness possible to it. We have missed this irradiation, this silver lining to the clouds of her life from her biography. The writer has experienced the common difficulty of speaking of the loved and lost but with solemnity. Life is a serious business, very serious to those who come, like Mary Piccard, to minister, and not to be ministered to; and her biographer, sympathizing, it would seem, most with sadness, has omitted those playful touches and varied lights that gave completeness and attraction to her character. And thus we miss from his presentment the sparkle of her eye, and the smile betokening the strength that made the burden light, and the playfulness that made it seem no burden at all.

This blessed cheerfulness of her temperament was very early manifested. Her mother, writing to her friends in America, from England, whither she had taken Mary, when she was four years old, says: "She has been an inexhaustible source of comfort to me since I left you."—"She has a sad cold, but says she is always happy."—"She is very tall and lively."—"Mr. P. is even more anxious than I to go home; Mary is the only contented one. She is always happy."—"She has a sweet disposition, and I hope will one day be as great a comfort to you as she is to me. She is telling me a thousand little affectionate things to say to you."—"Truly the fruit is enfolded in the bud. These may appear very insignificant quotations to those who are in the common hallucination respecting the joys of childhood. Poor little things! if their clouds do not hang as heavy and last as long as their elders, like those of an April day, they come oftener, and pour out more freely.

In the fall of 1803, Mrs. Piccard returned with her child to her home, in Pearl-street; there, "with parents and grandparents," passed Mary's youth. In those days there were gardens attached to the Pearl-street houses, with trees, and shrub-

bery, and trailing vines, and borders of flowers, intimations and memorials of man's true home in the country; objects that fill life with home-memories and associations. Who that has ever enjoyed the "old home," has not felt an old tree, or perchance an old rose-bush to have a similar power to that ascribed to the witch-hazel vibrating to the deep and hidden treasures of the heart. There are few city-homes in these days of ambitious improvement, and vexing removes. Mary Piccard's was one, in its happiest meaning. In after days, she said she "was carried back, not only in her waking but her sleeping hours, to the old Pearl-street house and garden, assembling the different friends of the different periods of her life, in dreamlike incongruity, in the little parlor with its black oak wainscoting." In this home, and in her early childhood, she had the felicity of forming friendships that were worthy to endure, and did last her through her lifetime. Col. T. H. Perkins' house adjoined her father's, and communicated with it by doors closed, except by the key-holes. Through them, Mary and her favorite companion exchanged childish talk, and notes, and sang, she says, "all the songs we could muster." Does music favor the planting of a friendship, as the Italians fancy it does the planting of a tree? This favorite companion was, we believe, the Emma of the correspondence, and certainly there were all the harmonies of the soul in their lasting love. Emma stood firmly on her friend's elevation, and this equality gave dignity, etc., the calmness of security to their friendship. Their intercourse shows what the friendship of two Christian women should be. For the last years of Emma's life, they were neighbors, on beautiful Milton Hill, and it is thus, after her friend's death, that Mrs. Ware writes of her: "This is not the same place without her. We constantly miss her wisdom and disinterested kindness. Do you know that she made this cottage mine, and more? I never received any gift which was so unexpected, and so touching. It has made this place more beautiful than ever, for the very walls have now a sacred association."

We are not believers in the omnipotence of the elaborate discipline, and direct instruction to which the term education is sometimes limited. We believe more in the long processes of experience and self-teaching, and, still more in what is sometimes carelessly called *accidental* influences. The soil and the atmosphere have more to do with the growth, than the pruning and the training. So far as Mary's training went, it was of the best.

"It has been said," a friend writes of her mother, "that she (Mary) was much indulged; and I believe it may be so said with truth. But she was not indulged in idleness, selfishness, and rudeness; she was indulged in healthful sports, in abundance of playthings; in pleasant excursions, and in companionship with other children as much as might be convenient. I never knew her to be teasing and importunate, or obstinate and contradictory."

She spoke of herself (and she was not one of those who fancy there is a merit in self-depreciation) as having had great trials of temper in early life. But it is thus a friend from her childhood writes of her, "When I first remember her it is as a gentle, loving, active child, always doing some useful thing, and the darling of her parents' hearts. When her character first shone on me in its higher attributes I do not know; but I seem to myself, to remember that there never was a time when I had not perfect confidence in her tact and judgment to discern a duty, and the prompt and unhesitating determination to do it as the only thing to be done." Mary Piccard was sent at the age of thirteen to the school of the Misses Cushing, of Hingham, a renowned school in those days. One of these ladies thus sums up her recollections of this period of her pupil's life: "She was with us little more than a year. With the love which we could not but feel for her, was mingled a respect and admiration for her high principles, and the piety which shone through all her conduct in a degree very uncommon for a girl of her age. As a scholar, she was exceedingly bright, and quick to comprehend. She never undertook any thing that she thought worth her attention, that she did not go through to the satisfaction of others, if not of herself. Her chief object seemed to be to do good in some way or other to her fellow-beings, and she considered nothing too difficult to undertake, if it could benefit another person in a temporal or spiritual point of view." She was then thirteen! "Yet," continues the writer, "with all this devotedness to the highest objects and purposes of our existence, she was one of the most lively and playful girls among her companions, and a favorite with them all."

From these happy school-days she was called home to watch over her mother, who was ill through the winter, and died the following spring. These are common phrases, but this was to Mary more, even, than the common loss of a mother. Her mother had been her teacher and companion, and the whole mother's heart had been given to this only child.

This was her first experience of woman's appointed ministry in a sick room, to be so soon, so often, and so bitterly repeated, and so performed that with her it was an angel's task.

Mary was now the stay of the Pearl-street home. Her grandparents leaned on her, and her father depended on her judgment and prudence to help him through pecuniary difficulties into which he had fallen. For the next two years she went to Dr. Park's school, accounted the best in New England. "She was never a prodigy," says her biographer (so much the better), "but she was always distinguished for her faithful preparation, and uniform accuracy. She was the friend and favorite of all. If petty difficulties occurred, Mary Piccard was the peacemaker."

The following short extracts from her letters mark the characteristics of her mind; decision, force, and reverence.—"I am reading 'Temper,' and like it much better than I expected to, having heard nothing in its favor, and besides being much prejudiced against it. I have condemned prejudice in others, but never felt the effects of it before; I dislike it now more than ever." It is very easy, and rather agreeable to condemn a fault that others manifest, but there is an unusual candor in a girl's confessing she has learned to dislike it from her own experience! She goes on to say, that novels, provided their moral is good, are a healthy recreation for the mind, and then adds, with a modesty which we commend to "young America:" "I know we are too young to hold up a judgment of our own, independent of the superior judgment of those older, and this I would not do. I have collected mine from observation, and if it is not right, would thank any one to correct it; nor would I offer it at all to any one but you, or those of my own age."

She writes to her father, "I am no advocate for destroying that delicacy which forms, or ought to form, so great a part of the female character. But such a degree of it as is not compatible with sufficient firmness to command one's self in danger, appears to me to be false modesty, or a sickly sensibility of soul, beneath the dignity of being endowed with power for higher feelings."

The following remarkable letter was written to the friend to whom some of her first and her last letters are addressed, and to whom she wrote "a New-Year's epistle" every year to the last of her life. This self-denying letter was written at fifteen, the age of self-exaggeration, and of intense craving for sympathy. It takes with most a lifetime to learn that we must go

through some of the most trying passages of life without sympathy—and that we ought.

"I expose to you my weaknesses, my faults, my passions. There is but one thing of which I have the slightest apprehension. You may sometimes hear me blamed for deeds which you know are right. You will hear my lot in life envied, as apparently all that the reasonable wishes of any being could desire. And sometimes, too, busy scandal, which honors the most insignificant with her notice, will glance at me. Your generous, affectionate heart will prompt, I well know, on these occasions some defence of your friend. But never give way to it. *Never whisper to the winds that she has any trials. It will necessarily involve the question, what are they? You are the only person to whom I ever communicated them, and my conscience almost reproaches me for it.* I try to think my peculiar loneliness sanctions it, but my very uneasiness proves it was not strictly right, and I would not for worlds sin farther." We would fain impress on young readers the passage we have marked with italics.

The following extract from a letter written when she was about joining the church of the Rev. Mr. Coleman, after much deliberation and solemn self-examination, shows how wide was the horizon of this girl of fifteen years.

"I have considered the Church of Christ to be one body diffused through the whole world, and that sects, form and opinion, made in truth no essential difference; that all the various denominations of Christians on the earth were united in one spirit and one mind in all the important doctrines of religion."

About this time Mary Picard removed from town to the country, and there she complains of "vacuity of mind" and listlessness. For the large class of her fellow-sufferers we suggest her remedy. "Accustomed," she says, "to find objects to occupy my powers wherever I turned, I mistook the simple love of being employed for energy of mind, and therefore did not even apprehend the want of power to direct these energies to whatever I pleased," &c. &c. "I must set about some study or dry book, if I cannot find some animate subject to interest and fix my mind. There is a little deaf and dumb girl just opposite us; if I knew the process I would teach her to read."

Is there not a painful admonition in the want she states in her arguments with a skeptic whom she was eager to aid. "To be able to point out one example of the power of religion in producing that uniform loveliness of character and happiness

of life, of which it is capable, would do more than volumes of argument, to such a mind and heart. It has made me shrink at my own unworthiness of the name I bear." Perhaps the living argument was more potent than she dreamed, for not only did she bring round this skeptic, but one who was in the profound darkness of avowed atheism, was led by her into the marvellous light of Christianity.

The whole long letter of April 25, 1823, will be read with great interest by the lovers of Channing. We can afford only a short extract from it—it revivifies the past.

It was written on the first Sunday after Channing's return from Europe. "With what sensations I saw the church filling, and every one looking round in anxious expectation, you may perhaps imagine; it was a feeling more of dread than pleasure, lest the first glance at his face should destroy all our hopes. He wisely waited until all had entered, and when his quick step was heard (for you might have heard a leaf fall), the whole body of people rose, as it were with one impulse, to welcome him. He was much affected by this, and it was some seconds before he could raise his head, but when he did, it made the eyes that gazed on him rejoice to see him seated, in his accustomed corner, looking round on his people with the most animated expression of joy glowing on his face, and with the evidences of improved health stamped on every feature."

The last tenant of the "dear old Pearl-street home" was now departing. Mary had lost both her grandparents and their love, and was now supporting her father in her filial arms through the dark valley. She writes, "at three he breathed his last, I held his hand, and gazed at him until I was taken from him senseless."

Those who live long must expect the sad fate of surviving their relatives, but it is rare to be left at the age of twenty-four without kindred. Mary Picard had an aunt and cousins living obscurely in England whom she had never seen; but here she stood alone, and stood firmly, with trust in God and courage to go forward at His bidding. She says herself of this hour of separation, "All that I could call my own was departing from me, and I was standing, as it were, alone in the universe; but I felt that I was the object of His care who is all-sufficient, and I found in that consciousness a calmness which nothing could move."

The following year she went to England with an invalid friend, gladly seizing the opportunity of doing good to another, and gratifying her wish to see her transatlantic relations. We are warned to con-

ciseness, but we must be indulged with the citation of a notice of a visit to Mrs. Barbauld, whose writings are in the first class of English essays, if not the very first of that class. "She (Mrs. B.) spoke with great feeling of those of our ministers whom she had seen, Buckminster, Thacher, and Channing."—"I was afterwards asked to dine with her. She is remarkably bright for her age, speaks of death with the firmest hope, and I really felt as if I were communing with a spiritual body. Though now eighty-two she possesses her faculties in full perfection; her manner is peculiarly gentle, her voice low, and very sweet."

After leaving London, Miss Piccard went to an aunt at "Burcombe-house," Penrith, a charming English country home, abounding in luxuries, and rural contentments. Thence she made a tour through the North of England and Scotland, with her friend Emma. The enchantments of that region are so familiar to travellers and readers, that we shall not quote her notices of them, but rather follow her to her own mission-ground, whither she seems to have been sent by Him "who makes His angels messengers."

It was in Osmotherly, a secluded village, that an old aunt of Miss Piccard's lived, who had been mainly sustained by a stipend from her father, which she continued often at great inconvenience through her aunt's life. We are tempted to quote a few passages from the Osmotherly letters, partly because her biographer pronounces "this one of the most interesting chapters of her life," and partly that the letters seem to us a singular variety in all the letters of travellers abroad. Let it be remembered that at the time Mary Piccard was doing her grievous tasks at Osmotherly, she might have been luxuriating with the loving family at "Burcombe-house," whose visitors were lords and ladies. But Mary had not one drop of "snob" blood in her veins, or—for she had the means, and was her own mistress, and who could have blamed her—she might have been making the passes of the Alps, and seeing the Pitti Palace and old Rome. But she made Osmotherly her *Poste restante*, and her foreign tour is written, we believe—in the Book of Life.

In her first letter from Osmotherly, to 'Emma,' Miss Piccard writes: "This village is the most primitive place I ever was in, and a very obscure, out-of-the-way place; the inhabitants almost entirely of one class, and that of the poorer kind of laboring people, ignorant as possible, but simple and social. You may conceive of their simple manners when I tell you they never saw such a lady as 'Miss Piccard'!

among them before. And of course 'Miss Piccard' is an object of as much curiosity and speculation as if she were Empress of all the Russias; but they are kind-hearted and civil. The peculiar state of things has taken me more among them than I should have been in twice the time under common circumstances, and it has been a good exercise of my faculty of adaptation. I have succeeded, I believe, in pleasing them; for it seems as if they only vied with each other in trying to do the most for me; and I really think if they had a parson to write the 'Annals of their Parish,' the arrival of the 'American lady' would stand as the most remarkable event of the year 1825."—"I am entirely destitute of every thing like companionship,—there is not even a clergyman's family for me to associate with, for the curate of the place is of the very worst class of that set whose existence is a standing disgrace to the church—an ignorant, drinking man, &c., &c." This must have been a change from companionship with Channing, and the charming circle of home friends; and a contrast in outward things from the "old Pearl-street home," stored with the comforts by which the English-blooded Bostonians demonstrate their pure descent, to the "sand and clay-floored cottages" of Yorkshire!

"The peculiar state of things" alluded to by Miss Piccard, was "a typhus fever, devastating the village, attended by the terror that so aggravates its horrors." "I could not," she writes, "have come at a better time for doing good, or a worse for gaining spirits." Her aunt, a widow, was living quite alone—but in a few days, a son returned to her in "a moaning melancholy."—One of her daughters had three children and lived near her. Her husband was at the point of death with the fever—two of the children were dreadfully ill, and Mary became at once nurse general.

"The poor sick man, of whom I told you, has been growing worse daily, and it was almost with feelings of joy that I last night closed his eyes, knowing that his sufferings are at an end; and yet he is so great a loss to his family, that I seldom knew a case in which it was so difficult to say 'it is right!'"

"Could you look in upon me," she says, "you would think it impossible I should be even tolerably comfortable; and yet I get on as easily as possible, and am in truth happy."

"Our poor man was buried yesterday, and as clergymen rarely come here, my cousin thought she would have her infant christened the same day. I stood as its godmother at her request."—"It (the

baby) appeared to be recovering, but all at once it sunk away and died in my arms, so peacefully and sweetly, that I could scarcely be persuaded it had not fallen into a still slumber."—"Its poor mother is ill, and between comforting her, and coming home to my aunt, who is very feeble, I scarcely know how to find time for either. I have been up three nights since Wednesday last, and with two children to manage I am almost crazed.—I shall do very well when I get a little sleep. Do not feel uneasy about me; I am not in danger of being sick, unless the prophecies of the old women here will kill me; for they think, I believe, that I am too kind to live, and shake their heads most knowingly—one proof, among a thousand, how much more frequently our characters are estimated by the circumstances in which we are placed, than by any other criterion.—I cannot write or think, I seem to feel that 'bonnie little bairn' in my arms still, and my nerves are something shaken. The worst of the whole is that poor unhappy young man, whose low moans are continually sounding in my ears.—I send him away to-morrow for his own sake as well as ours, and all will go well."—"Don't fear for me. I do not think I am going to be sick, and it will be for some good purpose if I am. I could almost say as Mr. Thacher once said, 'I had better live a shorter life and a useful one.' But I am not inclined to throw away life either—I enjoy it much."

Then follow touching notices of the quiet suffering of the bereft wife and mother, who tried in vain to baffle her griefs alone. "She had had but little instruction upon religious subjects, and would listen to my reading of the Scriptures and detail of my own experience of the power of religious consolations, as if a new light were opened to her soul."—"A week from the day upon which her baby died she was taken ill. I soon felt that her disease was the worst form of typhus fever."—"One by one fell off from coming near the house, till I at last scarcely saw a person, except the Doctor, during the day. This I did not mind, for I preferred being constantly with my cousin."—"She died eleven days after she was taken, and during that time I had never left her night or day, except occasionally, to change my clothes at my aunt's. I had watched with her seven nights, and been up a part of every other. My cousin's little cottage was so small, that I felt unwilling that any one should sleep in it, lest they should suffer from infection, and often did I sit up with her alone in the house."—"Every thing is still without, and so strongly is my poor

cousin's voice associated with every thing I see around me, that it would not require any strong effort of imagination to fancy I still heard her blessing me from what is now, I trust, her abode of peace and joy; but I must not indulge myself in writing about feelings, for I have much else to say. I really think since that last evening I spent alone in the old oak-parlor in Pearl-street, I have never felt so forcibly the mutability of all earthly things."—"The people are good and honest hearted, and treat me as if I belonged to a higher order of animals, and this is a novel situation!"—"If I am superstitious in feeling that Providence directed me hither at this time, it is a useful superstition, inasmuch as it gives me a feeling of security that I shall be strengthened to accomplish the work appointed for me."

One of the surviving children was now very ill with the disease that had orphaned him. Her aunt and cousin came in their carriage from their elegant home at "Burcombe-house" to take Mary from this scene of infection and distress.—"It was most kind of them," she says, "but it would have been worse than inhuman to have left the poor little sufferer; besides that much of the business which I have undertaken is unfinished, and I should not think I had done my duty until I had settled these orphans permanently."

"You would pity me now if you could look in upon me, for I have this night closed the eyes of the dear child I was watching when I wrote the above."

"To have seen four human beings die in the short space of eight weeks, is enough of itself to solemnize one's mind, but with all the additional circumstances which have attended me, no wonder that my heart is full to overflowing." This was on October 30th. On November 2d, she adds: "There are very many cases of the fever in the village, and as I am almost the only person in it who is not afraid of infection, I still have full employment in assisting the poor sufferers."

The next scene, like the changes of a drama, opens at "Burcombe-house" at Penrith. Her cousin had come again in her grandfather's carriage, as far as Greta Bridge, to meet her, and she was again under the wing of potent relatives.

"It was not till the 26th of November," she says, "that I could give up my charge conscientiously."—"I left it (her cousin's business) in a fair way of completion, clothed the dear little orphan for the winter, and placed him with his aunt, making all the arrangements which my limited means allowed for his future support." This boy was the sole survivor of the

family she had attended—the same who had said beseechingly to her, “Cousin Mary, you will let me live with you, wont you?” “My dear little Jamie,” she continued, “had become an object of affection to me, heightened to an extreme degree, since he was, like myself, without parents, brother, or sister. I think I never shall forget his screams of agony when he saw me drive away. But childish sorrow is soon over, and he will forget me long before I cease to love him.”—“I am almost bewildered at the change from constant anxiety and labor to a state of perfect idleness and indulgence; but *I will try and make a good use of it.*” Are we not right in italicizing the last clause of the last sentence? Again the scene shifts to Osmotherly! In a letter dated there, after a month’s interval, she says, “I received a letter from the physician of this place, written at the request of my aunt, who was apparently dying of typhus fever, begging me, if possible, to let her see me once more.” Her friends represented to her, and she felt the increased danger from returning to the infected region. “Imagine me,” she says, “at this distance from all to whom I have been accustomed to look for dependence, a being alone in creation almost, literally alone in this strange land, making an excursion of eighty miles across the country (her route lay over the dreary hill Stanmoor), partly in coaches, partly in postchaises, without a being to protect me or appeal to, and upon such an errand, and yet as safe as if a host were escorting me, and perfectly easy as if I were taking a ride to Hingham; and then tell me if the confiding spirit which our sacred religion creates in our souls, is not worth all that we could possess besides.

“I at once installed myself as sole nurse in the very room in which I had watched the progress of disease and death, and here I am now writing to you by the light of a rush candle, with my little work-box for a desk, almost afraid to breathe lest I should disturb my aunt’s slumbers. We two are the only beings in this little cottage, for I have sent her sons out to sleep, as a precaution against the fever, and put a bed into the corner of the room for myself. Could you see me acting in the fourfold capacity which I adopt in this humble cottage, you would hardly believe me to be the same being who, a week ago, was installed in all the honors of a privileged writer. It amazes me to see how easily it all sits upon me, and how easily we may adapt ourselves to varieties of situations, and find something to enjoy in all.

“Indeed, I certainly have cause for

thankfulness, for that only dark passage in my progress since I left home, trying as it was, was full of admonition. It showed me a part of the great plan of creation, of which I knew little or nothing before; a class of beings whose characters, duties, motives and views I had never before understood; and above all, it showed me how perfectly the various links in the great chain of existences are adapted to aid, and strengthen, and apply to each other, adding another to the many proofs of the Supreme Wisdom which formed, and governs all.”

Take the admonition, ye who pride yourselves on your aristocratic associations, who intrench yourselves in a single class of society (albeit that the “best society”), and learn how you have tethered yourselves to the lowest forms in the school of life, and how presumptuous and ignorant you are left at its close!

“We cannot but share in poor little bereft Jamie’s joy at the return of his cousin. She writes:—“I thought he would have broken his heart when I drove away; and when I came back his ecstasy was really affecting; he ran round me, jumped up in my lap, stroked and wiped my face, as if he could not trust to the evidence of one sense, and at last burst out crying: ‘Uncle Mady wont go away again! Uncle Mady live with Jamie every day!—wont you, Uncle Mady?’ He had a trick of calling me ‘uncle.’ Do not think I am made melancholy by all this; I have no recollection of having the same degree of good spirits that I have been blessed with for the last six months.”

“But with all her cheerfulness and self-forgetting courage,” says her biographer, “Mary was not proof against danger and disease. It is well for us to learn that the laws of nature are not suspended, nor diverted from their course, even by the strongest faith, or for the sake of the most noble and useful laborer.” Mary Piccard’s health at length gave way, but not her stout heart; for thus, after again returning to Penrith, she writes of her illness to Emma.

“But do not imagine me to have been in a very forlorn or disconsolate predicament, for I had many blessings to rejoice in, all the while. The sun shone brightly all the day, full upon the windows of our comfortable, neat apartment; Aunt sitting by the fire in her easy-chair, her bright eyes glistening with the exhilaration of returning health, and my ladyship lying on the bed, thin and pale enough I grant, but in as high glee as strength would permit, and not for one minute depressed.”

No wonder that, at the close of this fearful experience her friend Emma ad-

dressed her as "My dear *live* Mary!" She was truly a living woman—all alive with the vitality that cannot die.

"No one knew," says her biographer, "no one will ever know the amount of her direct gifts at Osmotherly: but we know, from various sources, that they were free and large, and by no means restricted to her own kindred—a large portion of the inhabitants either perished or became helpless, and a burden. When the sufferings of her own connections ceased, Mary went out to do what she could among the diseased and destitute, and particularly directed the efforts of her enlightened philanthropy against their superstition and uncleanness.

"It was," her biographer continues, "a beautiful termination of her whole experience among that people—whose very dialect differed so much from hers that they could scarcely understand her words, but easily read her actions—that when she recovered her own strength sufficiently to take a final leave of them, the whole village came out in a body, young and old, and escorted her on her way."

We have been tempted to copious extracts from the Osmotherly letters, and must henceforth be more sparing, though the biography increases in interest up to its close. We trust our readers will study it as one of the best manuals for the Life-School.

In 1815, when Mary Piccard was still a school-girl, and Henry Ware a young teacher of the Exeter Academy, they met at Hingham, and she writes in school-girl fashion: "I have seen, heard, and consequently admired your Exeter friend, *H. Ware*." After twelve years of entire suspension of their acquaintance, they again met to be united with reciprocal confidence, and the congratulations of all their friends, who, with well grounded faith, hailed this as a true marriage. In the twelve years interim, Mr. Ware had been most happily married, and grievously bereft by the death of his wife. With what feelings he entered into this second conjugal relation we best learn from his own letters, and however repugnant the feelings of some persons may be to a second marriage, Henry Ware may convince them that it can be contracted without a violation of the sacred love of the first. In a letter to his sister he says: "Every thing is connected with the past and with my former happiness in such a way as not to sadden the present, but to give it a singular spirituality, if I may so say; and I feel that, if the departed knew what is transacting here, my own Elizabeth would congratulate me as sincerely as any of my friends. I have

sought for the best mother to her children, and the best I have found. I have desired a pattern and blessing for my parish, and I have found one. I have wished some one to bear my load with me, and to help, confirm, and strengthen by her own high and experienced piety, and such I have found." Mr. Thackeray says "all women are jealous,"—not quite *all*. One of Mary Ware's own children has said of her: "Perhaps no one thing in her character and conduct has oftener struck common minds with surprise, and superior ones with admiration, than her entire freedom and frankness in regard to the first wife. 'She was nearest and dearest to *him*,' she would say, 'how then can I do otherwise than love her, and cherish her memory.' And she received her children as a precious legacy; they were to her, from the first moment, like her own; neither she nor they knew any distinction!" The relation of step-mother and step-children is held to be the most disagreeable, and jarring, and thankless in life. Some maintain that it is cursed of Heaven, and certainly it is thick-sown with thorns by officiousness, mistrust, and prejudice, but these thorns took no root in Mary Ware's path. With love and duty in her heart, she trod them all under foot. There was a son and daughter of the first marriage. "She took possession of their hearts for life," says her biographer, "and her death called forth in the simple words of one, the unutterable sentiments of both.—'Surely God never gave a boy such a mother, or a man such a friend!'" Did the Heaven-inspired instincts of an own child ever speak a stronger word?

Mary Ware had now experienced another striking domestic vicissitude. From standing alone in this country, without one tie of blood, she was transplanted into one of the most numerous families in the land. Troops of loving relatives were on every side of her. The eminent Professor Ware, the father, was still living. William Ware, the author of *Letters from Palestine*, and *Probus*, was her brother,—a bright immortal name," deep-set in many hearts. And others well, and widely known (and thank God still living among us) called her sister. Some matches are made in Heaven. In the fulness of her heart, at this crisis of her fate, she expressed the genuine emotions of a nature of heavenward tendencies. "And," she says, writing to her confidential friend, "it (i. e. 'this satisfying interest') has done much towards exalting and enlightening my mind upon the point which has been a greater trial to me than any thing I ever met with. I mean, it has made me more willing to leave the world, and enjoy the

happiness of Heaven, than I ever thought I should be." The greatest poet verifies this sentiment. At the culminating point of his happiness, Othello says:

"If it were now to die,
Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Henceforward Mary Piccard's life is combined with Henry Ware's, and has been partly told in the memoir of that inestimable man. Their joint parochial life lasted but one year; one year of pattern and admonition for those who follow them in a like mission.

We have seen elicited in philanthropic and charitable societies so many of the infirmity of human nature, so many of those little meannesses of vanity which Mr. Thackeray classes under the convenient designation of "snobbishness," that we quote a pithy remark of Mary Ware's to the point. "A motion being made in a charitable society for a vote of thanks for the minister's prayer, Mrs. Ware said to a lady near her, 'While I was Secretary to the Society for the employment of the Female Poor, I never recorded votes of thanks. I thought members should do all they could and when that was done, they might make their courtesy to each other.'"

In Mrs. Ware's case, the moment her sun reached its zenith, its decline began, and the shadows formed. Mr. Ware's health failed, and they went to Europe for its amendment. For pleasant notices of her tour through England, Scotland and on the Continent; of their visits to Southey, Wordsworth—to Abbotsford and to Miss Edgeworth (by whom they were treated with a marked kindness which Mrs. Ware was too modest to record), we refer to the memoir. For the sweet patience and unwavering faith with which she bore the trials of that which she calls the most trying period of her life, we also refer to the memoir.

"I find," she writes in another connection, "I almost lose sight of some of my best pleasures when I have been for any length of time free from great trial. In truth this nomenclature is all wrong. Ease and prosperity make our greatest trial." It is the preceding day of east wind, and beating rain, that makes us glad and grateful in the sunshine that follows.

There are some letters in her "Life in Cambridge" after her return, to which we would particularly call the reader's attention:—that on self-formation, page 272; on dress, 277; charities, 282; gossip, 284.

As what are strictly called the do-

mestic duties of a woman, make so large a part of her life, and one so difficult where the hospitalities are inevitably extensive, and the income very limited, we quote the following testimony on this point to this pattern-woman.

"She never satisfied herself, but she never flagged. *She never worried.* Sudden interruptions, culinary disappointments, 'shoals of visitors,' were not allowed to chill her welcome or cloud their enjoyment. There were no apologies at that table; if the unexpected guests were not always filled, they were never annoyed, nor suffered to think much about it. A clergyman who visited the house often, as a student, says of Mrs. Ware—"I remember the wonder I felt at her humility and dignity in welcoming to her table, on some occasion, a troop of accidental guests, when she had almost nothing to offer them but her hospitality. The absence of all apologies, and of all mortifications, the ease and cheerfulness of the conversation, which became the only feast, gave me a lesson never forgotten, although never learned.' 'Are these little things?' fitly asks the biographer; "they fill a large place in life." Another frequent guest of Mrs. Ware said of her—"I have often quoted her example to those who make housekeeping an excuse for the neglect of all public offices. She seemed to keep house better than any body else; to exercise a larger and freer hospitality, to make her tea-table a pleasant resort, to provide more simply, and at the same time more attractively; while, after all, her domestic cares were only an incident in her daily duties. She seemed to have time for every out-of-door or general interest, and to be full of schemes of benevolence and kindness. And it was the easy, natural way in which she performed these double functions that gave me such a sense of her power.'"

We feel how feeble is our impress of this admirable woman. It is but the faintest pencilled outline; but if it stimulate curiosity to study the book, we have accomplished our purpose. We have left untouched by far the most affecting portion of her life and letters. We have not gone into the sanctuary of the wife and mother—those most interesting chapters of woman's life.

It is a poor and dangerous theory, that circumstances form and control character; they may, when it is of mean and soft material. Weak and unskilful navigation leaves the ship at the mercy of wind and tide. But a character of powerful elements, like Mary Ware's, controls circumstances. From the beginning to the end of life she laid her course, and moved

straight forward to her celestial haven, even if the winds were adverse, and the tides set strong against her. Twice her husband was cut off from an honorable career, of which she partook the labor, the dignity, and the success, but she went to the next nearest duty undaunted and unwavering. She lived at a period of hot religious controversy, and in the midst of it, and deeply interested in it, and not one word of bigotry or sectarianism escapes her. Mr. Ware's professional income is cut off, and with her sick husband and her cluster of little children, reduced to very small means—we hear no complaint, no breath of anxiety, and when she barely alludes to it, it is to say—"I rejoice that it is given to us both to feel, in the uncertainty that lies before us, such a tranquil trust that all will be well, that we have no fear, no wish."

And when it came to the last strain, and her husband was about to pass the dread boundary, she writes to an absent child—"God bless you! Be submissive, be patient, be grateful." And to her friend 'Emma,'—"I feel at times as if I should be overpowered by the tumult of my feelings, to which I dare not give utterance here, where the composure of all around me depends so much on my calmness."

"It was a holy season," says one of her daughters, "those days after dear father left us; no bustle, no preparation of dress, no work done but what was absolutely necessary; it was like a continued sabbath."

She spared no efforts to sustain this holy calm, "that the children," she writes, "might have their first associations with the fact of death without any horror; and their recollection of their father uninterrupted by any repulsive details." In another letter of particulars to her absent child, she says—"Then John and I brought dear father's body to Cambridge in our own carriage. We could not feel

willing to let strangers do any thing in connection with him which we could do ourselves."

A few weeks after her husband's death, "Mrs. Ware," says her biographer, "exerted herself to collect in her own desolate home, a little circle of children and youth, for their social enjoyment, in which she freely mingled, and doubtless seemed cheerful and happy." Yet, writing at this time, she says—"Every word was an Herculean labor. I could not excite in my mind any of that zest in the pursuit of an object which alone could satisfy the heart. I felt *home-sick* when I waked in the morning, and would fain shut my eyes and forget that there was any thing to do." And how much had she yet to do, and how well she did it!

The Framingham letters have an interest to a thoughtful mind, far beyond fiction, and infinitely more instructive. Indeed, her letters abound in wise suggestions on the highest duties of life, as well as on the wide range of its commonest offices. And these suggestions have the merit of family recipes, that have been tried and proved; they were the result of conscientious reflection upon a wide experience of life.

Addison's pious wish, that one might learn from him how a Christian may die, has been often quoted. Mary Ware's life teaches a far more difficult lesson—how a Christian should live! From beginning to end, it is emphatically a Christian's life; and that end, tried by the severest disease that flesh is heir to, is marked by the strength and serenity of her faith. We seem to see the halo forming around her head, as the spirit of the Woman passes into the Saint, and to hear the voice—"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into my rest."

We are bound, in conclusion, to offer our heartfelt thanks to the biographer, who has well done his happy task.

OUR NEW LIVERY, AND OTHER THINGS.

A LETTER FROM MRS. POTIPHAR TO MISS CAROLINE PETITTOES.

NEW-YORK.

MY DEAR CAROLINE.—Lent came so frightfully early this year, that I was very much afraid my new bonnet à l'Impératrice would not be out from Paris soon enough. But fortunately it arrived just in time, and I had the satisfaction of taking down the pride of Mrs. Croesus, who fancied

hers would be the only stylish hat in church the first Sunday. She could not keep her eyes away from me, and I sat so unmoved and so calmly looking at the Doctor, that she was quite vexed. But, whenever she turned away, I ran my eyes over the whole congregation, and would you believe that, almost without an exception,

people had their old things? However, I suppose they forgot how soon Lent was coming. As I was passing out of church, Mrs. Crcesus brushed by me:

"Ah!" said she, "good morning. Why, bless me! you've got that pretty hat I saw at Lawson's. Well, now, it's really quite pretty; Lawson has some taste left yet;—what a lovely sermon the Doctor gave us. By the by, did you know that Mrs. Gnu has actually bought the blue velvet? It's too bad, because I wanted to cover my prayer-book with blue, and she sits so near, the effect of my book will be quite spoiled. Dear me! there she is beckoning to me: good-bye, do come and see us; Tuesdays, you know. Well, Lawson really does very well."

I was so mad with the old thing, that I could not help catching her by her mantle and holding on while I whispered, loud enough for every body to hear:

"Mrs. Crcesus, you see I have just got my bonnet from Paris. It's made after the Empress's. If you would like to have yours made over in the fashion, dear Mrs. Crcesus, I shall be so glad to lend you mine."

"No, thank you, dear," said she, "Lawson won't do for me. Bye-bye."

And so she slipped out, and, I've no doubt, told Mrs. Gnu, that she had seen my bonnet at Lawson's. Isn't it too bad? Then she is so abominably cool. Somehow, when I'm talking with Mrs. Crcesus, who has all her own things made at home, I don't feel as if mine came from Paris at all. She has such a way of looking at you, that it's quite dreadful. She seems to be saying in her mind, "La! now, well done, little dear." And I think that kind of mental reservation (I think that's what they call it) is an insupportable impertinence. However, I don't care, do you?

I've so many things to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. The great thing is the livery, but I want to come regularly up to that, and forget nothing by the way. I was uncertain for a long time how to have my prayer-book bound. Finally, after thinking about it a great deal, I concluded to have it done in pale blue velvet, with gold clasps, and a gold cross upon the side. To be sure, it's nothing very new. But what is new nowadays? Sally Shrimp has had hers done in emerald, and I know Mrs. Crcesus will have crimson for hers, and those people who sit next us in church (I wonder who they are; it's very unpleasant to sit next to people you don't know: and, positively, that girl, the dark-haired one with large eyes, carries the same muff she did last year; it's big enough for a family), have a kind of brown morocco binding. I must tell you one reason why I fixed upon the

pale blue. You know that aristocratic-looking young man, in white cravat and black pantaloons and waistcoat, whom we saw at Saratoga a year ago, and who always had such a beautiful sanctimonious look, and such small white hands; well, he is a minister, as we supposed, "an unworthy candidate, an unprofitable husbandman," as he calls himself in that delicious voice of his. He has been quite taken up among us. He has been asked a good deal to dinner, and there was hope of his being settled as colleague to the Doctor, only Mr. Potiphar (who can be stubborn, you know) insisted that the Rev. Cream Cheese, though a very good young man, he didn't doubt, was addicted to candlesticks. I suppose that's something awful. But, could you believe any thing awful of him? I asked Mr. Potiphar what he meant by saying such things.

"I mean," said he, "that he's a Puseyite, and I've no idea of being tied to the apron-strings of the Scarlet Woman."

Dear Caroline, who is the Scarlet Woman? Dearest, tell me upon your honor, if you have ever heard any scandal of Mr. Potiphar.

"What is it about candlesticks?" said I to Mr. Potiphar. "Perhaps Mr. Cheese finds gas too bright for his eyes; and that's his misfortune, not his fault."

"Polly," said Mr. Potiphar, who *will* call me Polly, although it sounds so very vulgar, "please not to meddle with things you don't understand. You may have Cream Cheese to dinner as much as you choose, but I will not have him in the pulpit of my church."

The same day, Mr. Cheese happened in about lunch-time, and I asked him if his eyes were really weak.

"Not at all," said he, "why do you ask?"

Then I told him that I had heard he was so fond of candlesticks.

Ah! Caroline, you should have seen him then. He stopped in the midst of pouring out a glass of Mr. Ps'. best old port, and holding the decanter in one hand, and the glass in the other, he looked so beautifully sad, and said in that sweet low voice:

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Then he filled up his glass, and drank the wine off with such a mournful, resigned air, and wiped his lips so gently with his cambric handkerchief (I saw that it was a hem-stitch), that I had no voice to ask him to take a bit of the cold chicken, which he did, however, without my asking him. But when he said in the same low voice, "A little more breast, dear Mrs. Potiphar," I was obliged to run into the

drawing-room for a moment, to recover myself.

Well, after he had lunched, I told him that I wished to take his advice upon something connected with the church (for a prayer-book *is*, you know, dear), and he looked so sweetly at me, that, would you believe it, I almost wished to be a Catholic, and to confess three or four times a week, and to have him for my confessor. But it's very wicked to wish to be a Catholic, and it wasn't real much, you know: but somehow I thought so. When I asked him in what velvet he would advise me to have my prayer-book bound, he talked beautifully for about twenty minutes. I wish you could have heard him. I'm not sure that I understood much of what he said—how should I?—but it was very beautiful. Don't laugh, Carrie, but there was one thing I did understand, and which, as it came pretty often, quite helped me through: it was, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar;" you can't tell how nicely he says it. He began by telling me that it was very important to consider all the details and little things about the church. He said they were all Timbales or Cymbals—or something of that kind; and then he talked very prettily about the stole, and the violet and scarlet capes of the cardinals, and purple chasubles, and the lace edge of the Pope's little short gown; and—do you know it was very funny—but it seemed to me, somehow, as if I was talking with Portier or Florine Lefevre, except that he used such beautiful words. Well, by and by, he said:—

"Therefore, dear Mrs. Potiphar, as your faith is so pure and childlike, and as I observe that the light from the yellow panes usually falls across your pew, I would advise that you cymbalize your faith (wouldn't that be noisy in church?) by binding your prayer-book in pale blue; the color of skim-milk, dear Mrs. Potiphar, which is so full of pastoral associations."

Why did he emphasize the word "pastoral?" Do you wonder that I like Cream Cheese, dear Caroline, when he is so gentle and religious—and such a pretty religion too! For he is not only well-dressed, and has such aristocratic hands and feet, in the parlor, but he is so perfectly gentlemanly in the pulpit. He never raises his voice too loud, and he has such wavy gestures. Mr. Potiphar says that may be all very true, but he knows perfectly well that he has a hankering for artificial flowers, and that, for his part, he prefers the Doctor to any preacher he ever heard; "because," he says, "I can go quietly to sleep, confident that he

will say nothing that might not be preached from every well-regulated pulpit; whereas, if we should let Cream Cheese into the desk, I should have to keep awake to be on the look-out for some of these new-fangled idolatries: and, Polly Potiphar, I, for one, am determined to have nothing to do with the Scarlet Woman."

Darling Caroline—I don't care much—but did he ever have any thing to do with a Scarlet Woman?

After he said that about artificial flowers, I ordered from Martelle the sweetest sprig of *immortelle* he had in his shop, and sent it anonymously on St. Valentine's day. Of course I didn't wish to do any thing secret from my husband, that might make people talk, so I wrote—"Reverend Cream Cheese; from his grateful *Skim-Milk*." I marked the last words, and hope he understood that I meant to express my thanks for his advice about the pale-blue cover. You don't think it was too romantic, do you, dear?

You can imagine how pleasantly Lent is passing since I see so much of him: and then it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister. He goes with me to church a great deal, for Mr. Potiphar, of course, has no time for that, except on Sundays; and it is really delightful to see such piety. He makes the responses in the most musical manner; and when he kneels upon entering the pew, he is the admiration of the whole church. He buries his face entirely in a cloud of cambrie pocket-handkerchief, with his initial embroidered at the corner; and his hair is beautifully parted down behind, which is very fortunate, as otherwise it would look so badly when only half his head showed. I feel so good when I sit by his side; and when the Doctor (as Mr. P. says) "blows up" those terrible sinners in Babylon and the other Bible towns, I always find the Rev. Cream's eyes fixed upon me, with so much sweet sadness, that I am very, very sorry for the naughty people the Doctor talks about. Why did they do so, do you suppose, dear Caroline? How thankful we ought to be that we live now with so many churches, and such fine ones, and with such gentlemanly ministers as Mr. Cheese. And how nicely it's arranged that, after dancing and dining for two or three months constantly, during which, of course, we can only go to church Sundays, there comes a time for stopping, when we're tired out, and for going to church every day, and (as Mr. P. says) "striking a balance;" and thinking about being good, and all those things. We don't lose a great deal, you know. It makes a variety, and we all see each

other, just the same, only we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our lorgnettes with us, however, for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that I saw Sheena Silke across the church, in their little pew at the corner, and I am sure that she had a new bonnet on; and yet, though I looked at it all the time, trying to find out, prayers were fairly over before I discovered whether it was really new, or only that old white one made over with a few new flowers. Now, if I had had my glass, I could have told in a moment, and shouldn't have been obliged to lose all the prayers.

But, as I was saying, those poor old people in Babylon and Nineveh! only think, if they had had the privilege of prayers for six or seven weeks in Lent, and regular preaching the rest of the year, except, of course, in the summer: (by the by, I wonder if they all had some kind of Saratoga or Newport to go to?—I mean to ask Mr. Cheese)—they might have been good, and all have been happy. It's quite awful to hear how eloquent and earnest the Doctor is when he preaches against Babylon. Mr. P. says he likes to have him "pitch into those old sinners; it does 'em so much good;" and then he looks quite fierce. Mr. Cheese is going to read me a sermon he has written upon the maidenhood of Lot's wife. He says that he quotes a great deal of poetry in it, and that I must *dam* up the fount of my tears when he reads it. It was an odd expression for a minister, wasn't it? and I was obliged to say, "Mr. Cheese, you forget yourself." He replied, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, I will explain;" and he did so; so that I admired him more than ever.

Dearest Caroline,—if you should only like him! He asked one day about you; and when I told him what a dear, good girl you are, he said: "And her father has worldly possessions; has he not?"

I answered, yes; that your father was very rich. Then he sighed, and said that he could never marry an heiress unless he clearly saw it to be his duty. Isn't it a beautiful resignation?

I had no idea of saying so much about him, but you know it's proper, when writing a letter in Lent, to talk about religious matters. And, I must confess, there is something comfortable in having to do with such things. Don't you feel better, when you've been dancing all the week, and dining, and going to the opera, and flirting and flying round, to go to church on Sundays? I do. It seems, somehow, as if we ought to go. But I do wish Mrs. Croesus would sit somewhere else than just in front of us, for her new bonnets and her splendid collars and capes

make me quite miserable: and then she puts me out of conceit of my things by talking about Lawson, or somebody, as I told you in the beginning.

Mr. Potiphar has sent out for the new carpets. I had only two spoiled at my ball, you know, and that was very little. One always expects to sacrifice at least two carpets upon occasion of seeing one's friends. That handsome one in the supper-room was entirely ruined. Would you believe that Mr. P., when he went down stairs the next morning, found our Fred and his cousin hoeing it with their little hoes? It was entirely matted with preserves and things, and the boys said they were scraping it clean for breakfast. The other spoiled carpet was in the gentlemen's dressing-room where the punch-bowl was. Young Gauche Boosey, a very gentlemanly fellow, you know, ran up after polking, and was so confused with the light and heat that he went quite unsteadily, and as he was trying to fill a glass with the silver ladle (which is rather heavy), he somehow leaned too hard upon the table, and down went the whole thing, table, bowl, punch, and Boosey, and ended my poor carpet. I was sorry for that, and also for the bowl, which was a very handsome one, imported from China by my father's partner—a wedding-gift to me—and for the table, a delicate rose-wood stand, which was a work-table of my sister Lucy's—whom you never knew, and who died long and long ago. However, I was amply repaid by Boosey's drollery afterward. He is a very witty young man, and when he got up from the floor, saturated with punch (his clothes I mean), he looked down at the carpet and said:

"Well, I've given that such a punch it will want some *lemon-aid* to recover."

I suppose he had some idea about lemon acid taking out spots.

But, the best thing was what he said to me. He is so droll that he insisted upon coming down, and finishing the dance just as he was. The funny fellow brushed against all the dresses in his way, and, finally, said to me, as he pointed to a lemon-seed upon his coat:

"I feel so very *lemon-choly* for what I have done."

I laughed very much (you were in the other room), but Mr. P. stepped up and ordered him to leave the house. Boosey said he would do no such thing; and I have no doubt we should have had a scene, if Mr. P. had not marched him straight to the door, and put him into a carriage, and told the driver where to take him. Mr. P. was red enough when he came back.

"No man shall insult me or my guests, by getting drunk in my house," said he; and he has since asked me not to invite Boosey nor "any of his kind," as he calls them, to our house. However, I think it will pass over. I tell him that all young men of spirit get a little excited with wine sometimes, and he mustn't be too hard upon them.

"Madame," said he to me, the first time I ventured to say that, "no man with genuine self-respect ever gets drunk twice; and, if you had the faintest idea of the misery which a little elegant intoxication has produced in scores of families that you know, you would never insinuate again that a little excitement from wine is an agreeable thing. There's your friend Mrs. Croesus (he thinks she's my friend, because we call each other 'dear'!); she is delighted to be a fashionable woman, and to be described as the 'peerless and accomplished Mrs. C-co-s,' in letters from the Watering-places to the Herald; but I tell you, if any thing of the woman or the mother is left in the fashionable Mrs. Croesus, I could wring her heart as it never was wrung—and never shall be by me—by showing her the places that young Timon Croesus haunts, the people with whom he associates, and the drunkenness, gambling, and worse dissipations of which he is guilty.

"Timon Croesus is eighteen or nineteen, or, perhaps, twenty years old; and, Polly, I tell you, he is actually *blasé*, worn out with dissipation, the companion of black-legs, the chevalier of Cyprians, tipsy every night, and haggard every morning. Timon Croesus is the puny caricature of a man, mentally, morally, and physically. He gets 'elegantly intoxicated' at your parties; he goes off to sup with Gauche Boosey; you and Mrs. Croesus think them young men of spirit,—it is an exhilarating case of sowing wild-oats, you fancy,—and when, at twenty-five, Timon Croesus stands ruined in the world, without aims or capacities, without the esteem of a single man or his own self-respect—youth, health, hope and energy, all gone for ever—then you and your dear Mrs. Croesus will probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mrs. Potiphar, ask the Rev. Cream Cheese to omit his sermon upon the maidenhood of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: 'they that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.' Good heavens! Polly, fancy our Fred growing up to such a life! I'd rather bury him to-morrow!"

I never saw Mr. P. so much excited. He fairly put his handkerchief to his eyes, and I really believe he cried! But I think he exaggerates these things: and

as he had a very dear friend who went worse and worse, until he died frightfully, a drunkard, it is not strange he should speak so warmly about it. But as Mrs. Croesus says:

"What can you do? You can't curb these boys, you don't want to break their spirits, you don't want to make them milk-sops."

When I repeated the speech to Mr. P., he said to me with a kind of solemnity:

"Tell Mrs. Croesus that I am not here to judge nor dictate: but she may be well assured, that every parent is responsible for every child of his to the utmost of the influence he can exert, whether he chooses to consider himself so or not; and if not now, in this world, yet somewhere and somehow, he must hear and heed the voice that called to Cain in the garden, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?'"

I can't bear to hear Mr. P. talk in that way; it sounds so like preaching. Not precisely like what I hear at church, but like what we mean when we say, 'preaching,' without referring to any particular sermon. However, he grants that young Timon is an extreme case: but, he says, it is the result that proves the principle, and a state of feeling which not only allows, but indirectly fosters, that result, is frightful to think of.

"Don't think of it, then, Mr. P.," said I. He looked at me for a moment with the sternest scowl I ever saw upon a man's face, then he suddenly ran up to me, and kissed me on the forehead (although my hair was all dressed for Mrs. Gnu's dinner), and went out of the house. He hasn't said much to me since, but he speaks very gently when he does speak, and sometimes I catch him looking at me in such a singular way, so half mournful, that Mr. Cheese's eyes don't seem so very sad, after all.

However, to return to the party, I believe nothing else was injured except the curtains in the front drawing-room, which were so smeared with ice-cream and oyster gravy, that we must get new ones; and the cover of my porcelain tureen was broken by the servant, though the man said he really didn't mean to do it, and I could say nothing; and a party of young men, after the German Cotillon, did let fall that superb cut-glass Claret, and shivered it, with a dozen of the delicately engraved straw-stems that stood upon the waiter. That was all, I believe—oh! except that fine "Dresden Gallery," the most splendid book I ever saw, full of engravings of the great pictures in Dresden, Vienna, and the other Italian towns, and which was sent to Mr. P. by an old friend, an artist, whom he had helped

along when he was very poor. Somebody unfortunately tipped over a bottle of claret that stood upon the table, (I am sure, I don't know how it got there, tho' Mr. P. says Gauche Boosey knows,) and it lay soaking into the book, so that almost every picture has a claret stain, which looks so funny. I am very sorry, I am sure, but, as I tell Mr. P., it's no use crying for spilt milk. I was telling Mr. Boosey of it at the Gnus' dinner. He laughed very much, and when I said that a good many of the faces were sadly stained, he said in his droll way, "You ought to call it *L'opera di Bordeaux; Le Domino rouge*." I supposed it was something funny, so I laughed a good deal. He said to me later,

"Shall I pour a little claret into your book—I mean into your glass?"

Wasn't it a pretty *bon-mot*?

Don't you think we are getting very *spirituel* in this country?

I believe there was nothing else injured except the bed-hangings in the back room, which were somehow badly burnt and very much torn in pulling down, and a few of our handsomest shades that were cracked by the heat, and a few plates, which it was hardly fair to expect wouldn't be broken, and the colored glass door in my *escritoire*, against which Flatie Podge fell as she was dancing with Gauche Boosey; but he may have been a little excited you know, and she, poor girl, couldn't help tumbling, and as her head hit the glass, of course it broke, and cut her head badly, so that the blood ran down and naturally spoiled her dress; and what little *escritoire* could stand against Flatie Podge? So that went, and was a good deal smashed in falling. That's all, I think, except that the next day Mrs. Cræsus sent a note, saying that she had lost her largest diamond from her necklace, and she was sure that it was not in the carriage, nor in her own house, nor upon the sidewalk, for she had carefully looked every where, and she would be very glad if I would return it by the bearer.

Think of that!

Well, we hunted every where, and found no diamond. I took particular pains to ask the servants if they had found it, for if they had, they might as well give it up at once, without expecting any reward from Mrs. Cræsus, who wasn't very generous. But they all said they hadn't found any diamond: and our man John, who you know is so guileless,—although it was a little mysterious about that emerald pin of mine,—brought me a bit of glass that had been nicked out of my large custard dish, and asked me if that

was not Mrs. Cræsus's diamond. I told him no, and gave him a gold dollar for his honesty. John is an invaluable servant; he is so guileless.

Do you know I am not so sure about Mrs. Cræsus's diamond!

Mr. P. made a great growling about the ball. But it was very foolish, for he got safely to bed by six o'clock, and he need have no trouble about replacing the curtains, and glass, &c. I shall do all that, and the sum total will be sent to him in a lump, so that he can pay it.

Men are so unreasonable. Fancy us at seven o'clock that morning, when I retired. He wasn't asleep. But whose fault was that?

"Polly," said he, "that's the last."

"Last what?" said I.

"Last ball at my house," said he.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," said I.

"I tell you, Mrs. Potiphar, I am not going to open my house for a crowd of people who don't go away till daylight; who spoil my books and furniture; who involve me in a foolish expense; for a gang of rowdy boys, who drink my Margaux, and Lafitte, and Marcobrunner, (what kind of drinks are those, dear Caroline?) and who don't know Chambertin from liquorice-water,—for a swarm of persons few of whom know me, fewer still care for me, and to whom I am only 'Old Potiphar,' the husband of you, a fashionable woman. I am simply resolved to have no more such tomfoolery in my house."

"Dear Mr. P." said I, "you'll feel much better when you have slept. Besides, why do you say such things? Mustn't we see our friends, I should like to know; and if we do, are you going to let your wife receive them in a manner inferior to old Mrs. Podge or Mrs. Cræsus? People will accuse you of meanness, and of treating me ill: and if some persons hear that you have reduced your style of living, they will begin to suspect the state of your affairs. Don't make any rash vows, Mr. P.," said I, "but go to sleep."

(Do you know that speech was just what Mrs. Cræsus told me she had said to her husband under similar circumstances?)

Mr. P. fairly groaned, and I heard that short, strong, little word that sometimes inadvertently drops out of the best regulated mouths, as young Gooseberry Downe says when he swears before his mother. Do you know Mrs. Settum Downe? Charming woman, but satirical.

Mr. P. groaned, and said some more ill-natured things, until the clock struck nine, and he was obliged to get up. I should

be sorry to say to any body but you, dearest, that I was rather glad of it; for I could then fall asleep at my ease; and these little connubial felicities (I think they call them) are so tiresome. But every body agreed it was a beautiful ball; and I had the great gratification of hearing young Lord Mount Ague (you know you danced with him, love) say that it was quite the same thing as a ball at Buckingham Palace, except, of course, in size, and the number of persons, and dresses, and jewels, and the plate, and glass, and supper, and wines, and furnishing of the rooms, and lights, and some of those things, which are naturally upon a larger scale at a palace than in a private house. But, he said, excepting such things, it was quite as fine. I am afraid Lord Mount Ague flatters; just a little bit, you know.

Yes; and there was young Major Staggers, who said that "Decidedly it was the party of the season."

"How odd," said Mrs. Croesus, to whom I told it, and, I confess, with a little pride. "What a sympathetic man: that is, for a military man, I mean. Would you believe, dear Mrs. Potiphar, that he said precisely the same thing to me two days after my ball?"

Now, Caroline, dearest, *perhaps* he did!

With all these pleasant things said about one's party, I cannot see that it is such a dismal thing as Mr. P. tries to make out. After one of his solemn talks, I asked Mr. Cheese what he thought of balls, whether it was so very wicked to dance, and go to parties, if one only went to Church twice a day on Sundays. He patted his lips a moment with his handkerchief, and then he said,—and Caroline you can always quote the Rev. Cream Cheese as authority,—

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, it is recorded in Holy Scripture that the King danced before the Lord."

Darling, *if any thing should happen*, I don't believe he would object much to your dancing.

What gossips we women are, to be sure! I meant to write you about our new livery, and I am afraid I have tired you out already. You remember when you were here, I said that I meant to have a livery, for my sister Margaret told me that when they used to drive in Hyde Park, with the old Marquis of Mammon, it was always so delightful to hear him say,

"Ah! there is Lady Lobster's livery."

It was so aristocratic. And in countries where certain colors distinguish certain families, and are hereditary, so to

say, it is convenient and pleasant to recognize a coat-of-arms, or a livery, and to know that the representative of a great and famous family is passing by.

"That's a Howard, that's a Russell, that's a Dorset, that's de Colique, that's Mount Ague," old Lord Mammon used to say as the carriages whirled by. He knew none of them personally, I believe, except de Colique and Mount Ague, but then it was so agreeable to be able to know them.

Now why shouldn't we have the same arrangement? Why not have the Smith colors, and the Brown colors, and the Black colors, and the Potiphar colors, &c., so that people might say, "Ah! there go the Potiphar arms."

There is one difficulty, Mr. P. says, and that is, that he found five hundred and sixty-seven Smiths in the Directory, which might lead to some confusion. But that was absurd, as I told him, because every body would know which of the Smiths was able to keep a carriage, so that the livery would be recognized directly the moment that any of the family were seen in the carriage. Upon which he said, in his provoking way, "Why have any livery at all, then?" and he persisted in saying that no Smith was ever the Smith for three generations, and that he knew at least twenty, each of whom was able to set up his carriage and stand by his colors.

"But then a livery is so elegant and aristocratic," said I, "and it shows that a servant is a servant."

That last was a strong argument, and I thought Mr. P. would have nothing to say against it; but he rattled on for some time, asking me what right I had to be aristocratic, or, in fact, any body else;—went over his eternal old talk about aping foreign habits, as if we hadn't a right to adopt the good usages of all nations, and finally said that the use of liveries among us was not only "a pure peacock absurdity," as he called it, but that no genuine American would ever ask another to assume a menial badge.

"Why!" said I, "is not an American servant a servant still?"

"Most undoubtedly," he said; "and when a man is a servant, let him serve faithfully; and in this country especially, where to-morrow he may be the served, and not the servant, let him not be ashamed of serving. But, Mrs. Potiphar, I beg you to observe that a servant's livery is not, like a General's uniform, the badge of honorable service, but of menial service. Of course, a servant may be as honorable as a General, and his work quite as necessary and well done. But, for all that, it is not so respected nor cov-

eted a situation, I believe; and, in social estimation, a man suffers by wearing a livery, as he never would if he wore none. And while in countries in which a man is proud of being a servant (as every man may well be of being a good one), and never looks to any thing else, nor desires any change, a livery may be very proper to the state of society, and very agreeable to his own feelings, it is quite another thing in a society constituted upon altogether different principles, where the servant of to-day is the senator of to-morrow. Besides that, which I suppose is too fine-spun for you, livery is a remnant of a feudal state, of which we abolish every trace as fast as we can. That which is represented by livery is not consonant with our principles."

How the man runs on, when he gets going this way! I said, in answer to all this flourish, that I considered a livery very much the thing; that European families had liveries, and American families might have liveries;—that there was an end of it, and I meant to have one. Besides, if it is a matter of family, I should like to know who has a better right? There was Mr. Potiphar's grandfather, to be sure, was only a skilful blacksmith and a good citizen, as Mr. P. says, who brought up a family in the fear of the Lord.

How oddly he puts those things!

But my ancestors, as you know, are a different matter. Starr Mole, who interests himself in genealogies, and knows the family name and crest of all the English nobility, has "climbed our family tree," as Stagers says, and finds that I am lineally descended from one of those two brothers who came over in some of those old times, in some of those old ships, and settled in some of those old places somewhere. So you see, dear Caroline, if birth gives any one a right to coats of arms and liveries, and all those things, I feel myself sufficiently entitled to have them.

But I don't care any thing about that. The Gnus, and Cresuses, and Silkes, and the Settum Downes, have their coats of arms, and crests, and liveries, and I am not going to be behind, I tell you. Mr. P. ought to remember that a great many of these families were famous before they came to this country; and there is a kind of interest in having on your ring, for instance, the same crest that your ancestor two or three centuries ago had upon her ring. One day I was quite wrought up about the matter, and I said as much to him.

"Certainly," said he, "certainly; you are quite right. If I had Sir Philip Sid-

ney to my ancestor, I should wear his crest upon my ring, and glory in my relationship, and I hope I should be a better man for it. I wouldn't put his arms upon my carriage, however, because that would mean nothing but ostentation. It would be merely a flourish of trumpets to say that I was his descendant, and nobody would know that, either, if my name chanced to be Boggs. In my library I might hang a copy of the family escutcheon as a matter of interest and curiosity to myself, for I'm sure I shouldn't understand it. Do you suppose Mrs. Gnu knows what *gules argent* are? A man may be as proud of his family as he chooses, and, if he has noble ancestors, with good reason. But there is no sense in parading that pride. It is an affectation, the more foolish that it achieves nothing—no more credit at Stewart's—no more real respect in society. Besides, Polly, who were Mrs. Gnu's ancestors, or Mrs. Croesus's, or Mrs. Settum Downe's? Good, quiet, honest, and humble people, who did their work, and rest from their labors. Centuries ago in England, some drops of blood from "noble" veins may have mingled with the blood of their forefathers; or even, the founder of the family name may be historically famous. What then? Is Mrs. Gnu's family ostentation less absurd? Do you understand the meaning of her crest, and coats of arms, and liveries? Do you suppose she does herself? But in forty-nine cases out of fifty, there is nothing but a similarity of name upon which to found all this flourish of aristocracy."

My dear old Pot is getting rather prosy, Carrie. So when he had finished that long speech, during which I was looking at the lovely fashion-plates in Harper, I said:

"What colors do you think I'd better have?"

He looked at me with that singular expression, and went out suddenly, as if he were afraid he might say something.

He had scarcely gone before I heard: "My dear Mrs. Potiphar, the sight of you is refreshing as Hermon's dew."

I colored a little; Mr. Cheese says such things so softly. But I said good morning, and then asked him about liveries, &c.

He raised his hand to his cravat, (it was the most snowy lawn, Carrie, and tied in a splendid bow.)

"Is not this a livery, dear Mrs. Potiphar?"

And then he went off into one of those pretty talks, in what Mr. P. calls "the language of artificial flowers," and wound up by quoting Scripture,—*"Servants, obey your masters."*

That was enough for me. So I told Mr. Cheese that as he had already assisted me in colors once, I should be most glad to have him do so again. What a time we had, to be sure, talking of colors, and cloths, and gaiters, and buttons, and knee-breeches, and waistcoats, and plush, and coats, and lace, and hatbands, and gloves, and cravats, and cords, and tassels, and hats. Oh! it was delightful. You can't fancy how heartily the Rev. Cream entered into the matter. He was quite enthusiastic, and at last he said, with so much expression, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, why not have a *chasseur*?"

I thought it was some kind of French dish for lunch, so I said:

"I am so sorry, but we haven't any in the house."

"Oh," said he, "but you could hire one, you know."

Then I thought it must be a musical instrument—a Panharmonicon, or something of that kind, so I said in a general way—

"I'm not very, very fond of it."

"But it would be so fine to have him standing on the back of the carriage, his plumes waving in the wind, and his lace and polished belts flashing in the sun, as you whirled down Broadway."

Of course I knew that he was speaking of those military gentlemen who ride behind carriages, especially upon the Continent, as Margaret tells me, and who in Paris are very useful to keep the savages and wild-beasts at bay in the *Champs Elysees*, for you know they are intended as a guard.

But I knew Mr. P. would be firm about that, so I asked Mr. Cheese not to kindle my imagination with the *Chasseur*.

We concluded finally to have only one full-sized footman, and a fat driver.

"The corpulence is essential, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said Mr. Cheese. "I have been much abroad; I have mingled, I trust, in good, which is to say, Christian Society; and I must say, that few things struck me more upon my return than that ladies who drive very handsome carriages, with footmen, &c., in livery, should permit such thin coachmen upon the box. I really believe that Mrs. Settum Downe's coachman doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds, which is ridiculous. A lady might as well hire a footman with insufficient calves, as a coachman who weighs less than two hundred and ten. That is the minimum. Besides, I don't observe any wigs upon the coachmen. Now if a lady sets up her carriage with the family crest and fine liveries, why, I should like to know, is the wig of the coachman omitted, and his cocked hat also?

It is a kind of shabby, half-ashamed way of doing things, a garbled glory. The cocked-hatted, knee-breeched, paste-buckled, horse-hair-wigged coachman, is one of the institutions of the aristocracy. If we don't have him complete, we somehow make ourselves ridiculous. If we do have him complete, why, then—"

Here Mr. Cheese coughed a little, and patted his mouth with his cambric. But what he said was very true. I should like to come out with the wig. I mean upon the coachman; it would so put down the Settum Downes. But I'm sure old Pot wouldn't have it. He lets me do a great deal. But there is a line which I feel he won't let me pass. I mentioned my fears to Mr. Cheese:

"Well," he said "Mr. Potiphar may be right. I remember an expression of my carnal days about 'coming it too strong,' which seems to me to be applicable just here."

After a little more talk, I determined to have red plush breeches, with a black cord at the side—white stockings—low shoes with large buckles—a yellow waistcoat, with large buttons—lappels to the pockets—and a purple coat, very full and fine, bound with gold lace—and the hat banded with a full gold rosette. Don't you think that would look well in Hyde Park? And, darling Carrie, why shouldn't we have in Broadway, what they have in Hyde Park?

When Mr. P. came in, I told him all about it. He laughed a good deal, and said, "What next?" So I am not sure he would be so very hard upon the wig. The next morning I had appointed to see the new footman, and as Mr. P. went out he turned and said to me, "Is your footman coming to-day?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "don't forget the calves. You know that every thing in the matter of livery depends upon the calves."

And he went out laughing silently to himself, with—actually, Carrie—a tear in his eye.

But it was true, wasn't it? I remember in all the books and pictures how much is said about the calves. In advertisements, &c., it is stated that none but well-developed calves need apply, at least it is so in England, and, if I have a livery, I am not going to stop half-way. My duty was very clear. When Mr. Cheese came in, I said I felt awkward in asking a servant about his calves,—it sounded so queerly. But I confessed that it was necessary.

"Yes, the path of duty is not always smooth, dear Mrs. Potiphar. It is often thickly strewn with thorns," said he, as

he sank back in the *fauteuil*, and put down his *petit terre* of *Marasquin*.

Just after he had gone the new footman was announced. I assure you, although it is ridiculous, I felt quite nervous. But when he came in, I said calmly—

"Well, James, I am glad you have come."

"Please ma'am, my name is Henry," said he.

I was astonished at his taking me up so, and said, decidedly—

"James, the name of my footman is always James. You may call yourself what you please, I shall always call you James."

The idea of the man's undertaking to arrange my servants' names for me!

Well, he showed me his references, which were very good, and I was quite satisfied. But there was the terrible calf business that must be attended to. I put it off a great while, but I had to begin.

"Well, James!"—and there I stopped.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"I wish—yes—ah!"—and I stopped again.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"James, I wish you had come in knee-breeches."

"Ma'am?" said he, in great surprise.

"In knee-breeches, James," repeated I.

"What be they, ma'am? what for, ma'am?" said he, a little frightened, as I thought.

"Oh! nothing, nothing; but—but—"

"Yes, ma'am," said James.

"But—but, I want to see—to see—"

"What, ma'am?" said James.

"Your legs," gasped I; and the path was thorny enough, Carrie, I can tell you. I had a terrible time explaining to him what I meant, and all about the liveries, &c. Dear me! what a pity these things are not understood: and then we should never have this trouble about explanations. However, I couldn't make him agree to wear the livery. He said:

"I'll try to be a good servant, ma'am, but I cannot put on those things and make a fool of myself. I hope you won't insist, for I am very anxious to get a place."

Think of his dictating to me! I told him that I did not permit my servants to impose conditions upon me (that's one of Mrs. Croesus's sayings), that I was willing to pay him good wages and treat him well, but that my James must wear my livery. He looked very sorry, said that he should like the place very much,—that he was satisfied with the wages, and was sure he should please me, but he could not put on those things. We were both determined, and so parted. I think we

were both sorry; for I should have to go all through the calf-business again, and he lost a good place.

However, Caroline, dear, I have my livery and my footman, and am as good as any body. It's very splendid when I go to Stewart's to have the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves springing down to open the door, and to see people look, and say, "I wonder who that is?" And every body bows so nicely, and the clerks are so polite, and Mrs. Gau is melting with envy on the other side, and Mrs. Croesus goes about, saying, "Dear little woman, that Mrs. Potiphar, but so weak! Pity, pity!" And Mrs. Settum Downe says, "Is that the Potiphar livery? Ah! yes. Mr. Potiphar's grandfather used to shoe my grandfather's horses!"—(as if to be useful in the world, were a disgrace,—as Mr. P. says,) and young Downe, and Boosey, and Timon Croesus come up and stand about so gentlemanly, and say, "Well, Mrs. Potiphar, we to have no more charming parties this season?"—and Boosey says, in his droll way, "Let's keep the ball a-rolling!" That young man is always ready with a witticism. Then I step out and James throws open the door, and the young men raise their hats, and the new crowd says, "I wonder who that is?" and the plush, and purple, and calves spring up behind, and I drive home to dinner.

Now, Carrie dear, isn't that nice?

Well, I don't know how it is—but things are so queer. Sometimes when I wake up in the morning, in my room, which I have had tapestried with fluted rose silk, and lie thinking, under the lace curtains; although I may have been at one of Mrs. Gnu's splendid parties the night before, and am going to Mrs. Silke's to dinner, and to the opera and Mrs. Settum Downe's in the evening, and have nothing to do all day but go to Stewart's, or Martelle's, or Lefevre's, and shop, and pay morning calls;—do you know, as I say, that sometimes I hear an old familiar tune played upon a hand-organ far away in some street, and it seems to me in that half-drowsy state under the laces, that I hear the girls and boys singing it in the fields where we used to play. It is a kind of dream, I suppose, but often, as I listen, I am sure that I hear Henry's voice again that used to ring so gayly among the old trees, and I walk with him in the sunlight to the bank by the river, and he throws in the flower—as he really did—and says, with a laugh, "If it goes this side of the stump I am saved; if the other, I am lost;" and then he looks at me as if I had any thing to do with it, and the flower drifts slowly off and off, and goes the

other side of the old stump, and we walk homeward silently, until Henry laughs out, and says, "Thank heaven, my fate is not a flower;" and I swear to love him for ever and ever, and marry him, and live in a dingy little old room in some of the dark and dirty streets in the city.

Then I doze again: but presently the music steals into my sleep, and I see him as I saw him last, standing in his pulpit, so calm and noble, and drawing the strong men as well as the weak women, by his earnest persuasion; and after service he smiles upon me kindly, and says, "This is my wife," and the wife, who looks like the Madonna in that picture of Andra Del Sarto's, which you liked so at the gallery, leads us to a little house buried in roses, looking upon a broad and lovely landscape, and Henry whispers to me as a beautiful boy bounds into the room, "Mrs. Potiphar, I am very happy."

I doze again until Adèle comes in and opens the shutters. I do not hear the music any more; but those days I do somehow seem to hear it all the time. Of course Mr. P. is gone long before I wake, so he knows nothing about all this. I generally come in at night after he is asleep, and he is up and has his breakfast, and goes down town before I wake in the morning. He comes home to dinner, but he is apt to be silent; and after dinner he takes his nap in the parlor over his newspaper, while I go up and let Adèle dress my hair for the evening. Sometimes Mr. P. groans into a clean shirt and goes with me to the ball; but not often. When I come home, as I said, he is asleep, so I don't see a great deal of him, except in the summer, when I am at Saratoga or Newport; and then, not so much, after all, for he only comes to pass Sunday, and I must be a good Christian, you know, and go to church. On the whole, we have not a very intimate acquaintance; but I

have a great respect for him. He told me the other day that he should make at least thirty thousand dollars this year.

My darling Carrie—I am very sorry I can't write you a longer letter. I want to consult you about wearing gold powder, like the new Empress. It would kill Mrs. Croesus if you and I should be the first to come out in it; and don't you think the effect would be fine, when we were dancing, to shower this gold mist around us! How it would sparkle upon the gentlemen's black coats! ("Yes," says Mr. P., "and how finely Gauche Boosey, and Timon Croesus, and young Downe will look in silk tights and small-clothes!") They say it is genuine gold ground up. I have already sent for a white velvet and lace—the Empress's bridal dress, you know. That foolish old P. asked me if I had sent for the Emperor and the bank of France too.

"Men ask such absurd questions," said I.

"Mrs. Potiphar, I never asked but one utterly absurd question in my life," said he, and marched out of the house.

Au revoir, chère Caroline. I have a thousand things to say, but I know you must be tired to death.

Fondly yours,

POLLY POTIPHAR.

P. S.—Our little Fred is quite down with the scarlet fever. Potiphar says I mustn't expose myself, so I don't go into the room; but Mrs. Jollup, the nurse, tells me through the keyhole how he is. Mr. P. sleeps in the room next the nursery, so as not to carry the infection to me. He looks very solemnly as he walks down town. I hope it won't spoil Fred's complexion. I should be so sorry to have him a little fright! Poor little thing!

P. S. 2d.—Isn't it funny about the music?

LIFE IN A CANADIAN COLLEGE.

"Dedisti animus aro quod didicisti diu."—SEN.

"As there is a worldliness, or the too-much of this life, so there is another-worldliness, or rather other-worldliness, equally hateful and selfish with this-worldliness."—OOLERIDGE.

I WAS four years at a college in Canada. It was at St. H.; and I might have been there longer, and probably filled its septennary term, had my juvenile fortunes escaped the influence of what is known in British colonial history as the "Canadian Troubles." These broke out in the Fall of 1837; and in the Spring of 1839, I was

following the family to an exile's home—by no means a dreary one—in the United States.

I will not assert that the "Canada Bubbles"—so called by Judge Haliburton of "Sam Slick" repute—effervesced for the especial purpose of interfering with my private concerns; but I can safely say

that, had they resulted in as much good to his country as they resulted in good to me, Mr. Papineau would not have talked quite in vain, nor agitated himself into the sorry part which, more important people than I think, he played at that time.

If, indeed, the Canadians, in consequence of those events, could have sprung entirely free from their thralldom as easily as I sprang from mine, and suddenly found themselves as happy as I was when I first breathed the Yankee's bracing atmosphere; then might we forget how the Orator-Leader, who blessed his followers with no less than "Ninety-two Resolutions," could manifest so little resolution himself, on the day that he should have exchanged exordium and peroration for powder and ball.*

But, I was telling you of having been at St. H. College. I entered it in my ninth year only; and yet I do not conceive myself chargeable with any alarming degree of precociousness. Scores of little lads flock to this and its sister institutions at an equally tender age; and the Faculty will engage that they shall be soundly thrashed into the rudiments of the studies which they go there ostensibly to pursue during a term of seven years. The annual fee of fifty dollars is all that is required for services so rendered; yet, petty as that amount is, besides securing an inexhaustible fund of prayers in Latin and some classic erudition, it will secure very capacious apartments always occupied in common, but alas! very "short commons," too. For there, by the adoption of something like State-Prison economics, a student is taught and "found," and even medicated (principally with Castor-oil and *Tereb. Canad.*) for the small sum I have just mentioned.

The Faculty have such faith in their dietary, that, if an indulgent mamma slips a bottle of cordial or some other dainty among her son's "traps," the inexorable "Prex." is sure to confiscate them upon discovery. This functionary, who, under the title of *Directeur*, is the terror of every one within his jurisdiction, is an insatiable cormorant in the matter of sweetmeats. Perhaps he conceives that boys had better be "crammed" with conjugations and declensions, than with cake and *liqueurs*; or, aware that "comparisons are odious," he may be anxious that they shall not turn from their coarse and scanty college fare, to console their appetites with the nice things in their trunks. But, whatever may be the motive of his somewhat predatory visits on the first night of

each term, it is certain that few Revenue Officers evince equal zeal in their search for contraband goods. Like those officers, however, he is now and then subjected to trials which might deter less persevering people from pursuing the occupation of a "Detective." For instance, I wot of a legend which says that, once upon a time, he made an apparently precious prize—nothing less, as he thought, than a bottle of crusty port. The seal looked antique with the dust of many years in the cellars; there was even a vestige of venerable cobwebs clinging affectionately to the neck. The "Prex."—a dignitary that loved such things a little better than fasting—applied the cork-screw, and eagerly took a generous draught of the beverage. But tradition informs us also that, dashing the bottle from him, he terminated his search that time by violently expectorating a potion of what is, by some vulgar people, esteemed as a cheap, but capital, stomachic. We are likewise told that the student in whose possession this article in domestic pharmacopoeia was found, went unpunished—no doubt because the *Directeur*, like a sensible man, appreciated the moral he had been taught so unexpectedly of "looking before he leaped."

In my ninth year, then, I donned the uniform of what the envious *plebs* were pleased to designate as a *mouton bleu*, or something particularly "sheepish" and looking very "blue." The *sobriquet* was not without its point, for the costume was certainly ridiculous enough to be matter of sarcasm with the best mannered critic in the world. It consisted of a cumbersome, blue frock-coat, called a *capot*, streaked with white cord in the seams, and worn at all times (save in bed!) tightly buttoned up to within a few inches of the throat. In addition to this the body had to be *girted* with either a ribbon, a patent-leather belt, or a bulky woollen sash, red, black, or blue, or of flashy colors so interwoven as to represent an interminable dovetailing of arrow-heads, in consequence of which it is popularly known as the *ceinture fléchée*.

The other colleges or "seminaries"—which number about half-a-dozen in the country—have each some uniform coat for their respective students. The military cut and German braid were affected at Chambly, where a large number of young Americans used to attend for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the French language. A plain, blue "frock" with velvet collar, and a dark sash, were in vogue at Montreal. The Quebec students

* The "Ninety-two Resolutions," embracing the political grievances of Lower Canada, were passed by the House of Assembly, over which the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau presided for a long time as Speaker.

disported heavy white seams and green sashes; and those of the other institutions wore something in the style that prevailed at St. H.

Every where these coats are kept closely buttoned, and must not be thrown off, even for play during the hottest of weather. Exercise is, therefore, seriously impeded, and proves often injurious where it is violent, especially in games at ball or wicket. Apart from this important consideration, there are reasons of economy that urge an abandonment of this foolish custom. The expense of those garments, unless they are of coarse homespun, is great; and little fellows—looking ridiculously “all buttoned down before” like so many premature *Grimeses*—will ruin one coat at least in the course of a year; and it is no rare occurrence to see a whole skirt severed in a very peremptory manner during a rude encounter at “tag.”

But the absurdity—nay, the cruelty of thrusting a lot of lads into those stiff-laced, dragging affairs, is aggravated by the reason assigned for the practice. The Faculty say that it is followed from motives of *decency*! They seem to think that a smart roundabout, or the sight of a pair of shirt sleeves in broad noon-day, must suggest improper reflections in the youthful mind; and, in their prudish opinion, they hope to obviate the evil by causing the outlines of the person to be rendered indistinct by the folds of an awkward skirt! Indeed, they carry this horror of any thing like “dishabile” to such an extreme as to compel the students, on retiring for the night in the common sleeping apartments, or *dortoirs*, to pull their pantaloons off and on in bed, out of which, as you can easily imagine, broadcloth issued in no very presentable plight!

I felt rather proud at first of the academic livery which I have been describing to you; and as on or about the 3d of September, A. D. 1835 (in the afternoon), I stood in the hall or *parlor* of St. H. College, I deemed myself remote but a few steps only from huge manhood. There was my large wooden trunk, inscribed with the initials of my name; the key was in my pocket; and those were titles quite sufficient, I thought, to establish my independence of apron-strings. I had my bedding too, with the cross-legged *baudet* that every student must bring from home; and over those personal effects I considered myself sole master and lord supreme.

My mother was at my side, confiding me to the tender mercies of the *Directeur*; and I,—prodigal lad that I was,—I inwardly rejoiced that I was escaping the rule at home, little dreaming of the *ferula* awaiting me among strangers. But when

she had accompanied me from the *dortoir* in which my pillow was not to be smoothed by her gentle hand again for at least six long months; and when she had left me alone with the President, after having kissed me, with a whispered injunction, nearly choked with emotion, to be “a good boy;” then I was no longer a “little man”—I was still in my ninth year—nay, I was younger, for I have heard persons called “babies” when tears had been caught rolling down their cheeks slowly, as if big with a great weight of grief. I shall not say that I wept—grown-up people alone may weep—little boys cry—and so I cried!

It afforded me little consolation to think that the “*Directeur*” was now my guardian. He was a smooth-shaven, portly priest, answering Young’s portraiture of a parson:

“Fresh color’d, and well thriving on his trade.”

His outer dress consisted of the long black gown worn by the clergy in Roman Catholic countries, and by the tutors in all collegiate institutions over which the priesthood preside. It is in those establishments that the church recruits the ranks of her ministers; and it seems that the discipline which is there observed, as well as the course of studies prescribed, have been designed almost purposely to fit a young man for scarcely nothing else but ecclesiastical life. When he has completed these studies, if he be poor, or if his parents be bigoted, or if he really have a desire to enter the clergy, *il prend la soutane*—as the saying is in Canada—and assumes the title of *Ecclesiastique*. This is his first step towards taking Holy Orders. He is then employed as a tutor or superintendent over the students in some College or “Seminary,” but pronounces no vows, and—unless I have forgotten how it is—does not bear the tonsural mark. The first of those vows is made when he has firmly resolved upon renouncing the pomps of the world, and becomes a *Sous-Diacre*, or under-Deacon. His crown is then shaved, and that entitles him to the respect of the Roman Catholic community. The second ecclesiastical stage occurs when he professes other and more austere vows, and takes the degree of *Diacre* or Deacon. The third and last stage is that in which the black chrysalis expands into the full-blown *Prêtre*.

As he ascends this ladder, the candidate for priestly honors becomes qualified for the performance of certain sacred rites in the church, and cannot return to worldly life after his initiation as a *Sous-Diacre*. It is only while he is an *Ecclé-*

siastique that he may, if so prompted, cast off his black robe to embrace *mouseline-de-laine*, or "calico." He may likewise continue as a simple ecclesiastic all the days of his life; thus have I known a very fine old gentleman, renowned all over Canada as an excellent astronomer, and for many years the compiler of the sheet almanacs in use in that country, who never would take "orders." He remained attached to the *soutane*, and was every where called an *Abbé*.

But that was an isolated instance of ecclesiastical eccentricity. Few tarry very long at the threshold. Their salaries at college are nominal sums only, and they hasten, either to plunge into the busy round of worldly pursuits, or to graduate into the ministry, where they are usually provided for as *vicars* to parish priests, whom they succeed in due course of time. Others, chosen for that arduous task, for reasons of policy personal to themselves or the church,—are sent into the Indian missions; while a few are retained in the colleges as professors of the higher branches of learning, or to fill equally important posts in those institutions. The *Directeur* is always a priest in the meridian of life, and an able man. He who held that position, while I was at St. H., is now the Bishop of a rural Diocese, recently organized in the province. The *Procureur*, or agent of the college, is likewise a priest; and though not a man suspected of intimacy with the financial concerns of this mercenary world, he draws and loosens the purse-strings of the "corporation" with all the tact of a Wall-street broker. The Professors of moral and natural philosophy, and of rhetoric, are priests also. Thus, at least, half-a-dozen of these gentlemen are to be found in each establishment.

Their presence is a great auxiliary to the maintenance of rigorous discipline. The students—I mean those who are Catholics—must "go to *confess*" to them, once at least in every four weeks; for the purpose, no doubt, of obtaining the remission of those wickednesses for which they may not have atoned in due course of mortification in the flesh; and with this rule they are made to conform, whether they are as immaculate as lambs, or more iniquitous than scape-goats. The consequence of this is obvious. If those institutions be the recruiting *dépôts* of the priesthood, they are, from an inverse reason, the hot-beds of the infidelity which exists among the educated French Canadians. For, if, in one case, a strict performance of the religious exercises that there abound, converts a properly disposed individual into a minister of the gospel,

it will, in other instances, cast the student into an opposite and very lamentable extreme. The compulsory nature of this discipline will throw him into open rebellion; or it will so destroy his sense of accountability, that he will sooner confess a mortal sin which he never was guilty of, rather than accuse himself of a midnight visit actually paid to the "corporation's" melon-patch. From this indifference to really solemn rites, he therefore soon proceeds to deride them and the Divinity in whose service they are claimed to be enforced.

That the clergy shoot thus wide of the mark which they seem to have constantly in view, is not a little surprising, especially when we look at the monastic complexion of life in their colleges. If the morning bell does not wake the student, the loud *Deo gratias* of the superintending ecclesiastic is sure to rouse him. He dresses in a hurry, and hastens to prayers in the *étude* or common study room. These, which last some twenty minutes, are said kneeling. They consist of *paters*, *aves*, a *confiteor*, and litany, that are read by an elder collegian, while the *Communauté* utter the responses more or less attentively, and sometimes with ridiculous cadences of the voice. Before the breakfast, all repair to the chapel, where the *basse messe*, or low mass is solemnized by the *Directeur*. It occupies half an hour, during which the students rise from their knees at the reading of the Gospel only. No sermons are delivered, and no singing allowed, except on holidays, or when a stranger of distinction officiates. On those occasions, the best vocalist present leads off in some French hymn or *cantique*, and is followed by the congregation in full chorus.

Two of the students have to assist in the ceremonies at the altar, and must commit to memory a copious series of Latin responses, in order to well fill their parts. They serve according to a roll-call prepared by a *sacristain* or clerk of the chapel, and are excused from the performance of that duty in time of sickness only. Besides this *messe*, every priest in the establishment "says" his own at a side altar, where he is attended by a member of his class, or some favorite lad. He has no audience, but officiates privately, and with less deliberation than the *Directeur*.

Kneeling time recurs at about half-past eleven, A. M., when the Faculty meets the collegians in the "study." There the President reads a passage from a religious book, over which they are expected to reflect during several minutes of silence that follows; but whether they busy themselves with "inwardly digesting" what

they have been listening to, or with speculations as to the proximate chances of a poor dinner, I feel incompetent to state; from personal experience, however, I am inclined to think that the latter consideration engrosses their minds more deeply than the former.

The dinner, which follows this exercise, is eaten in silence, except on holidays and Sundays, or whenever a stranger is the guest of the Faculty, or a student is announced as having been for three weeks at the head of his class. He then has the honor of giving a *Deo gratias*, which, on being proclaimed, sets every tongue in motion. But on all other days, some young man occupies a pulpit, where his lungs wield a desperate conflict against the clatter of knives and forks, in the effort to make himself heard, out of a ponderous volume of history. Thanks to the stentorian voice of one of those readers, I once learned at the close of a year, that the book in his hands was the identical work which, in the same seat, I had enjoyed the privilege of announcing the title six months previously; and I verily believe that a large proportion of the students could not have said whether it was a book begun in the year of the college's foundation, or only the day before.

That incident proves the advantage there is in stuffing simultaneously the stomach and mind. As to its disadvantages much might be said; last, but not least, is dyspepsia, for all who are not blessed with the digestive powers of an ostrich. The American practice of calling "Waiter!" and bolting the food he brings, is a rational act compared with this dumb-feeding in Canadian colleges.

The close of the dinner is always announced by the appearance of a younger student who comes in front of the Faculty's table, and reads a chapter from the book "*De Imitatione Jesu Christi*." On this and whatever else has been read, the "Prex" may question the audience; but he seldom gets correct answers to his vexatious queries. I never thought, nor do I think to this day, that he is entitled to any, good, bad, or indifferent.

A lunch at four o'clock is followed by an opportunity for prayer at the chapel; but as it is optional with the students to improve it or pass the time at play, none go save the piously inclined, or those who have a penance to fulfil by order of their confessors, or who are sent up by their tutors for some mischievous act, which, I fear, is far from being atoned by their presence near the altar.

Before supper the Faculty meet the collegians again in the study, where, on their marrow-bones, all "count their

beads," the *Directeur* taking the lead and the *Communauté* roaring out the responses. This exercise lasts about thirty minutes, and the students are often detected in the act of mitigating its severity, by kneeling upon the green cloths which they use on their desks.

The last long prayer is read in the *Salle de Récréation*, or play-room, in the same manner as the morning's, which it equals in length. Finally, while the students are undressing in the *dortoirs*, one of their number reads a short biography, in French, of the saint whose name answers to that particular day in the calendar; and when this has been done, and every body has gone through the contortional feat of pulling off his pantaloons within sheets, the superintending ecclesiastic raps on the table, whereupon all must doff their night-caps and sit in bed, while he rehearses a few brief prayers, known as *Actes*, or professions of Charity, Faith, Hope and Contrition.

This is a long catalogue, but it does not comprise two short Latin prayers, one of which opens, and the other closes, the hours of study and recitation. The first, an invocation to the Holy Ghost, runs as follows:—

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus, replè tuorum corda fidelium, et tui amoris in eis dignem ascende. Emitte spiritum tuum, et creabuntur, et renovabis faciem terre."

The other, which is addressed to the Virgin Mary, reads thus:—

"Sub tuum presidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix; nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus; sed à periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta."

This "Veni, Sancte," and "Sub tuum," are each repeated about fourteen times every day, the students kneeling on their seats, and turning their faces to the wall.

If now we compute the moments thus passed, we will have an average of three hours daily which the students of those institutions spend on their knees; and the curiously inclined can easily ascertain, if they wish, what proportion of a seven years' attendance there is passed on a poor fellow's marrow-bones. I have not the patience to do it. Indeed, we must lose all patience with this state of continual genuflexion. It is capable of producing but one sure result, and that is a big callus on each knee! It may be maintained that this is the best mode of remedying a calloused heart, as certain scrofulous affections are sometimes drawn from a vital part of the system to another part where they may create less mischief; but experience teaches that many young men look upon the innumerable hours

they have knelt at college as sufficient to answer the purposes of an ordinary lifetime; and hence are they seldom found again at their "bends" or prayers.

I should not omit to state here, that the clergy expect none but Roman Catholics to conform with the requirements of college discipline in this particular. They do not compel Protestant students to kneel with them, but simply direct them to meet on Sundays in some room where they may read their Bibles together. I will even go farther, and say that no efforts are made to gain proselytes among that class of students; nothing of the kind, to my recollection at least, ever occurred during my residence at St. H.

What I have stated of the religious exercises, as a proof of the essentially ecclesiastical character of discipline in the Canadian college, is amply borne out by the censorial care with which the Faculty permit the reading of authors by the students. The class-books must always receive the approbation of the Church authorities before they can be used, and have generally been prepared under the editorial charge of a Jesuit. The libraries furnish none but orthodox works. All the philosophers of antiquity, those of the French Revolution, and our later day, are withheld from the young men. The histories are conservative and Jesuitical. None are permitted to read a book which does not excommunicate every participant in the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, or which says any good of the French empire and its master. The dramatists and poets are dealt out in morsels or badly garbled shapes. Nothing is known of Shakspeare, except through the miserable imitations of Ducis. Milton is too much of a heretic to be on familiar terms with the Faculty, and Byron too great a rake—he is never mentioned, while the former is only spoken of in connection with (I believe) Delille's translation of his poem. But very learned disquisitions are read upon the German Klopstock's "Messiad," if the work itself be not inflicted upon the students from one fly-leaf to the other. It is nearly the same thing with Le Cid's Portuguese Epic, and the Swiss Gessner's "Abel." Tasso gets a little attention, but in snatches only. Burns and Tom Moore are as unknown as unborn New-Zealanders. Frenchmen themselves are treated only a little better. All that is furnished of the brothers Corneille, the Rousseaus, Racine, Boileau, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, Lamennais and Lamartine, is a specimen of the style of each, embodied in a manuscript class-book, known as *Livre de Belles-Lettres*.

The Latin poets are also disposed of in a very superficial manner. Ovid, Horace, and Virgil, are given out in detached passages. The student is not required to become intimately acquainted with those authors themselves; indeed, good care is taken that he shall not; he is expected to grow familiar only with the language in which they wrote, so that he may be duly qualified to read a Latin *Breviary* and *Rubrique*, should he ever embrace the ministry. Thus the fourth book of the *Aeneid* is particularly forbidden ground; but often a student devotes more attention to its right comprehension than he bestows on all the other books put together.

The Faculty are likewise the censors of every book in the possession of the collegians, and confiscate or burn up all works that they condemn as obnoxious. I shall never forget how sincerely I mourned "the loss by fire" of a new collection of French anecdotes, some of which, unfortunately for the Parisian "Joe Miller" and his proprietor, made light of certain gallant *Abbés*. On another occasion I was warned that a Mythological Dictionary which I had would be forfeited should I ever consult it again. A neat little edition of the "Proverbs," which an uncle had given me, was seized upon; and that was the last I ever saw of them—in that shape, at least. The prudish *Directeur* pounced upon a splendid Atlas, belonging to my neighbor in study, because the frontispiece revealed good old Mother Earth, with her plurality of breasts, in "a low-necked dress." The owner had reconciled himself to the loss of a very valuable work, when, shortly after, it was returned to him, with a garment of *wafers* plastered over the poor deity's bosom!

Once in a while, however, we evaded the vigilance of our censors; and thus I managed to devour "Orlando Furioso," the "Arabian Nights," "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," and other proscribed works. On one occasion I was all absorbed with Cheateaubriand's American novel of "Atala," when I was "caught in the act." I had reached a very affecting passage in the book, and, as I could shed tears more easily then than I can now, my eyes were brimful. I begged—I entreated to be allowed to finish it. But the "Prof." was inexorable, and had no more compassion for me than he could have had for the poor Indian maid's sorrows over which I was weeping. He snatched the precious book from me, and prescribed the copying of four pages of Noël's French and Latin Dictionary during play-hours, as an antidote against the poison I might have im-

bibed from the author of "*La Génie du Christianisme*."

The secular newspapers of the day were strictly prohibited, and no one could discuss politics or other matters of public interest, lest he should hazard opinions unpalatable to the casuists of the college. A debating club was tolerated in 1836; but, because the animating politics of that period threw one of its sessions into a very happy *Congressional* scene, the "Prex." played Cromwell with us, and adjourned our deliberations *sine die*.

Our correspondence was, of course, under strict surveillance, and woe to the *billet-doux* that was intercepted! The Faculty held that species of composition in holy horror. Every thing they could say or do was employed to guard us against the blandishments of dear woman. The Virgin Mary could be loved; but every other member of the sex, excepting those ladies who perished at the stake, and are immortalized in martyrology, was presented to us in no very prepossessing light. Had we believed those sainted woman-haters, it was quite as dangerous to meet one's grandmother at noon-day, as to run against a pretty cousin of "sweet sixteen" behind the door. We were, accordingly, very cautious how we cast our eyes about when at the parish church, or in walking out on holidays. Flirtations were necessarily rare. The most noted affair that I now have in mind is a bold swain, who fell head over ears in love with the daughter of the proud *Seigneuresse* at the village manor. But,—alas! for "the course of true love,"—his passion went unrequited, and his sonnets to the infuriated "Prex.," who thought proper to expose the poor fellow's secrets in presence of the whole *Communauté*. The young man was afterwards styled *Monsieur le Seigneur*.

Solicitous as the Faculty were of our Platonism, they could not very well do without the presence of women in the institution. But such as they had were a great deal worse than none. A glance at the most passable among them froze the heart—a Gorgon's head could not have done it more effectually. Those females were old, blear-eyed, horribly marked with the small-pox, and of the most unamiable tempers in the world. Such a collection of unapproachable Vestals, Mr. Barnum himself, indefatigable as he is in the pursuit of novelties, could never have assembled in one room together. His achievement with the Ceylon elephants is child's play compared with the success that crowned the Faculty in seeking out the repulsive in petticoats.

We were not even permitted to choose

our laundresses, although we were obliged to pay our washing-bills. They lived in the village, and came every Saturday afternoon to the *parloir*, but made no advances, in word or expression, to romantic young men.

But, perhaps, I should not be so severe in my reflections upon all the women connected with the college. I ought to except a fine old lady who presided over the hospital department. She had been a good-looking person in her day, and was a very tender nurse. I owe her a debt of gratitude. She was sparing of bad *tisanes* or herb-teas, whenever I was taken suddenly ill with an indisposition to perform any arduous task set before me. I will even admit that I was never an unwelcome patient; for she always said I was "a good boy to take medicine." Once, however, we had a serious misunderstanding. It arose all about a miserable potion of salts, the efficiency of which I took the liberty of doubting. She insisted. I demurred, and expressed implicit faith in the *vis medicatrix Nature*. The matron was determined; and left me to the alternative of swallowing the detestable stuff, or returning to copy two hundred lines in Virgil, as punishment for a naughtiness I need not mention here. My choice was soon made,—the salts vanished, but only to return more precipitately than they had disappeared. This settled the point, and ever afterwards the kind old lady administered to my extraordinary ailments with a gentle and considerate hand.

I said that the matron must have been a rather fair looking woman in earlier life; her daughter, who came to visit her for a few weeks, was quite pretty. But, what was a calamity for the peace and quiet of the collegians, she was a young widow. Regardless of "Mr. Weller's" admonitions to "Sammy," the Faculty admitted her within their walls. Her advent was the signal for an epidemic among the elder students. The sanitary condition of the institution was probably never worse than at that epoch. Young men were stricken down in all their vigor, and the "*Infirmier*" was soon too small to receive them. The cases, too, had never been so inveterate before. Treatment of the most violent nature was adopted in many instances; but dose after dose disappeared, and the sufferers still continued in agonies.

The matron's skill was baffled, as well as the village Galen's. In vain did they put their wise heads together, and devise hot baths and cold, mustard on the soles of the feet, ice around the head, and even emetics; every thing failed. The only

improvement noticeable in the patients occurred when the exhausted old lady called in the assistance of her widowed daughter. Sunken eyes would brighten at her presence, and pale cheeks grow ruddy. Heart-rending groans were silenced, and the poor patients gained strength enough to converse with her.

The Faculty were for once at fault. They suspected every thing but the true cause of this "general affection of the heart," which at length was accidentally discovered. The widow, having singled out a couple of good-looking fellows as her favorite patients, made rivals who had to be jealous. They quarrelled. The feud spread from bed to bed more wildly than the epidemic which had prostrated them. Now that there was a "Helen" among them, their energies were aroused; contention grew rife, and, to the *Directeur's* horror, he one day surprised the patients he expected to find very nearly in *articulo*, loudly abusing one another in a strain that ill became death-bed scenes—all about the little widow lady!

The President opened his eyes in a moment to the real state of affairs in the infirmary, and drove every impostor out of bed, with copious prescriptions of *pinçons*, or supernumerary tasks, to be performed during hours of recreation. As for the innocent cause of so much devotion, strife, and anguish, the Faculty politely requested her to abridge her stay with her mother.

With this episode—which is not at all hyperbolic—I might dismiss my subject, were I not apprehensive that the vein in which I have been writing might leave an erroneous impression as to my design upon the reader's mind. Therefore, a few reflections upon the educational system I have described, will not be amiss, in order to set it in the light where it ought to be considered.

I have said already that the Canadian clergy seek evidently to prepare a young man, in their colleges, for nothing else but a place in their ranks. Therefore, if that young man choose a worldly avocation, his eyes are dazzled by the multiplied phases into which the life he has entered revolves around him. Feelings and opinions that he never dreamt of before, assail the narrow conceptions which he has been taught to nourish in his mind. He comes forth like a man long withdrawn from the light of the sun, to find himself amid new and wonderful objects, which he cannot grasp, because he is too busy with their contemplation. He remains stationary, like a stone that sinks to the bottom of a flowing river, and drags on his life like an oyster—knowing little of others,

and quite unknown himself. But, if not carried beneath the surface at his *début*, the wave may float him slowly onward; and, after a while, like a drowning kitten, he will strike out for himself to reach a landing-place somewhere. If, on the other hand, his be a buoyant temperament, rushing wildly like a colt from the halter, he plunges into the swiftest of the stream, to wreck himself a little way below, like a paltry bubble as he is.

Once "in the world,"—as they say,—he has no practical notions of life to fall back upon. Instead of having been taught to *earn* his bread, he has been taught to *pray* for it; and by this I do not mean to speak irreverently of sacred things, I mean simply that the student finds his hand fashioned to nothing but the altar and pulpit. In those colleges, where instruction purports to be given in the elements as well as in the more advanced branches of learning, it is remarkable how deficient a scholar is in commercial qualifications or mechanics. The knowledge which he has acquired may serve him in professional pursuits; but then, he will have a great many things to unlearn, a great many prejudices to cast off, before he can form views of principles and men, at all compatible with the position he assumes in society.

A jealous conservatism presides over Canadian collegiate education. The prescription of newspapers, to which I have alluded, proves my assertion to be correct. Therefore, in view of the fact that, until within a few years, the priesthood have held all the French educational establishments of the country under their immediate control; we can easily account for the backward state of things in "Lower Canada," and the *tameness* of the population.

They rebelled in 1837 and 1838, and in the face of their clergy's denunciations and threats of eternal punishment, if they bore arms against their sovereign. But the very brief struggle which they maintained, when circumstances could not have been more favorable, shows that, whatever their disposition was, they had no capacity to succeed in acting in accordance with its dictates;—that was the fault of their national education. The less patient among them—those young men who had left college to detest every kind of authority, and every thing that emanated from sacerdotal lips—rushed into the contest without preconcerted arrangements. The mass, long smarting under colonial tyranny, flew blindly in their lead, to fight like a mob, and be beaten into subjection by a handful of soldiery. Moving spirits and followers, all had been brought up in

the schools of their childhood and youth, to cringe and submit, like serfs, before the prestige of authority. Suffering alone could goad them into rebellion, as it can an irrational being; but like that being, their struggle was short and disastrous to themselves. Louis Joseph Papineau, the master spirit of that epoch, and a relative of the greatest tory that ever filled the bishopric of Montreal, complained that the young men had taken the bit between their teeth and run wild; but he, *prenant l'épouvante*, in good earnest, ran unlike the rest, to stop only when in snug quarters in northern Vermont, and thus ended the Lower Canadian insurrection,—something in the manner of a rebellion at college!

The only men who evinced any determination, and gave the most alarm to the government, were the Upper-Canadians, and one or two Protestant gentlemen in the Lower Province. Indeed, the only victory won by the insurgents, was fought under one of those patriots, against a superior force of well-disciplined troops of the line.

But when I draw this distinction, I must not be understood as preaching the merits of one religious denomination over those of another. I lay stress upon a point only, which must be obvious to the most superficial historical reader. He will agree with me that, wherever the State and the Church rule the subject together,—be it in the name of Pope Pius IX., or that of "Victoria, Queen Defender of the Faith,"—the people there will be the least qualified to assert and maintain their rights. They may struggle like the Irish or the Italians, but it is for a little while only. They may succeed even in casting off dynasties, like the French or the Mexicans; but they can no more affirm their movements into an enduring existence, than the college-boys who rise against the Faculty. A Louis XVI., or an Iturbide, may be dethroned; but independence does not succeed one or the other over the administration of public affairs. Atrocious anarchy rules for a while, and the people at last fall an easy prey to speculators or demagogues. The day comes for one or two Bonapartes, or a Santa Anna, and that is the upshot of a nation's struggle for liberty and her blessings. Selfgovernment—in the strictest acceptance of the term—cannot go into successful operation where a long period of clerical or kingly despotism is suddenly brought to an end. The people who have been serfs for centuries together, cannot become sovereigns in a month or a year. Revolution with them is not regeneration. They must undergo trials by fire and the sword;

and when the ordeal has purified them, they may hope then for the possession of a freedom, gentle, just, and good.

The exemplification of the truth of what I assert lies in our own history. Nowhere else, probably, the theory of self-government could have been more successfully carried into effect than on this continent. The "Spirit of '76" was identified in purpose and determination with the spirit of the "Pilgrim Fathers." The sires left their homes to flee religious intolerance, and sought a wilderness where to worship their Creator as best they thought. The dangers and hardships which they met and overcame, enhanced the value of those immunities which had been denied them in the lap of ease and luxury. They struggled, and toiled, and laid the seed of a race which alone could do the work of our revolutionary times. The sons would brook despotism no more than their fathers. Like those, they took God to witness the righteousness of their cause; then pledging to each other "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," they fought well and patiently, and at last remained masters of their own destinies and persons. Thus was American independence won, and rooted into the very soil we tread, and that grows the bread we feed upon. A barricade or a pronunciamento could never have done that.

But, to return to Canada. We now have every reason to expect better things for the future in that country. The insurrectionary movement of 1837 has not been without its good. A large number of the "patriots" came to this country, of which the Canadians had never entertained a very flattering opinion, because of their limited intercourse with it. As the majority of the refugees were men of intelligence, they soon corrected the erroneous impressions they had imbibed of the American character. They likewise paid close attention to our institutions, and the machinery which their spirit animated as if with the breath of life. They could compare their unfortunate country with this prosperous land, and their eyes saw, for the first time, how republicanism could administer itself to a nation of millions. Wild theories which they had struggled but for an hour to establish at home, vanished before the evidences of a practical way of becoming and remaining free men. They learned a great lesson in political ethics, and treasured it in their hearts, and when they could return to their firesides, they spoke of all they had seen, and the people no longer looked upon their neighbors with derision. Those whom they were in the habit of stigmatizing as "sharp-

ers," and whom they sneered at as "*Bostonais*," became the objects of their admiration. Soon the spirit that had quietly but surely introduced itself under almost every *habitant's* roof, reached the law-giver. The American municipal system—that first great wheel in the mechanism of self-government—was enacted by the House of Assembly. Then came the establishment of common schools after an admirable plan. And now that country, endowed by Providence with capacities to take rank in this Confederacy of Powers, is steadily progressing in that schooling which will soon qualify her to sit in the great American National Council.

The subject of annexation is openly discussed, and has its French and English press. The feudal tenure, which has lain like an incubus upon the province, is in danger of abrogation. The Governor-General must choose his cabinet out of the majorities in Parliament, and dismiss them the moment they lose the confidence of those majorities. The only irresponsible body which he appoints, and over which the people can exercise no controlling influence, is the "Legislative Council;" but here, also, there are symptoms of a reform that cannot be long delayed. These councillors who form the "Upper House," and who hold the position of "Senate," or "House of Lords," will, at no distant date, hold their authority directly from the people themselves, for an "Elective Council" is being loudly called for. And thus have reforms progressed for the past ten years, and every day some important modification is made in Canadian public affairs, which does its share in preparing them for future aggregation with our own.

This spirit of cautious and healthy innovation receives strength from the familiar intercourse which has sprung up between the two countries, and which is daily on the increase. Our railroads place Montreal at the doors almost of Boston or New-York. Yankee enterprise is invading the province with its dollars and cents, its labor-saving machines and steam-engines. It finds no stubborn prejudices to contend against, but is every where received with open arms, like a friend and deliverer, which it certainly is.

Other results have followed rapidly in the wake of the political disturbances of 1837-'38, and are manifesting themselves even where the clergy hold their sway. I owe it to them to say that they submit to the innovating tendencies of the times, with more of good grace than we had any reason to expect at their hands. They are modifying their educational system, so as to make a young man more a citizen than

a quasi-Jesuit. Their establishments, convents as well as colleges, are conducted with a more liberal discipline than formerly, and the "rising generation" is growing up with lofty inspirations in place of cringing instincts. The college at Quebec has recently been chartered into a University, where the highest and most thorough instruction will be given, instead of the one-sided "drilling" that had for years marked the collegiate course in Canada. The institution where I attended has become literally more of an *alma mater*. The prison-like building which we occupied, has been abandoned for a more prepossessing edifice, over which the gloom of a dungeon does not brood, as it did over the former structure, where we felt like galley-slaves, and thought more intently of plans of escape or rebellion than upon thesis or recitation.

Further, and in conclusion, I should state, in all fairness to the Roman Catholic priests of the Canadians, that they are not alone to blame for having so long delayed the adoption of a liberal educational system. That system, such as it was, was far better than none; and none at all we should have had ever since the confiscation by Government of the "Jesuits' estates," had it not been for the priests. And because they sought to inculcate their doctrines in the minds of the young whom they educated so cheaply, they are not amenable to a rigorous bar, even in this country, where every religious denomination has its favorite academies, institutes, or universities, in which each teaches its children in its respective way. I will even exculpate the clergy so far as to say, that they had a good reason to preserve their peculiar notions, so long as parents were to be found, some of them even Protestants, who were willing to place their sons under their tuition. The people, in whom lies the faculty of ascertaining what public reforms are needed, and, circumstances permitting, the power to obtain them, are very much to blame in Canada if they remained satisfied with that state of things, and must abide the consequences of their indifference on this all-important subject. A writer in the "Edinburgh Review," of 1832, while speaking of the improvement of the masses in the British Colonies by the more favored among them, sets this matter in its correct light, so far as it weighs upon the priests. Says he:—"This (the improvement) can only be done by the people themselves; and better, in the first instance, by a people under many small governments, than under one large one; better by men left to themselves to find out and remedy their own wants, than if train-

ed and directed by such as are far above them in science and information, and who have not the patience to wait for their tardy progress; who are in haste to teach them the refinements, while they are as yet in want of the necessities of life."

This applies directly to the relations which exist between the French-Canadians and their clergy; and now that the latter have discovered a disposition in the former to seek a less monastic way of educating their children, they are yielding to the wants created in the public mind, no doubt, by a comparison established with the popular American systems.

Let us hope, then, that the Ecclesiasti-

cal Authorities of Canada will persevere in their work of concession, as the masses, growing more enlightened and better fitted for self-government, will not fail to require it at their hands. Then shall a future generation, on the borders of the St. Lawrence, look back upon the labors of these ecclesiastics with the reverence and gratitude with which the world now looks upon the men who preserved in their cloisters, for us and all ages to come, the records of Antiquity's works, and the revealed religion which almost went from earth amid the chaos of the "Dark Ages."

NOVEMBER.

THE fitful flaws sail over the river
For ever away, for ever away;
The scattering oak-leaves whirl and quiver,
Tossed by the wind away.

The bare boughs wave to the bare wild sky,
Gray against solemn gray;
The dim waves break on the dim shore nigh,
And the shore and the waves are gray.

Take my heart in your mighty arms,
Wrapt in a mantle gray;
Bind it, O spirits, with angel charms,
And bear it away, away.

DECEMBER.

THE evening sky unseals its quiet fountain,
Hushing the silence to a drowsy rain;
It spread a web of dimness o'er the plain,
And round each meadow tree;
Makes this steep river-bank a dizzy mountain,
And this wide stream a sea.

Stealing from upper headlands of deep mist,
The dark tide bears its icebergs, ocean bound,
White shapeless voyagers, by each other kissed,
With rustling, ghostly sound;
The lingering oak-leaves sigh, the birches shiver,
Watching the wrecks of summer, far and near,
Where many a dewdrop, frozen on its bier,
Drifts down the dusky river.

I know thee not, thou giant elm, who towerest
Thy shadowy branches in unfathomed air;
And this familiar grove, once light and fair,
Frowns, an Enchanted Forest.

Couldst thou not choose some other night to moan,
O hollow-hooting owl?
There needs no spell from thy bewildered soul;
I'm ghost enough alone.

OUR OWN,

HIS WANDERINGS AND PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

Πολλὰν δ' ἀνδράπων ἴδην ἄστεα, καὶ πόαν ἔγνων.

Quae regio in terris Nostris non plena laboris?

Full many cities he hath seen and many great men known;
What place on earth but testifies the labors of our own?

DIGRESSION A.

Our Own in mounting Pegasus,
Takes such impetuous stride
That, with a downcome ominous,
He falls o' the other side.

SIRS, Editors of Putnam's (if it's right to use the plural),
I wish to recommend myself to—*tooral, looral, looral!*
This strikes you as an oddish way of winding up a distich?
As something rather wild, incomprehensible, and mystic?
Well, to confess the truth at once, I'm something new at verses,
No fairy gave me rhymes at birth in Fortunatus-purses;
Rhymes, I opine, like Plato's souls, are born in incompleteness,
Pining, mere bachelors, till they meet their destined link'd sweetness;
And some men, never finding halves *sans* those they should be pinned to,
Scrawl rhyme as easily as Jack Frost scrawls rime upon a window:
That's not my luck;—the prior verse, before I've time to think, 's at hand.
While that which ought to marry it plays spinster in my inkstand,
Immovable as the proverb's horse that can both nod and wink stand;
So, having written my first line, and ended it with *plural*,
I could not light on any mate but *Ural, mural, crural*,
All very crooked sticks (just try yourselves, good Messieurs Editors,—
When you have turned it twenty ways, you'll own I might have said it worse);
So baffled like poor Nap. the Third, for fear of worse miscarriage,
I sought some friendly assonance, a morganatic marriage;
Failing in that, with Butler's rule I can my weakness bolster,
And 'gainst a lock-less pistol match the flask in t'other holster,
Or, better yet, with Tennyson's authority can cure all,—
If he says *tirra-lirra*, why mayn't I say *tooral-looral?*

DIGRESSION B.

With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Our Own makes prudent pause,
Swings o'er the careful leg again,
And tight the curb-rein draws

There's naught so hard, Lord Byron says, as getting under way;
The wilted sails droop from the yard, oil-smooth the windless bay,
The tide slips wimpling by, the same that weeks ago, perhaps,
Round coral-reefs in Indian seas, shimmered with whispering lapse;
The same that, sweeping northward still, to Arctic snows may bear
Great leaves, scarce disenchanting yet of drowsy tropic air,
Such as may vex stout Franklin's dreams, where unrelenting lines
Of icepeaks whitening endlessly o'ertop his useless pines;—
The tide slips by and there you lie, the anchor at the peak,
The captain swearing inwardly, the mate with quid in cheek;
There's not a hope of any breeze before, beside, behind,
And, though with ingots laden deep, you cannot raise the wind;
Fair cousins, kissed and bid good-bye, gaze awkward from the pier,
Sorry they wiped their eyes so soon, because their second tear
Declines to fill the other's place; the cambric from the bags
Is taken once again and waved; the slow time drags and dra-a-gs;
He (whom in childhood's guileless prime, you used to lick), your brother,
Spells this exhausted leg, or that, with the exhausted other;
The children go too near the edge, and fuss, and screw, and wriggle;
Tommy's best cap falls overboard and no one dares to giggle;
You strive to make the feeling stay that misted both your eyes,
But thoughts of luggage intervene, and the tired feeling dies;

The farewell, mixed of smiles and tears, so painful-sweet before,
 Drawn out into an hour, becomes impertinence and bore,
 As if too literal Jove should grant the lovers' prayed-for bliss,
 And glue them Siamesely tight in one eternal kiss;
 In such case what do captains, even of clippers swift as arrows?
 They take a prosy steam-tug till they get beyond the Narrows;
 That's what I've done, and, being now safe in the open main,
 Set stunsails (that is, mend my pen), and take my start again.

PROGRESSION A.—THE INVOCATION.

He now, with wise spurs so inclined
 That each the flank evades,
 Nor gives a mettle undesigned,
 Invokes two mighty blades.

Sirs, Editors of Putnam's, then, if you indeed be plural,
 Or if you the Howadji be, who, sitting crucicrural
 (A habit learned in Egypt), through the anaconda coils,
 Of his *effendi* sucks the rare *ulemah's* fragrant spoils,
 And on the best papyrus with a split reed splutters down
 An article on Banking that will startle half the town,
 (Proving our system all is due to some old Coptic file
 Because before that Ramsay reigned, who helped at Babel's pile,
 Deposits constantly were made on both banks of the Nile);
 Then claps hands languidly (hands lotus-soft) to bring A lad in,
Allah ed deen he calls him—'tis a dyed Milesian clad in
 A bloomer bought in Chatham-street and a bandanna turban,
 Pure Saracenic in his style like certain cots suburban:—
 Or if you Harry Franco be, who, though he e'er so far goes,
 Remembers in his secret heart the dear, flat, dull sea's Argos,
 And, as a mild suggestion of the customs of Nantucket,
 To any kind of elbow-chair prefers an o'erturned bucket;
 Who (as the Persian Envoy to old Louis the Magnificent
 A turf brought with him piously, that he might always sniff a scent
 Of the *natale sohum*) keeps an oilcask in the closet,
 (One that has made a v'y'ge, too), lays a harpoon across it,
 And with strange rites, left wisely to the fancy of my Reader,
 Consults the bunghole's Delphic deeps before he writes a leader;—
 Or if you be that gentle youth, so tall and slim and pale,
 Who fitted to his Pegasus a Scandinavian Tale,
 Who the Pathfinder's leaders made, yet could not find the way
 With next-day-after-never to displace our poor to-day,
 And nothing met but humbers, where Charles Fourier (on his slate)
 Had cleared the Northwest Passage to a better Social State;—
 Or if you be that Moses who, from Modern Egypt's wrecks adust,
 Unto their Canaan of Brook Farm the New Lights safely Exodused;
 Where life's clean page was never more to be defaced with fresh spots,
 As soon as Theory could be made as fattening as the flesh-pots;
 Where the new manner, dropt from heaven, should so nerve hand and brain,
 That he who nothing did before, should do't as well again;
 Where with fresh water from the spring they warmed their stoic lunch,
 Biding the time when Fourier said the sea would be milk-punch,
 When gold into the public chest like water was to run
 For phalansterian beets (that cost two shillings every one),
 And Time should wander Ripley along o'er golden sand,
 When forty heads could dig as well as one experienced hand;—
 If you are one or all, or if you're ne'er a one of those,
 Hear, by what title suits you best, the plan I now propose!

PROGRESSION B LEADING TO DIGRESSION C.

Our Own then states his business,
 Sets forth the why and how,
 Begins in safety to progress
 But brings up in a slough.

I am a man of forty, sirs, a native of East Haddam,
 And have some reason to surmise that I descend from Adam;

But what's my pedigree to you? That I will soon unravel;
 I've sucked my Haddam-Eden dry, therefore desire to travel,
 And, as a natural consequence, presume I needn't say,
 I wish to write some letters home and have those letters * * *
 [I spare the word suggestive of those grim Next thorns that mount,
Clump, clump, the stairways of the brain with—*sir, my small account*,
 That, after every good we gain—Love, Fame, Wealth, Wisdom—still,
 As punctual as a cuckoo clock, hold up their little bill,
 The *garçons* in our Café of Life, by dreaming us forgot—
 Sitting, like Homer's heroes, full and musing God knows what,—
 Till they say, bowing, *s'il vous plait, voilà, Messieurs, la note!*]
 I should not hint at this so soon, but in our callous day,
 The tollman Debt, who drops the bar across the world's highway,
 Great Caesar in mid-march would stop if Caesar could not pay;
 Pilgriming's dearer than it was: men cannot travel now
 Scot-free from Dan to Beersheba upon a simple vow;
 Nay, as long back as Bess's time, when Walsingham went over
 Ambassador to Cousin France, at Canterbury and Dover
 He was so fleeced by innkeepers that, ere he quitted land,
 He wrote to the Prime Minister to take the knaves in hand: *
 If I with staff and scallop-shell should try my way to win,
 Would Bonifaces quarrel as to who should take me in?
 Or would my pilgrim's progress end where Bunyan started his on,
 And my grand tour be round and round the backyard of a prison?
 I give you here a saying deep and therefore, haply true;
 'Tis out of Merlin's prophecies, but quite as good as new:
 The question doth for men and meates longe bopages nt beginne
 Lyes in a notshell, rather sage lyes in a case of tinne.
 But, though men may not travel now, as in the middle ages,
 With self-sustaining retinues of little gilt-edged pages,
 Yet one may manage pleasantly, where'er he likes to roam,
 By sending his small pages (at so much per small page) home;
 And if a staff and scallop-shell won't serve so well as then,
 Our outlay is about as small—just paper, ink, and pen.
 Be thankful! Humbugs never die, more than the wandering Jew;
 Bankrupt, they publish their own deaths, slink for a while from view,
 Then take an *alias*, change the sign, and the old trade renew;
 Indeed, 'tis wondrous how each Age, though laughing at the Past,
 Insists on having its tight shoe made on the same old last;
 How it is sure its system would break up at once without
 The bunnian which it *will* believe hereditary gout;
 How it takes all its swans for geese, nay, stranger yet and sadder,
 Sees in its treadmill's fruitless jog a heavenward Jacob's-ladder,
 Shouts—*Lo, the Shining Heights are reached! One moment more aspire!*
 Trots into cramps its poor, dear legs, gets never an inch the higher,
 And, like the others, ends with pipe and mug beside the fire.
 There, 'tween each doze, it whiffs and sips and watches with a sneer
 The green recruits that trudge and sweat where it had swinked whilere,
 And sighs to think this soon spent zeal should be in simple truth
 The only interval between old Fogghood and Youth:
 "Well," thus it muses, "well, what odds? 'Tis not for us to warn;
 "Twill be the same when we are dead, and was ere we were born;
 "Without the Treadmill, too, how grind our store of winter's corn?
 "Had we no stock, nor twelve *per cent.* received from Treadmill shares,
 "We might . . . but these poor devils at last will get our easy-chairs;
 "High aims and hopes have great rewards, they, too, serene and snug,
 "Shall one day have their—soothing pipe and their enlivening mug;
 "From Adam, empty-handed Youth hath always heard the hum
 "Of Good Times Coming, and will hear until the last day come;
 "Young ears hear forward, old ones back, and, while the earth rolls on,
 "Full-handed Eld shall hear recede the steps of Good Times Gone;
 "Ah, what a cackle we set up when'er an egg was laid!
 "Cack-cack-cack-cackle! rang around, the scratch for worms was stayed,

* See the COMPLEAT AMBASSADOR, 1635, p. 21

"Cut-cut-ca-dah-cut! from this egg the coming cock shall stalk!
 "The great New Era dawns, the age of Deeds and not of Talk!
 "And every stupid hen of us hugged close his egg of chalk,
 "Thought,—sure, I feel life stir within, each day with greater strength,
 "I have not sat these years in vain, the world is saved at length;—
 "When lo, the chick! from former chicks he differed not a jot,
 "But grew and crew and scratched and went, like those before, to pot!"
 So muse the dim *Emeriti*, and, mournful though it be,
 I must confess a kindred thought hath sometimes come to me,
 Who, though but just of forty turned, have heard the rumor of fame
 Of nine and ninety Coming Men, all—coming till they came.
 Pure Mephistophiles all this? the vulgar nature jeers;
 Good friend, while I was writing it, my eyes were dim with tears;
 Thrice happy he who cannot see, or who his eyes can shut,
 Life's deepest sorrow is contained in that small word there—But!

DIGRESSION D.

Caught in the mire, he argues,
 Shows how 'twas done by rules,
 And proves outright that nonsense lies
 Beyond the reach of fools.

That's pure digression, then, you think? Now, just to prove 'tis not,
 I shall begin a bigger one upon this very spot:
 At any rate, 'tis naught, you say; precisely, I admit it,
 For, in convicting it of that, you virtually acquit it;
 You have conjectured, I suppose,—(come, never look despondent!)
 That I intend to offer as an OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT,
 And by what method more direct could I avouch my fitness
 Than by exhibiting such art as the above may witness?
 I had one Nothing; and, by dint of turning and displaying it,
 I've occupied the time thus far in seeming to be saying it,
 And have it, good as new, till comes the moment for conveying it.
 Each creature must get forward in his own peculiar sort;
 The crab slants sideway to his end, and finds the way as short,
 You'd make him go forth rightly, eh? pray try your hand, Sir dab,—
 Well, you have bettered Providence, but Nature wants her crab;
 Sir, in that awful Congress there, where sit th' assembled Fates,
 Of which the unconscious newspapers report the slow debates,
 Thank God, you can't be lobbying, log-rolling, and all that;—
 A world that suited you, O Smith, might be a trifle flat.
 Fate, Idiosyncrasy, or what is just the same thing, custom,
 Leads every mortal by the ear, though he be strong as Rustem,
 Makes him do quite impossible things,—then, with a spear of grass
 Marks the thin line none else can see, but which he cannot pass;
 That son of yours, so pale and slim, with whom the master fails,
 What claps him in the fo'e'stle rude, and sends him after whales?
 And Samson, there, your burly boy, what takes him by the nape
 And sets him at the counter's back to measure thread and tape?
 The servant-man you hired last year, who, for a paltry fee
 Surrendered all his nature up, and would if he'd had three,
 To suit your whimsies, and who seemed to find all drudgery sweet,
 Left you in tears,—he could not take that bundle through the street;
 Centripetal, centrifugal, these the conditions two,
 Some cling like moss, and other some fling off, their whole lives through;
 My style's centrifugal; mark plain the settled boundary-line,
 And, till it gets on t'other side, 'twill fret and fume and pine:
 Or call 't the polypean style; each verse contains, at any rate,
 A polypus that in its turn new polypi can generate,
 And if I the temptation strong that lurks in any verse shun,
 'Tis certain that the next will breed new centres of dispersion;
 A brief attempt would shortly prove that I should be much worse if
 I tried to curb my natural bent of being too discursive,
 But I forbear, I spare you this *experimentum crucis*,
 And shall, instead, proceed to show that Nonsense hath its uses;

I mean good nonsense, there are men enough who have a leaning to
Write nonsense in great solemn tomes, nor have the wit of meaning to—
Tomes, the hop-pillows of the mind, that vanquish readers stout,
And which no gentleman's library can be complete without,
Pernocent nobis, bedward turned, take one and feel no doubt;
What a profound narcotic spell your fading senses greets,
'Tis just like getting into bed to look between their sheets;
[I mean to make a list of them, some rainy day, to be a
Fasciculus first to my complete *librorum Pharmacopœia*.]
And now, because so hard of faith, this omnibus and gas age,
From an old author I translate the following deep passage;
(See preface to the *Moria Encomium* of Erasmus,
Recensuit et præfationem addidit Gelasmus :

'Tis the easiest matter, in one sense,*
To write very passable nonsense;
There are those who do naught but create your
Poor stuff from mere thinness of nature;
But to do it with art and intention,
To never let fancy or pen shun
Any kind of odd lurches, twists, waggeries,
Absurdities, quibbles, and vagaries;
To roll your Diogenes-puncheon
The text reader's toes with a crunch on,
Making one quip the mere cotyledon
For the seed of another to feed on,
Is a matter—why, just reckon how many
Have fared well enough with Melpomene,
And how very few have come by a
Mere prosperous look from Thalia;
Who since has contrived to hit off an ease
That in hard work will match A—s? †
Hath even great Swift in his shabby lays
Come near the hop-skip prose of R—s?
The deep-quibbling, sage-clown of S—c,
From among all the wits can you rake his peer?
Are they not, my dear sir, *rari nantes*
Who can jingle the bells with C—s?
How many great clerks in one turn could
Be both zany and wise man as S—e could?
And who could with such a wise knack array
Great Jeames's phonetics as T—y?
Your head is too small if it happen
That you can't keep the noble fool's-cap on.

So he goes maundering on and on, he's almost worse than I am,
And every line he writes begets as many sons as Priam;
All this, good Messieurs Editors, is simply introduction
To show how nothing could be said in endless reproduction;
I also wished to smooth the way for scribbling off some jolly
Good, topsy-turvy, head-o'-er-heels, unmeaning, wholesome folly;
We're pretty nearly crazy here with change and go-ahead,
With flinging our caught bird away for two ne'er caught instead,
With butting 'gainst the wall which we declare shall be a portal,
And questioning Deepes that never yet have said a word to mortal;
We're growing pale and hollow-eyed, and out of all condition,
With *mediums* and prophetic chairs, and crickets with a mission,
(The most astounding oracles since Balaam's donkey spoke,
'T would seem our furniture was all of Dodonean oak).

* "Nullitates scribere tam facile est quam bibere; sed scribere intelligenter quod sit intelligibile; insaniter per frequenter, motu proprio, libenter; vertere in risibile quod plane impossibile, sic ut titillat innum pectus,—hoc est summum intellectus," et cetera. Prefatio Gelasmi pp. XCIX. et seqq.

† To avoid all suspicion of personality, I have omitted the names here. Though dead for centuries, an enraged satirist might revenge himself on me, nowadays, through the columns of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, or the logs of some dithyrambic centre-table.

Make but the public laugh, be sure, 'twill take you to be somebody;
 'Twill wrench its button from your clutch, my densely-earnest, glum body;
 'Tis good, this noble earnestness, good in its place, but why
 Make great Achilles' shield the pan to bake a penny pie?
 Why, when we have a kitchen-range, insist that we shall stop,
 And bore clear down to central fires to broil our daily chop?
 Excalibur and Durandart are swords of price, but then
 Why draw them sternly when you wish to cut your nails or pen?
 Small gulf between the ape and man; you bridge it with your staff;
 But it will be impassable until the ape can laugh;—
 No, no, be common now and then, be sensible, be funny,
 And, as Siberians bait their traps for bears with pots of honey,
 From which ere they'll withdraw their snouts, they'll suffer many a club-lick,
 So bait your moral figure-of-fours to catch the Orson public.
 Look how the dead leaves melt their way down through deep-drifted snow;
 They take the sun-warmth down with them—pearls could not conquer so;
 There is a moral here, you see; if you would preach, you must
 Steep all your truths in sun that they may melt down through the crust;
 Brave Jeremiah, you are grand and terrible, a sign
 And wonder, but were never quite a popular divine;
 Fancy the figure you would cut among the nuts and wine!
 I, on occasion, too, could preach, but hold it wiser far
 To give the public sermons it will take with its cigar,
 And morals fugitive, and vague as are these smoke-wreaths light
 In which I trace ... a let me see—bless me! 'tis out of sight.
 When I my commentators have (who serve dead authors brave
 As Turks do bodies that are sworn to stir within the grave,—
 Unbury, make minced-meat of them, and bury them again),
 They'll find deep meanings underneath each sputter of my pen,
 Which I, a blissful shade (perhaps in teapoy pent, by process
 Of these new moves in furniture, this wooden metempsychosis),
 Accept for mine, unquestioning, as prudent Göthe choused
 The critics out of all the thoughts they found for him in Faust.

To be Continued.

A VISIT TO POPOCATEPETL.

MANY were the bright scenes which burst upon the view of our little army, as our wearied columns toiled up the eastern slopes of the Cordilleras, and passed from the sultry plains of the *tierra caliente* to those regions of perennial bloom which surround the lovely city of Jalapa. There was a freshness and a beauty in the landscape peculiarly soothing after the turmoil and excitement of the previous action; and our pleasurable sensations were greatly heightened by the view of those majestic mountains which bounded the prospect to the west. The white summit of Orizava, which had greeted us far out at sea, now rose in awful majesty before us, in striking contrast with the deep verdure which clothed the country at its base. As we ascended still higher and left the sea and the clouds far below us, the fine scenery of the tablelands presented to our view a succession of constantly varying pictures. The rugged summit of the Cofre, overlooking

the plains of Perote; the sharp cone of Pizarro, rising from their midst; the cactus-covered range which stretches from it towards the west, and was seen reflected in the fleeting lakes of the *mirage*: the noble Malinche, at whose base is seated La Puebla, the city of the churches, and which

"from out the plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing;"

were objects which served in their turn to call forth our highest admiration.

But it was not until the lofty peak of Popocatepetl, wreathed with a diadem of eternal snows, appeared above its robe of clouds, that we beheld the most remarkable of that mountain-chain which stretches, in a glittering belt, from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean. From the earliest records of the Conquest we glean a knowledge of the interest which this mountain occasioned. The fires which burst fiercely from its summit when the

Spanish adventurers were encamped at Tlascala, and cast a lurid glare over the snows of Iztaccihuatl, excited equal terror at Cholula and in the ancient Tenoctititlan, while they impressed even the hardy cavalier with a feeling of awe. This outburst of flames which for ages had been feeding upon the very roots of the Cordilleras, occurring at a time of imminent peril to the state, presaged to superstitious minds the downfall of the Aztec power. We can judge of the impressions which the scene made upon the mind of Cortés, which was ever alive to objects of interest, when we refer to the letters which he addressed to his sovereign, the Emperor Charles V. In his first letter, when speaking of Popocatepetl, "The mountain that smokes," and its scarcely less beautiful neighbor, Iztaccihuatl, "The White Woman," he employs the following language:—

"Eight leagues from Cholula are met two chains of very lofty mountains, which are the more remarkable, as their summits are covered with snow in the month of August, and as there issue from one of them, many times during the day and night, very considerable volumes of fire, the smoke of which rises to the clouds with so great a force that that of the winds, however great it may be in that elevated region, cannot change its vertical direction. In order to give your Majesty the most particular account of the singular objects of this country, I chose ten of my companions, such as were fitted for a discovery of this nature; I caused them to be accompanied by some Indians of the country, who served them as guides; and I directed them to use all their efforts to reach the summit of the mountain chain, and ascertain whence the smoke proceeded: but it was impossible for them to reach it, on account of the abundance of the snows, of the whirlwinds of ashes with which the height is constantly surrounded, and of the excessive cold that is felt there. They approached the summit as closely as was practicable for them; and while at the most elevated point to which they had been able to ascend, the smoke issued with so much noise and impetuosity that the mountain appeared to be crumbling away. They brought back from their journey only some snow and ice,—objects sufficiently curious in a country situated under the twentieth degree of latitude, and where there is so considerable a degree of heat."—*Corr. of Cortés, 1st Letter.*

After this unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit of the mountain, Cortés pursued his march and entered the city of Mexico. But even in the midst of the wars in which he was subsequently involved with the Aztecs, he did not lose sight of the remarkable mountain which had excited, in so high a

degree, his wonder and curiosity. He accordingly writes to his Majesty, after the fall of the Capital, as follows:—

"I decided in our first moments of repose to acquire a more particular knowledge of the volcano of which I have spoken in my first letter, and from which there continually arose, in a vertical line, a thick smoke. The vulgar regarded this mountain as very dangerous; tradition announced that all who ascended it died from the effects. I sent a few Spaniards there to examine the summit of the mountain; but as they were ascending it there arose so thick a smoke that they could not and dared not advance to the place from which it ascended. I have caused others to ascend it since, who have clambered up twice, and advanced to the pit from which the smoke issues. The diameter of the pit appeared equal to double the range of a cross-bow, and the circumference about three quarters of a league; its depth is incommensurable to the sight, and they found around the pit some sulphur, which the smoke deposits there. At one time they were very near it, when they heard so frightful a noise accompanying the elevation of the smoke, that they descended in all haste. They were not half way down the mountain when they found themselves in great peril, on account of the quantity of stones which were rolling down, and which the volcano was ejecting. The Indians were stupefied at the audacity of the Spaniards, and with the surprising act of bravery which induced them to approach so near the volcano."—*Corr. of Cortés, 2d Letter.*

From these extracts it would appear that the Spaniards did not succeed in reaching the summit of the mountain, although they approached very near the edge of the crater, which is a little below the summit. Mr. Prescott has stated, in his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," that, by the order of Cortés, a quantity of sulphur was procured from the crater, at a depth of more than four hundred feet. I do not know upon what authority this statement is based; but if upon that of Cortés it is quite likely that Mr. Prescott has misconceived his meaning. It is the opinion of many, and amongst others, I believe, of Baron Humboldt, that the precipice whose "horrors" according to Cortés, were faced by the "intrepid Montañero," was no other than that of an extinct volcano northwest of Tacuba. The meaning of Cortés is doubtful, and Old Bernal Diaz, whose taste for the marvellous ought to have led him to chronicle so wonderful an achievement, is silent on the subject. In this state of uncertainty we might very reasonably be led to infer, from the above descriptions of the crater, that it was utterly impracticable to have entered it at that time.

There does not appear to be any record to show that the summit was attained until about the year 1821, and again a few years subsequently. On those occasions the ascent was accomplished by some scientific gentlemen, amongst whom was the Prussian Minister to Mexico; and the appearance which the crater then presented was made known to the world.

National pride and a spirit of emulation, more than individual curiosity, prompted many officers of the American army to undertake the difficult task of encountering the ascent of what is usually regarded as the highest point in North America. The active duties of the campaign in the Valley of Mexico prevented, during their continuance, the accomplishment of this cherished object. It was not until the enemy was driven from his capital, and a period of comparative quiet had resulted from the brilliant achievements of the American arms that we were enabled to organize an expedition to the snow-clad peak, which continued to be the most conspicuous object in our view.

The party consisted originally of about twenty-five officers and several citizens, with an escort of about sixty men from different corps of the army. We left the city of Mexico on the 3d of April, 1848, following the Puebla road until we approached the hacienda of Buena Vista, when changing our direction more to the south, we traversed the beautiful valley which formerly constituted the province of Chalco; and, passing in our course near the base of the mountain chain which forms the eastern boundary of the great basin, we reached on the second day the factory of Mira Flores. This place, the residence of Mr. Robertson, a native of Scotland, to whose warm heart we were indebted for every hospitality, is situated about thirty miles southeast of the city, at the base of a low range of hills forming the southern boundary of the Mexican Valley, and which seems a spur of Iztaccihuatl, jutting out across the plain until it connects with the mountains forming the southwestern boundary of the valley. This spur, or chain of heights, which is elevated but a few hundred feet above the plain, forms the ridge which divides the waters of the Valley of Mexico from those that flow into the Pacific Ocean.

Having passed the village of Tlamanalco, we began soon to descend into the undulating valley beyond, watered by the cold streams which fall from the mountains, and gradually descending as it sweeps around the base of Popocatepetl, into a *tierra caliente* southwest of the mountain. It was the portion of this fertile plain which we were now crossing,

in the vicinity of Amecameca, that had greeted the sight of the Spaniards when they beheld for the first time the broad empire of Montezuma. In their elevated position on the difficult path which led them between the two snow-capped mountains whose gigantic forms rose on either hand like majestic columns, whose glittering tops were pinnaced in the clouds, the view of this enchanted land, with its verdant fields, and primeval forests, and beautiful lakes, shut out from the world by a lofty chain of mountains which encircled it, burst upon them in all its magnificence.

Having reached the village of Amecameca, situated in the midst of this beautiful plain, it became necessary to make some further preparations for the ascent of the mountain. We accordingly left our wagons in charge of the civil authorities of the place, and having obtained a number of pack-mules, proceeded on the road towards the south until we reached the village of Ozumba, about forty-five miles southeast by south from the city of Mexico. We had now proceeded so far in a southerly direction that the summit of the mountain, which is about southeast of the city, was seen in a direction nearly northeast by east. The plains around us were elevated more than six thousand feet above the ocean, yet this lofty peak still rose more than two miles in vertical height above our position, and presented an appearance of grandeur seldom equalled even in the wildest forms of nature. The body of the mountain, connected on the north, at an elevation of about four thousand feet, with Iztaccihuatl, declined in the opposite direction, with a gently diminishing slope, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, into the plains of the table lands. It was shaded by forests of waving pine trees, and cut into wild precipices by the deep *barrancas* which intersected it, and down which dashed the angry mountain torrents. Above this dark mass appeared the snow-white cone, rising symmetrically in every direction at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, until it seemed but a glittering point in the sky.

On the morning of the 6th we left Ozumba, and bearing directly towards the summit, soon reached the hamlet of Atloutla, where we procured two Mexican guides to conduct us through the dense forest which skirts the base of the mountain to a *vacaria*, or pasture for cattle, which is found near the upper limit of the timber. From that point it would be necessary to rely solely upon our own resources, as nothing could induce these timid people to tempt, by any further ad-

vance, the slumbering wrath of the mountain. If we had credited the marvellous stories of these superstitious country people, our expedition would have progressed no further. We were told that blindness, and even death, would result from the rashness of our attempt to pierce into the forbidden regions before us. But a sufficient plea is found for their timidity, in their proximity to a scene so calculated to affect the fearful imaginations of the ignorant. Their terror is not unfrequently excited by the subterranean sounds which are heard beneath them, and which result from the smouldering fires that find only an occasional vent through the deep crater of the volcano.

Leaving Atloulla, our path conducted us across the cultivated fields which skirt the base of the mountain, through a country intersected by deep ravines which are worn by the torrents of the rainy season, and afford issues for the water that accumulates from the constant melting of the snows. In order to cross these *barrancas*, the path is worn in many places into the earth, leaving on both sides, for considerable distances, perpendicular banks fifteen or twenty feet in height; and, as there is only room for a single mule to pass with his pack, the vegetation which grows upon the crests of the banks, and overhangs the path, almost completely shelters it from the rays even of a vertical sun. Passing in this manner a distance of four or five miles, we reached a small spur of the mountain which extends a little distance into the plain, and following along its crest, we began gradually to ascend above the cultivated valley. We had risen several hundred feet, and were beginning to obtain a very extensive view, when our path turned short to the right, and, descending from the crest which it had hitherto pursued, involved us at once amidst deep *barrancas*, and almost impenetrable forests. In the mind of an American who had visited no other country but his own, the view of a forest, however magnificent, would excite little surprise; but those who have looked on the wild scenery of Mexico, have found cause to lament that Nature, in many respects so bountiful in her gifts to this country, has left her fertile plains and tall mountains so naked and unsheltered. They will therefore appreciate the new feelings which we experienced on this sudden transition from the unbroken glare of a tropical sun, to the cool recesses of a forest as dense as any which shadow our own fair land. The scenery grew more novel and romantic as we advanced, threading our way along the narrow path, which became every moment more diffi-

cult. At length, after having proceeded four or five miles, climbing many a rugged ascent almost unpassable by any thing but a Mexican mule, and winding in the dark shadow of the lofty pines along the crests of frightful precipices, we emerged from the dense forest into one of those pasture grounds which cover some of the crests of the mountain spurs, and form extensive openings in the forest. Ascending to the upper end of this steep prairie, we found a rude hut, about twelve feet square, constructed by the cowherds as a temporary shelter from the inclemencies of the weather. In the bottom of a deep ravine near by, we found a small stream of water, and consequently pitched our camp at this spot.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached this position. The day had been a beautiful one, and had served to melt much of the snow, which several preceding inclement days had collected to an unusual depth on the mountain, and even in the forest which yet extended more than a mile above our camp. Ascending a little higher than the camp, we reached a projection of a spur which was almost entirely isolated, by deep *barrancas*, from the body of the mountain, and perceived at a single glance the tempestuous nature of our position; for every tree upon its summit was scathed by lightning. From here we obtained a view towards the northwest and southwest, of almost unlimited extent; for we had already ascended about four thousand feet above the beautiful plains below us, and were about eleven thousand feet above the ocean. Below our position we saw the body of the mountain, begirt with a dark forest of waving pine-trees, and sloping far away into the distant valleys. In front of us rose abruptly, to an altitude of more than six thousand feet above our position, the regular cone, which we were yet to ascend, partially concealed by the clouds which were gathering around it. As these were swept onward by the winds, we could obtain an occasional glimpse—as if through the rents of a veil—of the wild precipices and rugged ridges, whose dark surfaces, viewed at this short distance, contrasted strikingly with the pure white snows which had been for ages accumulating around them. But it was impracticable to make a proper reconnaissance, through these floating clouds, of the difficult route which we were to attempt on the following day.

While thus admiring the bold outline of the mountain, our attention was attracted by the low murmurs of distant thunder, to a scene of peculiar interest. At the distance of twenty or thirty miles

in the direction of the capital, we observed a heavy cloud rolling along the valley, and darkening the distant lakes with its shadow. As it gradually approached and deluged the plains below us, the clouds continued to gather about the summit of the mountain, until they finally burst in a heavy snow-storm around it. We thus enjoyed, for some time, the singular spectacle of a thunder-storm raging below, and a snow-storm above us, while we were ourselves in the sunlight, and beheld the broad valleys to the southwest shining in all the brightness of a cloudless day. As the shades of night closed around us, the clouds gathered about our camp, and we were soon in the midst of a heavy hail-storm. The scene now derived a new interest, as the vivid streams of light flashed around and below us, and exposed, in their momentary gleams, the dark outlines of the forest, while the loud crash of the thunder broke harshly on the ear, and died away in distant echoes amongst the wild mountain crags.

It was our intention to make a very early start from our camp on the following morning, but the night was so tempestuous that we had to wait for daylight. The morning was exceedingly unfavorable to the accomplishment of our purpose. The snow and hail had been falling almost constantly during the night, so that it now covered all the heights in our vicinity, as well as the ground upon which we were encamped, and had greatly increased the difficulties we were to encounter. The clouds still hung darkly around the mountain, and promised any thing but a favorable day, and the snow extended more than six thousand feet from the summit.

Under these unfavorable circumstances, we left our camp about seven o'clock on the morning of the 7th of April, and continuing our course through the part of the forest which still extended above us, we reached, after an ascent of perhaps a thousand feet, the limit of vegetation. Here commenced the most arduous part of our labors. The new-fallen snow, which covered the soft sand to the depth of nearly a foot, yielding constantly to our steps, rendered the ascent toilsome in the extreme, as we clambered up the steepening acclivity. To add to our difficulties, the clouds which had been hanging threateningly over us all the morning, finally burst around us in a terrific storm of hail and snow, accompanied by so fierce a wind that we were blinded by the drifting eddies which were constantly whirling in the air. We soon lost sight of every landmark which could serve in any way to guide us. So dense were the

clouds in which we were enveloped, that it was impossible to distinguish an object at the distance of more than a few yards; yet for a long time we continued to struggle against the opposing elements, directing our course along what appeared to be the steepest ascent, and trusting to fortune to guide us to a practicable path over the precipices of the mountain. On we toiled until we reached, about three thousand feet above our camp, a ridge of rocks, which appeared to extend in a rugged line towards the summit. At this point we found our party reduced to four, who alone, of the entire number, had thus far overcome the difficulties which opposed us. Unwilling to relinquish the attempt when we supposed it so nearly accomplished, we continued our struggle towards the top, scrambling as well as possible along the northern declivity of the ridge, sometimes half buried in the snow which covered the loose stones, and advancing at the imminent risk of being precipitated into the deep valley on our left. After toiling in this manner until past twelve o'clock, the acclivity became so steep that, in order to make any further advance, we were obliged to climb to the top of the ridge which had served hitherto to direct our course. Proceeding a short distance along the crest we had thus attained, we were stopped by an impassable obstacle, which interposed itself in our way. We had reached the point of a rock which was the termination of a part of the ridge, and in our front and on either hand, looked down a precipice of forty or fifty feet. The storm still raged around us with unabated violence, so that it was impossible for us to distinguish upon what point of the mountain we stood. Unable to advance, but unwilling to retrace our steps, when the ascent appeared so nearly accomplished, we waited here for a time, in the hope that the storm would exhaust its fury, and enable us to reconnoitre our pathway. Standing on this isolated peak, half buried in the drifting snows, and looking around upon the dense masses of clouds which were driving fiercely past us, and which seemed as if they would bear us away in the wild chaos which they presented, we could appreciate most feelingly the sublimity of the thoughts expressed in these lines of Childe Harold—

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.

Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Beside him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contenting tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits
led."

After waiting in this position a con-

siderable time, and finding the storm rather to increase in its fury than to offer any signs of abatement, we were compelled by the lateness of the hour and the intensity of the cold, reluctantly to relinquish our attempt to gain the summit. But we did not make our retrograde movement until we had determined, in council, that the effort should be renewed on the following day. In going down the mountain we followed the path we had pursued in the ascent, supporting our steps with our Alpine poles until the declivity became comparatively smooth and gentle, when the soft snow, spread over the surface of the smooth sand, enabled us to descend with rapidity. We had not reached the upper edge of the forest on our return, when the clouds, having apparently poured down their entire contents, cleared away and exposed to our view what we had so much desired during the morning—a magnificent view of the mountain, together with the direction of the pathway we had pursued in the ascent. We then discovered that the highest point we had reached was not far below the Pico del Fraile, and little more than two thousand feet from the summit of the mountain. Amidst the obscurity in which we had been involved, we had wandered from the true direction, and followed, as far as was possible, an impracticable way.

Having returned to our camp, several of the party made the necessary preparations to resume the ascent at an early hour on the following morning; but as the night approached, we were painfully reminded of the predictions of the superstitious peasants. Exposure, in so elevated a region, to the violent storm and the intensity of the cold, had induced such a degree of inflammation in our eyes, as to occasion us serious apprehensions. Never did I pass a night in such agony; and when I made an effort in the morning to open my eyes and look around me, it seemed as if a thousand pointed arrows, instead of rays of light, had pierced to the retina of my eyes. Under these circumstances, we were under the necessity of abandoning our enterprise for the time, and were forced to seek some alleviation for our sufferings in the more equable temperature of the plains. What rendered this retreat more vexatious was the fact, as stated by those of the party whose exposure had not been so great as to blind them, that the day was a most beautiful one, and highly favorable to our designs. My recollections of it, however, are of a less pleasing kind, it having been a perfect blank to me; and I think the experience of that and the subsequent

day, will ever excite in the hearts of several of our party, a most lively interest in the sufferings of the blind.

It was not without much difficulty that we succeeded in reaching, on the evening of the 8th, the villages of Ozumba and Amecameca, and in concentrating at the latter place, on the morning of the 9th, the scattered members of our party. We here found ourselves so much recovered from the effects of our exposure on the mountain, that several of the party concluded to return, and, awaiting a more favorable day, make another attempt to reach the summit. Having, by the morning of the 10th, made the necessary preparations, we retraced, with this view, the path we had so reluctantly descended; and threading our way once more along the deep *barrancas*, and through the dark shadows of the mountain forest, pitched our camp about a mile above its former position, on the crest of a ravine, which afforded us a supply of the coldest water. During our absence in the valley the weather had been remarkably fine, and had served to dissolve much of the snow which had fallen during our first visit to the mountain; but the air was of a chilly coldness, and gave us a keen relish for the cheering heat of the blazing pine knots, out of which we formed our evening's camp fire. The night was a beautiful one; and the moon, though not at her full, was sufficiently old to cast her mild light, in magical tints, over the valley and forest below, and around the white summit which rose like a spectre above us.

At fifteen minutes before three o'clock on the morning of the 11th April, the party was again in motion. After proceeding about half a mile we emerged from the forest, which terminates abruptly on account of the sandy soil which here suddenly commences. Ascending, perhaps, a thousand feet above our camp, we found it necessary, because of the steepness of the acclivity, to leave our horses, which we had ridden thus far, in order to diminish, as much as possible, the fatigues of the ascent. Proceeding then on foot, we reached, after a considerable ascent, the lower termination of the ridge we had encountered on the day of the first attempt, and, leaving it on our left, entered upon a very steep and sandy plain, included between this ridge and another, which meets it at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, just below the Pico del Fraile. The ascent had now become very difficult and was not entirely free from danger; for the steep plain or valley was partially covered with fields of snow which, after having been softened

by the heat of the previous day, was now hard frozen, and afforded a very insecure hold. Supporting ourselves on the snow by means of our pointed poles, and assisting our footing in other places by the sharp stones, which were frozen in the sand and protruded themselves above its surface, we continued to ascend gradually, but constantly, towards the vertex of the two ridges which have been alluded to. As the lines which bounded the irregular inclined plain we were ascending converged to a point, the inclination became greater, and the increasing rarefaction of the atmosphere added much to our difficulty and fatigue.

Before reaching the upper termination of this plain, the distant mountain-chains and deep valleys were indistinctly visible in the west, clothed in the illusive charms of the early dawn. But it was when we were clambering up the steep acclivity which terminates this valley, a little below the Pico del Fraile, that the full glow of morning burst upon our view in its brightest effulgence. The sun, as it rose unclouded in the east, lighted up in all the splendor of a morning in spring, the varying scenes which were spread around us. Nothing could be more beautiful or impressive than the changing tints which came successively over the brightening landscape, as the lofty mountain cast its conical shadow across the valley, and on the distant hills, and on the clouds which curled around them, and, for a long time, obscured the country and villages at its base in the uncertain gloom of early morning, while all beyond the clearly defined line of shadow was glistening in the bright beams of the sun.

Passing over the rugged termination of the valley along which we had ascended, the Pico del Fraile, a porphyritic mass shooting up like a needle to the height of perhaps eighty feet, was in plain view and but a short distance above us. We reached this singular rock about twenty minutes past seven o'clock A. M. It is situated about fifteen hundred feet, in vertical height, from the peak of the mountain, on a bold and rocky ridge, once, apparently, a stream of lava, and which extends in a southwestern direction from the summit, and divides into the two ridges between which we had ascended. On a clear morning this remarkable feature may be distinctly seen from the city of Mexico, on the western profile of the mountain. My attention, upon reaching this point, was directed by one of the party to the appearance, at short intervals, of light clouds of smoke which were rising above the snow, considerably to the right of the summit.

This served to indicate the position of the crater, and sufficiently explained the cause of the strong sulphurous odor we had encountered far down the mountain.

On the southeastern side of the ridge on which the Pico del Fraile is situated, extending from near the crater to the forests about the waist of the mountain, is a deep valley whose bottom is covered with sand and ice. In order to reach the point indicated by the smoke, it was first necessary, on account of the many precipices which break in upon the unity of the ridge, to descend into this valley, which forms a practicable way through the rocky barriers. Having passed around the southern side of the base of the Pico del Fraile, we continued, for some time, to move in a horizontal direction, along the steep slope of the ridge which forms the western limit of the valley in question, until, having reached the bottom, we resumed the painful ascent towards the crater. The extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere, added to the increasing difficulties of the ascent, imposed a heavy tax upon all our energies. The effort was difficult and laborious in the extreme to pass in safety over the smooth fields of ice, and amongst the wild crags which obstructed our path; and it required much caution to avoid a false step, which might have precipitated us far into the valley below. About six hundred or eight hundred feet above the Pico, we clambered up a steep natural wall of rocks which was at the head of the valley, and entered at once upon an extensive glacier, which filled an indentation in the conical part of the mountain, and extended almost to the summit. The passage of this glacier was by far the most fatiguing portion of the ascent. The surface of the snow, which had now become very deep, was so much softened by the warmth of the sun as to be incapable of sustaining our weight, as we moved over the glacier to a solitary rock which, with the occasional puffs of smoke, directed us to the edge of the crater. The air, too, had become so much rarefied at this immense elevation, as scarcely to afford enough oxygen to sustain life. The slightest exertion was attended with great fatigue. We found it necessary, as we advanced, forcing our way through the snow which covered the ice to the depth of more than three feet, to pause, for a few moments, after having taken three or four steps, in order to recover from our exhaustion. A sensation of dizziness, attended with a great oppression about the head, gradually came over us as we ascended; and we were much incommoded by inhaling the noxious

gases which were ejected from the crater and dissipated in the surrounding atmosphere.

At ten o'clock A. M., the advance of the party reached the edge of the crater. The contrast presented by the bright glare of the snow which had so dazzled our sight during the ascent, and the dark abyss, which, upon climbing the last few feet, yawned suddenly before us, was striking in the highest degree. In the clear atmosphere of these elevated regions, it is difficult to form by the eye alone, an accurate estimate of the distances and apparent dimensions of objects which are at all remote from us. It is not strange, therefore, that the impressions made on the minds of the different individuals composing the party, should in some respects differ. For this reason, I will give only my own opinion of the dimensions of the crater—remarking that my estimates are as small as any which were made by the rest of the party.

The crater seems to be formed of three cylindrical surfaces, of about the same height, but slightly unequal diameters, having a common vertical axis. The lower section of each cylinder is connected with the upper section of the one below it by an irregular conical surface; while the *débris* of the broken masses of rocks, falling from the sides and top of the crater, have formed a similar surface connecting the lower cylinder with the bottom;—so that the general form of the crater is that of an inverted frustum of a cone, whose vertex is very distant from its base. The right section of either of the cylinders would not materially differ from a circle. The *lip* of the crater, following the declivity of the mountain, and being therefore an oblique section of the upper cylinder, is an irregular elliptical figure, whose longest diameter is in the direction of a vertical section through the summit of the mountain. This diameter, I think, does not exceed the third of an English mile in length. The depth of the crater varies from perhaps four or five hundred to six or eight hundred feet;—the difference of depth in different places being caused by the *slope* of the mountain. The centre of the crater is nearly south-east of the summit, which is so slightly removed from the highest part of the circumference that it may be regarded as forming one point of the lip. At the time we reached the edge of the crater, the smoke was issuing in a constant stream from a crevice near the eastern side of the bottom, nearly opposite the point where we stood, as well as occasionally from other parts of the interior. Considerable quantities of sublimated sul-

phur had been deposited on the bottom and interior conical surfaces; and the quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas evolved from the crater, was highly offensive and injurious. Following along the lip of the crater, the first of the party succeeded in attaining the summit of the volcano, the highest point of land, with perhaps a single exception, in North America, at ten minutes past ten o'clock A. M. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, having attached a small flag to one of the poles which had been used in making the ascent, we took formal possession of the subjacent country and planted the "stars and stripes" firmly on the highest peak of the Popocatepetl, overlooking the dark crater which was smoking below.

The view from this point is unsurpassed in extent and magnificence. The eye looked, in every direction, far as human vision can extend, over almost boundless tracts of diversified and enchanting prospect. To the north, and below us, was the white summit of Iztaccihuatl, partially veiled by the clouds which were floating around it. Beyond it, and to the left, reposed the magnificent capital of the Aztecs, amidst the beautiful plains and placid lakes of the valley, shut in, as if by enchantment, by a chain of lofty mountains which concealed its beauties from the surrounding world. To the south extended the fertile valleys of Atlixco and Cuernavaca, and the distant plains of Oaxaca, inclosed between mountain chains, which appeared one beyond another, until lost in the rising mists of the *tierra caliente*. In the west shone the snowy top of the Nevado de Toluca; and farther to the north were the more distant plains of Morelia or Michoacan. To the east lay the city and valley of Puebla, the famed Pyramid of Cholula, amidst the ruins of the ancient city, and, at the base of the Malinche, the mountain country of the warlike Tlascalans. So transparent was the atmosphere, that we could distinctly trace the national road, as it wound across the plains, until it was lost in the *garita* of Puebla. Farther off still, were the more elevated table land of Perote, and the remarkable "Cofre" above them; while, but a short distance from the seashore rose the hoary head of Orizava, glittering in the bright beams of the morning light.

As the day advanced, the atmosphere, which had at first been unclouded, was oppressed with the mists which were gathering far below us. It was, indeed, a beautiful and a singular sight to look upon the white clouds rising from the valleys thousands of feet below us, and rolling their vapory masses in fleecy folds

around the base of the mountain, and over the distant plains, and darkening with their moving shadows vast tracts of the surrounding country, while the blue sky above us was yet unobscured by a single cloud.

On account of the very rarefied state of the atmosphere, and the sickening vapors which were constantly issuing from the crater, we found it necessary to descend much sooner than we desired. Leaving the summit about eleven o'clock A. M., we retraced our steps until we reached the head of the sandy valley which we had entered after passing the Pico del Fraile; and following down it, leaving the Pico on our right, we easily arrived, after descending several miles, at its issue from the rocky ridges which inclose it. Turning then to our right, and moving nearly in a horizontal direction around the base of the immense cone, we passed the lower termination of the first ridges we had encountered in the ascent, and entering, near the upper edge of the forest, the pathway we had made over the sand and snow, returned to our camp about one o'clock P. M.

As nearly as we can estimate, the distance along the slope of the mountain, from the limit of vegetation to the top, is about three or four miles. The snow extended, on this day, about four thousand feet, in a vertical line from the summit. The thermometer, at half past ten o'clock A. M., stood at 26° Fahrenheit on the summit. On the 7th April it was at 22° Fahrenheit, three thousand feet below that point. The altitude of the summit, according to a partial geometrical meas-

urement by Baron Humboldt, is 17,756 feet:—according to a barometrical measurement by Mr. Glennie, 17,896 feet:—from a similar measurement by Mr. Ainslie, 17,852 feet. Seventeen thousand eight hundred feet is the usual estimate for its height above the level of the ocean.

Our task being accomplished, we set out from our camp on the morning of the 12th, and descending into the distant valley, crossed again over the beautiful country at the base of Iztaccihuatl, and reached the city of Mexico on the morning of the 14th, after an absence of twelve days.

The following are the names of the officers who succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain:

Lieut. C. P. Stone, Ordnance Department; Lieut. S. B. Buckner, 6th Infantry; Lieut. R. H. Anderson, 2d Dragoons; Lieut. R. W. Kirkham, 6th Infantry; Capt. J. V. Bomford, 8th Infantry; Capt. S. H. Fowler, 5th Infantry; and Mr. T. J. Baggalay, an English gentleman residing in Mexico, and Professor in the National Academy of Arts. Three soldiers of the escort also attained the summit.

Wherever our future wanderings may lead us, it will be no inconsiderable source of gratification to know that we were the first Americans who ever stood upon the snowy peak of the "Smoking Mountain," and planted our national color within the tropics, in a clime of eternal winter, over a region of perpetual fire; where it is greeted by the first beams of the sun as he rises from the Atlantic, and receives his last parting look as he sinks behind the waves of the great Southern Ocean.

VIRGINIA IN A NOVEL FORM.

Continued from page 263.

CHAPTER VII.

"Constancy, thou art a jewel."

"Fidelity, thy name is woman."

DASHWOOD had been absent about eighteen months, and not one line had been received from him. He had said before he left that he would not write until he had good news to tell us; and we, therefore, concluded our brilliant luminary was waning beyond the sea. Alas, there are so few that fulfil the promise of their youth! Genius, though divine, is easily turned astray. Who has not seen it very low—sinking into a dishonored grave?

Poor Dashwood, more gifted than others, was therefore more tempted than

others. Men are not sought, who are not worth seeking. He, unfortunately so versatile, so pliant, so easily accommodating himself to all characters, was attractive to all. His company was ever welcome. No assembly was complete without him. His time was never his own. Gay, idle fellows were constantly seeking him, and seductive ladies ready to flatter him. Too gifted, too fond of pleasure, too enthusiastic, he was beset on all sides by allurements which few withstand. He had but to woo to win; but to smile, to please; but to exert himself in the least, and rounds of applause saluted him. Spoilt by adulation, tired of flattery, blast, and dissatisfied, he had

forsaken quiet, quaint, easy-going Old Virginia, to seek solitude and repose in Paris.

To execute wise resolves in Paris! Flying from the temptations and pleasures of the world to Paris! I feared that he was lost. I feared that he who had yielded in Virginia, could hardly escape in Paris. I feared that he was ashamed to write. Robert began to grow restless at his long silence, Louise painfully silent, uncle Joe fidgety, and Mrs. Barbara exultant. The man at the post-office saw no peace for uncle Joe, who was distracted for a letter. On fair, unrhematic days, he would ride over to our house, ask for Louise, look earnestly at her, kiss her, and then pace off upon his easy-going animal, in a low, sad state.

Mamma's eyes followed Louise, and marked the shadow on her clear pale brow. There were cares and troubles in this world, from which no mother's love could shield her. And though fair, and beautiful, and beloved, she was yet mortal and must suffer. Papa, too, felt that his regal, petted child was enduring silently and uncomplainingly. His heart yearned for her. Dashwood's name was seldom mentioned. Tom Farren came and went daily, and the imperious object of his adoration never turned her eye upon him. Cold and fair as ice, and unapproachable in her grief, she brooked no compassion from those whose hearts were bleeding for her. Too proud to acknowledge her weakness, too haughty to heed our sympathy, she held aloof from us, impregnable in the sanctity of her sorrow. Papa, who had never harshly reproved her in his life, longed to speak with her. He felt it his duty, however painful it might be to him, to remonstrate seriously with her on her stern obstinacy and unswerving constancy to one he deemed so unworthy.

"My daughter," said papa gently to her, "I have suffered for you more than you are aware of. I have endeavored to convince you that your happiness is all I ask. I tremble for you, my dear, when I see you rejecting all advice, and throwing away all happiness, for a man whose wonderful gifts only unfit him for usefulness in life."

"Papa," said Louise, unmoved, "we will not talk about this, if you please."

"But, Louise, I must; I am in duty bound to advise and direct you. I must show you the right, when I see you so perverse, and so wilfully blind."

"Not so blind as you think, papa."

"How?"

"Not so blind, that I cannot see faults in the most gifted. Not so blind, that I cannot see the dangers you would point

out to me. Not so perverse, that I willfully shut my eyes to the truth. Believe me, I have suffered too; and your daughter, sir, knows her duty to you, and also to herself."

"Your duty to me is to heed my counsels, and obey my voice."

"Both of which I shall ever proudly do, sir, when conscientiously I can."

"Very well, my dear, go your way, but when you bring trouble upon yourself, and all who love you, do not look to me."

"I will never bring you trouble, sir, or cause you one moment's unhappiness, by any folly or waywardness on my part."

"Louise!"

"I shall never forget," said Louise, proudly, "the high dignity which I inherit. I shall never forget my duty; I shall never forget that I am your daughter, sir."

"Then go, my child. Go, shielded by your own pride and high sense of the right. I place all faith and confidence in you. Go, Louise, as free, my girl, as you have ever been. No longer will I doubt you, my own noble child. I am secure, for I rely upon your own moral strength, and your respect for yourself."

"And on my love for you, papa," said Louise, with moist eyes.

"God bless you, child of my heart. Remember—I say no more. But all faith and all confidence I repose in you."

"Thank you, papa; you have made me proud and happy from this hour."

Thus wisely papa dealt with his favored child. She was left to herself to do that which seemed right unto her. This was the only way to guide the spoiled, imperious beauty. Feeling her own dignity, proud of her strength and of the confidence reposed in her, she would have died before she would have compromised the one or betrayed the other. But, under all this, lay the woman's faithful heart—hoping, praying, trusting.

She believed him true; she believed him great and good. Had he been other than this; had he lost, by any misconduct, the high place he had gained in her estimation, or forfeited the apotheosis with which she had endowed him, the spell would have been broken at once. Her love, high, and pure, and spiritual as it was, would have fallen with him. Founded on respect, it would have tottered with its base. Founded on respect, it must be retained by respect. He must be worthy of her love, and continue worthy of her love, or he was lost, and the beautiful creation of her heart shattered for ever. I trembled for Dashwood. I trembled for Louise. I knew his easy,

pliant disposition, and I knew her stern, unyielding pride. I knew her heroic capability of endurance, her high sense of propriety, and I feared the result. For my own part, I had always been in favor of Dashwood, but, like uncle Joe, I almost feared to avow my predilection. That good man almost betrayed himself daily. When Mesdames Barbara and Phoebe would be railing against his favorite, his contortions of visage were ludicrous in the extreme. Sometimes, he would limp about the room, and whistle, to moderate himself. Then, he would smoke furiously, and thus let off an enormous amount of steam. Again, he would handle his crutch in a manner which convinced me that he was almost tempted to do something very rash indeed. He lost no opportunity to pet and fondle Louise, and to drop a sly word for her ear in praise of his favorite. He resorted to various expedients to amuse her in her trouble, and wooden punch-bowls, ladles, baskets neatly cut of cherry-stones, and hearts fantastically fashioned from the same—all the handiwork of that once rash man, were presented to her. Tales of his youth were conjured up and remodelled, and revarnished, to beguile her ear. All the particulars of his love scrape with the broken-hearted young lady, who sought the southern breezes, were, for the first time, confessed by uncle Joe, in order triumphantly to prove that absence could not conquer love.

My valiant brother was not idle during Dashwood's appalling and inexplicable silence. He was voluble and argumentative, and made a speech for his friend every day at table. A rumor reached us that some publishing house had, rather pompously, announced a book of poems as about to appear, which, some persons hinted, were from Dashwood's pen. Mr. Farren mentioned the rumor at dinner one day, and said he presumed it was true.

"Not our Dashwood, surely," said Mrs. Barbara, rather pointedly.

"And why not our Dashwood?" exclaimed Robert, wheeling around as though about to charge the most implacable enemy he had in the world. "Show me a man more capable of writing than he. On whom has nature so lavished her gifts? Where is a better heart, or a more godlike man?"

"My son, you always run away with that subject," said mamma gently.

"I acknowledge that I am not myself when Dashwood is remotely slandered. I acknowledge that I am incensed against those persons who cannot excuse one fault in a fellow-creature. Suppose I were eminently handsome, would I not be at times

proud of my person? Certainly I would, and so would all of us. Suppose I excelled in dancing, would I not delight to dance? Suppose all the world sought me, and applauded me, would I not seek the world? Suppose I had a talent for music, drawing, oratory, conversation, poetry, satire, polite learning, and were of an enthusiastic, ambitious temperament, would I not exult in exhibiting my gifts? Would I not turn from one to the other, uncertain which to prefer? Would I not delight to astonish with my brilliancy and versatility? Surely I would, and so would every one of us. It is very easy to say we would not do thus and so, until we are tempted. It is easy for the poor to rail against the rich; but let the wheel of fortune turn, and the question alters. It is easy for a lady to say she will not marry, until she has a beau; then she begs to change her mind. An ill-used servant makes the worst master. Nobody knows how he would act until he is tried, and then he is often astonished at himself."

"You had better have a temporary pulpit erected," said Mrs. Barbara, "before proceeding further with your sermon."

"I am obliged to you, madam," said Robert, sarcastically; "but I should think such a piece of furniture a necessary permanency in any house you honored with your presence."

"Robert!" said papa gravely, while a smile went around the festive board.

"You had better say champagne," cried Mrs. Barbara.

"No!" cried Robert, "better still to remark calmly and dispassionately, that evil communications will corrupt the best manners."

"And pray, do not forget, in summing up your brilliant apothegms, that you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip; neither does any reasonable person expect to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," retorted the dowager.

"Most remarkable and irrefragable truths, madam. Allow me —" said my brother, raising his glass respectfully, and bowing gravely to the heroine of the theatrical conflagration. The stately heroine tipped her glass at him, and during this ludicrous ceremony we all laughed. Even Mr. Farren's risibles were excited.

The grandmamma and grandson were remotely alike. They had hot heads and nimble tongues, and were often sparring at each other in this way; indeed, they had never been known to agree on any subject.

It really seemed that my brother's temper was visibly changing. He, who had always been so gay and facetious, so fond

of jokes and so careless of the morrow, was now morose at times, and, like grand-ma, seemed in a state of perpetual warfare with all mankind. His favorite pursuits had lost their charms. His horses, fat and sleek, were no longer exercised and trained. His dogs, when they came jumping and frisking around him, were sternly rebuked. Even Byron's harmonious despair no longer diverted him, or soothed his captious mind. His whole soul was absorbed in Dashwood, Louise, and Therese. The cruelty and coquetry of the fair Alabamian had well-nigh brought on a typhoid fever. Still time passed on, and still Dashwood remained silent, and Therese cruel.

Just about the time my brother's spirits were as low as they could be, and just before uncle Joe had fully made up his mind to be very rash indeed, Robert returned from the post-office with a very bright face, rushed into mamma's room, slammed the door, and then held up two letters, and fairly danced around the room. My brother was himself again, important, mysterious, tantalizing, and somewhat inclined to talk.

"Remember," he cried, "it never rains but it pours. Bear that in mind, girls, before I can give you the news."

"My son, what is the use of tantalizing people so?" said mamma.

"Well, prepare yourselves. Are you ready? No fainting now, no hysterics; and with your permission I will read letter number one."

"Pray, take your time," said Louise, coolly; "you seem nearer hysterics than any one else, I think."

"You are right; perhaps to-morrow will do as well."

"Provided Mr. Robert Rushton does not explode," said Louise, laughing.

"Ha! ha!—no, upon my word, I must out with it. To begin with Dashwood—God bless him; here is his veritable old fist once more. First he writes that in London he advertised for his great-aunt, Miss Ellen McGregor Dashwood (which was exactly what I advised him to do), and that, sure enough, the old lady responded from away in Kent, and invited the bold advertiser to hunt her up in that direction. Accordingly, Dashwood started off to Kent, and found the old lady, who, fortunately, notwithstanding tabby cats, and pink-eyed dogs, had yet a warm, snug place in her heart for him. Here he remained, treated like a prince, for a month, the old lady growing fonder of him every day. Finally, she begged him to resign his office, and live with her; 'but,' says Dashwood, 'though strongly inclined to consent, yet remembering uncle

Joe's predictions, viz., that, if our government thought to attach me to any point of the compass, our government was vastly mistaken, I respectfully declined. Still the old lady urged me daily, and still I would not consent. She offered me a thousand pounds per annum, and though my pockets were as light as feathers, I again, to my immortal honor, declined. Still the old lady held on to me with might and main, and I finally tore myself away, promising to see her again. The next week found me in Paris, engaged in my official duties—mem—tell uncle Joe to cut a notch for me there. In the midst of my avocations, and at the height of the carnival, I was attacked with a brain fever, which nearly finished me. I was the sickest man in the world. To lie all day long upon a small bed, with French gabbling around you in every direction, while your brain is whirling and reeling, is enough to drive any reasonable person mad. I had foreign nurses, foreign doctors, the oddest potions to take, the greenest attendants, was civilly requested to do the strangest things, and politely harassed within an inch of my life, until I concluded that I had rather die then and there, and break off in the middle of my life, as it were, without waiting for the sequel of so perplexing a tragedy. Thus I lay for six weeks, and finally arose from my sick bed to find my purse in a very low state; indeed, I may say completely collapsed. Fortunately, I had a package of letters from my guardian angel in Kent, in which she had inclosed a draft. This I kept by me for some weeks in case of accidents, but finally had the good fortune to return it to her untouched. Again the dear old lady wrote me, advising me to go to Italy for my health, and for her sake to resign my office. She was particularly anxious that I should go, she said; she would defray all expenses, and go I must. In a very feeble and dilapidated condition, I tendered my resignation, which was graciously accepted by the department, and behold me next *en route* for Italy.

"You remember, my beloved Robert, how I vowed to forget the muses; how I railed against those inconstant ladies, who have led so many lovers astray; how I determined to turn my back upon them, and, indeed, had quite cut their acquaintance before I left old Virginia's shore. And you know I left my native land with a head brimful of common sense. Every poetical avenue was jealously closed, every crack in my brain rigidly guarded. I was determined that nothing, however poetical, should mislead me. No landscape, no water view, no love of home (the most poetical feeling in

the world) should woo me back to my old habits. Right bravely I battled against these nine ladies—God forgive them—until I found myself convalescing, drinking in new life beneath the glorious skies of Italy. Italy, steeped to the very heaven in poetry! Here the old feelings were stirred up; here the old dreams came back; here fairy land was opened; here I yielded, knowing that the nine ladies had me upon their own ground, and they seized me. Behold, I dreamed again—I was intoxicated—I was expanded—I was lifted up—I staggered beneath the weight of so much poetry! Poesy sailed on the deep blue air, and glided on every stately panorama of this magnificent land. Still my MSS. remained untouched in the bottom of my box. Oh! I thirsted for these MSS. I felt like an old toper deprived of his drink. I was pining for my manuscripts. Sickness had cleared me, had refined me, had purified me for this. I paced my room. I was full of thoughts. Something was heavy upon me. It was my undigested poetry. I seized the pen. I dashed, I scampered, I revelled in the blissful regions of imagination. I was pressed on by thought, rushing, coming, accumulating thought. I wrote on all day and all night. Quick my glad pen winged its way across the snowy page. The wee small hours found me drunk with poetry. During this paroxysm, which I have but feebly described, I finished off that unfortunate manuscript which has so long been my *bête noire*. After this, when the reaction had taken place, and the sober second thought came upon me, I wrote a long letter to my dear aunt Ellen, in which I made a full confession, and sent her the manuscript, requesting her to do with it as she chose. She chose to submit it to the inspection of the most high-minded and generous *litterateur* in England, and to return me ten thousand thanks for the gift. She wrote me, further, that she had made inquiries concerning me of a friend in Virginia, and that this friend had advised her of my poetical predilections, and had given so flattering an account of me, (!) my standing in society, (!!) my talents, and all that (worse and worse), that she was thereby induced to insist upon my travelling at least twelve months, and hoped some day to see me reaping the honors I so richly deserved. My dear Robert, excuse this egotism. Do you know, that when I received that dear letter from my aunt—when I thus became convinced that I actually had a friend in the world, who took a deep and abiding interest in me, I knelt beside the open window, and looking up to the rose-

tinted sky above me, prayed fervently and long. I was thankful, I was humble, I was a better man. Never had the deep waters of my heart been so moved. Now, Robert, who was this friend in Virginia, who induced my aunt to act so generously towards me? To whom am I indebted for all the benefits she has showered upon me?"

"Does any body know?" inquired Robert.

"I suspect it was Jenny," said Louise, her face lighting up.

"And why do you suspect me?" I asked.

"She looks guilty. Bravo! sly-boots!" cried Robert, catching me in his arms, and caressing me violently.

I had to confess it all. I confessed that Miss Dashwood had done me the honor to write me a few months after Dashwood's departure—while he was her guest, in fact—and that she inquired strictly and confidentially of me concerning him. That I immediately returned her an answer, so highly satisfactory, that the good lady was charmed. That I had received a second letter from her, in which she spoke most affectionately of her nephew, thanked me for the information I had given her, and said she would act accordingly. How nobly she had performed her part, I had learned, for the first time, from Dashwood's letter.

"My dear, dear Jenny!" cried Louise, with tears in her eyes.

"Angel of mercy!" cried Robert, catching me again to his heart. And I had to submit to some of the most unmerciful hugs, and remorseless squeezes, that ever fell to mortal lot; Robert clearly forgetting that I was flesh and blood, and going on with me as one would expect an anaconda to proceed with a delicious ox.

But my brother had yet something in reserve for us. His looks were fraught with meaning. He stepped into the hall, and returned with rather a large package, which he handed to me. They clustered around me while I opened it. It was Dashwood's book of poems, with Miss Ellen McGregor Dashwood's compliments! She had had it published in London, and edited by the distinguished *litterateur* to whose inspection she submitted the manuscript. A magnificent volume it was, most beautifully and elaborately illustrated. The frontispiece was a superb specimen of the engraver's art. A youth, remotely resembling Dashwood, sat leaning against a rock in a sombre valley. On the sun-tipped hills around him, tripped the tuneful nine, weaving wreaths for him, beckoning him up the airy peaks,

pointing to the burnished hill-tops, and to the laurel crown on high, while one beam from the glowing heavens pierced the valley, and illuminated the rippling, careless locks of the dreaming poet.

Gems of the mind lay enshrined in this magnificent casket. Bursts of inspiration, and mellow harmonies were linked in musical rhyme. Light cadences, mingled with gigantic thoughts, which loomed into eternity. Echoes from the heart, reverberations from spirit-land, music of the spheres, revealing of wonder-land, liftings of the spirit, longings of the soul, murmurs from the far-off shores, and light-hearted songs of earth, floated on, in sweetest melody, and mingled in one harmonious whole.

"Read, Jenny, read," said Robert, leaning back upon the cushions of his chair; "I want a tone from his grand, deep heart." I turned the leaves listlessly, and read:

Sweeping, sweeping ever o'er me,
Like spirit-murmurs from afar,
Rising phantom-like before me,
Sprinkling light, as from a star;
Buoysing up on ocean billow,
Light bounding on the summer air,
Lulling oft on weary pillow,
Thy memory cometh, ever fair—
Cometh like a bubbling fountain
Up-springing in the desert sand,
Gurgling as from parent mountain,
And sparkling as in happier land.
Falling like the tinkling water,
Enhaled like the evening star,
Tripping, as though fairy taught her,
Sweet memory cometh from afar.
Tripping as to lightest numbers,
Stealing near in saddened hours,
Weaving through delicious slumbers
Dreams of home and summer bowers.

"Ah, that is very sweet," said mamma, imprinting a kiss upon the softly glowing cheek of the poet's beloved.

"There we have Dashwood! he speaks in every line you have read," said Robert; "may God bless him, and prosper him, and prove through him, that to love the things He has made, is but to love Him."

"My son," said mamma, "you are going too far, both Dashwood and yourself. When you have learned the frailty and insecurity of earth, you will turn from the fleeting things He has made to Him."

"Still, mamma, it is not right to scowl upon the earth. I detest those persons who are continually railing against all earthly pleasures. Believe me, we are made for the world, and the world for us. It is folly for us to be fitting ourselves for a place of which we know nothing, and thereby unfitting ourselves for the very pleasant and delightful abode He, in His wisdom, has given us. Now we are of the earth, earthy; when we shall have put on immortality, we shall

be clad and fashioned for eternity. In the mean time, it is religion, religion of the highest order, to be contented and happy here, and not to turn with contempt from the beauties and pleasures by which He has graciously surrounded us. For my own part, my motto is, *dum vivamus vivamus*, and, I may say, it is also my religion."

"But years gradually change us—sorrows cause us to turn away from earth. The heart points elsewhere. Instinctively we reach up until we find a better place," said mamma, sadly.

"I know, I know," said Robert, putting his arm around her. "There are some, even here, who are more of heaven than of earth. There are scattered, here and there, gentle spirits to lead us on. There are some, whom to follow, is but to go to the home from which they have been sent to guide us."

"May you follow one of these!" said mamma.

"I have two of them to follow," said Robert, "two who go unconsciously together; two whose hearts direct them ever aright; two angels with hidden wings, who beck me beautifully on. They are—my mother and Therese!"

"Therese!" cried Louise and I.

"Yes, Therese—gay, dashing, coquetish, heart-breaking Therese. She is ever coyly fluttering in the right path! She, with her giddy, chameleon-like nature, is obeying her good, true heart, and coming into measures at last!" and Robert drew from his vest pocket a little perfumed billet, which any physiognomist would have said could only be written by Therese. He said he would read a few choice extracts from this precious document, as a particular favor to mamma, Louise, and me. From these extracts, selected with great care by Robert, we gathered that Therese was in trouble. She wrote a doleful, naïve letter, in which she said she wanted to take back every thing she had ever said, or written, which could possibly give dear Mr. Rushton any pain. She said somebody (Mr. Blanton, Robert informed us) had treated her very unkindly—that she was almost as much afraid of him as his own badly used dog—that she wanted to go away from his house—and here she appealed so beautifully and artlessly to her lover, that Robert had actually to seize us all, and kiss us, before he could proceed any further.

After this delightful ceremony, he returned to the delicious little letter, wherein Therese went on to say, that Mr. Blanton had gotten angry with her about something. She could not tell, to save her life, she said, what had happened to put him

so terribly out. At all events, he had scolded her savagely, and then he whipped Adolphe; beat him, oh! dreadfully, regardless of his mother's tears and entreaties, because the dear little fellow had innocently walked upon one of his angular, ugly flower-beds.

Of course, my brother rushed chivalrously to the rescue of his Dulcinea. Mr. Robert Rushton could neither eat nor sleep, so impatient was he to go where duty called him. Sappingwood had hardly time to sleek up the ponies, varnish his own immaculate boots, or trim his moustache, before Robert was equipped for immediate departure.

Grandma, with her head out of the window, squeaked out in vain to know where he was going. My brother kissed his hand to her, and dashed along the bending road, with glittering wheels, and bounding heart. Papa stepped out upon the balcony, and smiled, and waved his adieu to this gallant knight of modern times.

When my brother asked for Therese at Mr. Blanton's inhospitable door, he was informed that she had denied herself to all visitors for some days. Robert gave his card to the man, and then a side-door was opened, and Therese came running to him with glowing cheeks, and moistened eyes. My brother drew her proudly to him; she blushed, and clung to his arm; and then dropping her lids, she asked "if light words could part them now;" and showed him into her own fairy sitting-room. Here Robert took her to his bosom, and she burst into tears, with her head upon his shoulder. Robert declared to me, in confidence, that at that moment he not only felt three feet taller, but he felt like a giant—a very happy, illustrious, all-conquering giant, intent upon the blood of an Englishman (Blanton). Adolphe came in, looking shy, but pleased, and very soon began to cling to Robert too.

No dear little exuberant coquette was ever more completely subdued than was Therese by Blanton's barbarity. All the world had smiled upon this little woman, for she had smiled upon all the world. Nobody could have the cruelty to wound her, for she was always so delicate and kind. She was not only made for summer weather, but she carried summer sunshine ever in her bosom. Her presence was ever cheering, and her little failings were so womanly, so clearly descending from pure goodness of heart, that they only made her more lovable. To see her taking with her into a ball-room all her natural purity and amiability, and thereby gaining universal homage—to see her with the great, as she was with the

small—to see her bestowing the same beaming smile upon all mankind—was to remind one of the goodness of Heaven, sending its sunshine and its showers upon the just and upon the unjust.

CHAPTER VIII.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

My brother found the Blantons full of crooks and oddities. Mr. Blanton was as particular as an old maid, and the queerest creature imaginable. He delighted in rare flower-beds, and pets of all kinds. He had any number of remarkable dogs, a raccoon for a bosom companion, and quite a menagerie of uncouth animals in subjection.

He was a stern disciplinarian in his household—a hard master, and at all times peevish and exacting. He was made up of notions, *his* notions, to which every body must bend. Therese, with her artless manner and perfect freedom, found herself somewhat trammelled here. Even *her* fascination could not overcome one of Mr. Blanton's established notions. Poor Adolphe was a tender-hearted little fellow, clinging to any body who was kind to him, and was very much spoiled by his mamma.

Mr. Blanton had often remonstrated with Therese about what he considered her over-indulgence of her son, and had indeed undertaken to manage him himself. But the little fellow had walked upon one of Mr. Blanton's flower-beds, and he had beaten him severely. This was enough for Therese. She, upon the strength of this beating, informed Mr. Blanton that she wouldn't marry him if he were strung with diamonds from his head to his heels.

Nobody should whip Adolphe; nobody should take that liberty with *her* son, if he trampled all the flower-beds in the universe.

From all accounts, little Therese was up in arms about the matter, but had become somewhat subdued when Robert reached the Grove, as Mr. Blanton's residence was called.

"And where is your enemy?" Robert inquired, after listening for at least half an hour to Therese's lamentable story.

"Fortunately," said Therese, gravely, "he is being paid by Providence for his ungentlemanly conduct. No sooner had he beat my son than a whole row of discontented and enraged teeth commenced aching, and they have been aching ever since. The last I saw of him, he was stalking about his grounds, with his face bound up, grunting piteously."

"Then I needn't run him through with my sword?" said Robert.

"Oh, yes—I would have something done to him to make him know better. The idea—the bare idea of his whipping my little son! He to take my little fatherless boy, in his own house, and beat him until his little neck and arms were purple, and swollen in great streaks, and the tears running down his cheeks! If I had been a man—oh! if I had only been a man—I would have killed him on the spot, the monster! the brute!"

And my brother informed us that at these words Therese doubled her dimpled fists, and looked daggers at the window overlooking Mr. Blanton's flower-beds. Nobody ever knew or heard of her being as angry as she was on this occasion. She blazed away, and talked like a hero. Robert said she was fire and tow. She declared she would not stay in Mr. Blanton's house. He might beat *her*. He had assurance enough to beat *her*, she really thought. During this happy interview, Mr. Blanton entered, bringing a rueful, peaked face, bound up in a red bandanna. He drew a chair—and Therese took Adolphe by the hand, and with a scornful, indignant air, walked off to the window, and stood thrumming away upon the window-pane.

"Mrs. Blanton," remarked the trainer of youth to Robert, "is highly offended with me, Mr. Rushton—and in justice to myself I must beg that you will listen to a few words on *my* side of the question."

"Really I must decline the honor, sir," said Robert, stiffly.

"But I insist—"

"No," said Robert, "I have neither the right nor inclination to interfere in your affairs, sir. I regret the unfortunate occurrence, and will bear your apologies to the—Mrs. Blanton, sir, if you desire it."

"She should apologize to me, sir!"

"Oh!" said Robert.

"I repeat it, sir—Mrs. Blanton owes me an apology for her behavior to me this morning. She has insulted me, sir, in my own house. She has been managing this boy of hers, sir, until he has gotten beyond all control. She insists upon indulging him and spoiling him, until really I am obliged to interfere. She is very young, and very volatile, and very foolish, and what can *she* know about managing a son?"

"She has had at least as much experience as either of us," said Robert, laughing.

"Still, sir, she knows nothing in the world about it. One must have firmness to manage children. One must be systematic, and lay down rules for them which

they should not be permitted, on any account, to break. Adolphe knew it was wrong to go on that flower-bed; I had told him so repeatedly. He knew very well it was wrong, and yet, when he thought I was out of sight he viciously galloped backwards and forwards on it, kicking and neighing like a horse."

"Indeed!" said Robert, bowing gravely.

"He is an obstinate, wilful boy, and will give any person trouble who has the management of him."

Robert had civility enough to give an "ah!" at this clause.

"I tell you, Mr. Rushton," cried Adolphe, who had been deeply interested in Mr. Blanton's account of his unruly proceedings, "I galloped over those flowers for fun!"

Blanton scowled, and the little fellow drew near to my brother, laid his hand upon his knee, and with an animated face, continued; "I saw them all growing upon that bed so high, and John betted me I couldn't jump clear over the heads of the flowers, and I betted him two allys I could, and so I swung my arms just so, a long time, till I thought I could jump over, and when John said three, I jumped, and fell right into the middle, and rolled over and over upon them all, and when uncle saw me I was galloping away, like a race-horse."

Robert said the little fellow's countenance was beautiful as he stood at his knee, looking up to him, and telling him exactly how it was. "And did he tell you this, and you whipped him?" said Robert, lifting Adolphe upon his knee.

"I would hear nothing he had to say. He disobeyed my orders and that was enough."

"Will you excuse me for saying that I think you should have listened to his explanation?"

Therese had now drawn near them, and sat down close by Robert. The youthful mother laid the little boy's cheek upon her own, and the tears filled her gentle eyes. Blanton, harsh and rigid as he was, was moved by these tears. He said—

"Therese, I promised my brother on his dying bed to guard this boy—to instruct him, and correct him, as I would my own. I promised that your over-indulgence and childish fondness should not spoil him, and I am trying, through all opposition and misunderstanding, to keep my word."

"But, brother, you whipped him—you beat my boy! I heard his screams, and his trembling voice pleading for mercy, and I was not allowed to go near him; my boy—my fatherless boy—was cruelly beaten! Oh, Mr. Rushton, my heart bleeds when I think of this! I would

have given the last dollar I had in the world, to have spared him those stripes! Oh, brother, if this be your guarding, your promised watching, spare me, oh spare me the agony of such as this! No, sir!" she cried, raising her head defiantly, "nobody under heaven shall correct my son in that way. My son has a heart, sir, a noble generous heart, quick and sensitive, with intelligence to understand any reasoning you can employ; and this boy, this pride of my heart, shall never, no never, be beaten with stripes!"

Therese was beautiful with the fresh tears on her cheeks, and her moist flashing eye. There was actually a glory and sublimity about her as she spoke. Robert said that he had an almost uncontrollable impulse to snatch these two treasures in his arms, and fly off with them as bold as an eagle. Therese had never shone out so clearly and splendidly as through these gem-like tears.

"Very well, madam," said Mr. Blanton, "I have my duty to perform, and I will do what I think is right."

"You may do as you please, sir, with your dogs, or your crow, or your Egyptian hens, or your opossum, or your raccoon," said Therese, running over Mr. Blanton's private menagerie, "but my son, sir, you can touch again if you dare!"

Here Robert felt very awkward, and he said—

"It seems that you both have the little boy's good at heart; I am sure he will not require correcting again. I say, Adolphe, will you ever run over your uncle's flowers again, exactly like a race-horse?"

"No, sir; but I am going with you and Sap home."

"And leave your mamma?" said Robert.

"Uncle does not whip mamma. He loves mamma, and sometimes he tries to hug and kiss her—don't he, mamma?"

Adolphe was getting on forbidden ground again, and Robert said that really there seemed to be nothing but flower-beds for that dear boy. This was all we learned of the conversation. Robert came home sad, and yet happy. He had patched up matters as well as he could at the Grove; and had taken that favorable opportunity to make quite a comfortable arrangement for himself. My brother seemed to have grown older after this. He was not so frivolous, and light-hearted. He was more tender and thoughtful. He was uneasy about his darling Therese. He feared the petted woman on whom the world had delighted to smile, had rather an unpleasant home. He feared Blanton's harshness might tarnish the fair picture on

which he so loved to dwell; that his stern discipline might cloud the serene brow, and dispel the freshness and artlessness of this fairy-like creature. He loved her for her faults, her very fickleness, her lightness, and her simplicity of heart. He would not have had that lion-junged man to meddle with these fragile beauties and mar them, for worlds. Therefore, my brother was thoughtful. In the long summer days, he dreamed and revelled in castles shining bright, and crystal-like, in the clear blue air. He was enveloped in love and poesy, his kind heart was overflowing with tenderness and joy. Mamma's heart was with her boy. And there was no more beautiful sight under heaven than the patient mother, sitting with his head upon her lap, in the long warm days, running her slender fingers through the chestnut curls she had loved and trained from babyhood, and listening to his plans, and his hopes, and his fears, as he told them still to her.

In a few weeks Robert had another letter from Therese, informing him that Adolphe was sick, and that she was very unhappy. My brother determined to go again to Therese, and this time he took me with him.

After a pleasant morning's drive, we reached the Grove, and were shown to a quiet room, where we found Therese sitting by a low bed, on which Adolphe, with flushed cheek and glittering eye was lying.

When she saw us, she covered her face and wept. Miss Blanton spoke very kindly to her, and Mr. Blanton looked sorrowful and troubled.

"My darling," said Therese, bending over the bed and caressing his little hand, "here are Mr. Rushton, and dear Miss Rushton, whom you love so much."

But the bright glittering eye was unchanged, and no intelligent glance returned the fond mother's appealing look. Again Therese covered her face and sobbed. Mr. Blanton led her gently away from the bedside, and placing her on a lounge, whispered a few words, but they could not comfort poor Therese.

I took the mother's place beside the little boy, and cooled his burning brow, and rubbed his little hands. Poor Robert was so overcome by Therese's distress, that he could neither say nor do any thing. In silence we sat around the low bed, while the irregular wheezing of the little sufferer was painful to hear. He was in great pain, and his little hands wandered uneasily to his chest, as though there was something oppressive there. The physician, who had been in the adjoining room asleep (for they had been up all

night with Adolphe), came in and felt his pulse.

"Doctor, is he no better?" asked Therese, anxiously.

"He will be better when the blister draws, madam."

"Oh, do tell me he is a little better!" cried Therese.

For three hours we sat around the little bed, watching for light in the dark, dilated eye, while the mother, by every gentle aid, sought to bring back the little spirit to its home. In vain she called upon his name, and pressed her lips upon his own. The breath came painfully and quick, and the intense, unnatural eye was fixed. At last, I felt his hand grow moist within my own, and his lips were moving. Therese bent her ear and hung over him, to hear him say "mamma." She raised her eyes to heaven, and her illuminated face proclaimed the intense thankfulness of her heart.

"My son, our good God has heard my prayer," she said, kissing him over and over again. At these words he clasped his little hands, and instinctively commenced, in faint, low tones, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, &c." He finished his prayer, taught him by the earnest-hearted little mother, and then he placed his arm about her neck, and there were moist eyes around the little bed. Robert, who had been sitting apart at the window, came and sat down by the bed, and kissed the darling boy, and Therese gave him her hand with a grateful, tender look.

But though the fever was somewhat abated, Adolphe was very weak. His little hands, once so plump and dimpled, were thin and transparent—his eyes were large and hollow. He was patient and uncomplaining. Like his mother, so gentle and grateful, thanking us sweetly for every thing, and talking in his simple, childish way: "Mamma, where is old Punch?"

"Old Punch has been in very many times, looking for his little master," said Therese, cheerfully.

"He misses me, I know. I wonder if he knows I'm sick, mamma?"

"He feels that you are sick; old Punch feels that something is the matter with our boy, for he goes whining about the house, and is not happy and frisky like he used to be," said Therese, smoothing back his hair.

Robert said old Punch was lying at the door, looking inquiringly at all who passed. He opened the door, and the great dog came in and went straight to the bed.

"Poor fellow!" said Adolphe. Punch

wagged his shaggy tail, and laid his nose upon the pillow, looking earnestly at his little playfellow.

"Poor old Punch!" said Adolphe, patting his head, and the dog placed his paws upon the bed, watching his little master.

"Why, old dog!" cried the boy, stretching his arms around his great white circled neck. The sagacious creature was proud of this. He stood with his white paws upon the edge of the bed, and his nose upon the pillow, and kept slowly opening his eyes and shutting them in excess of happiness, and getting closer and closer to his little master, until in his joy he licked the boy's forehead, and put his paws upon his neck, and seemed scarcely to know how to show his delight and his affection.

"Mamma, he wants me to get up and go with him."

"He must wait until you are strong enough," said Therese, placing her hand on the dog's head, who laid his nose back upon the pillow, "and then we'll go with dear old Punch, to play on the garden falls."

"Not on the flower-beds, mamma."

"No, not on the flower-beds," said Therese, her face coloring, "but on the high green falls, where the cherry limbs hang so low."

"The black-heart cherries? I know which tree that is."

"Yes, Punch knows the tree too."

"I can climb up that tree, mamma."

"You can! When you get strong enough, I will push you up that tree."

"There is a cat-bird nest up there. John held me up, and I peeped into it. The old cat-bird stays there all day."

"I know—and mocking-birds, and jay birds too. We will go there some of these fine days, you, and I, and Punch. But my little boy must sleep some now."

"Somebody must sing to me; mamma, you sing."

And Therese, so earnest in her devotion, sang a soft lullaby for her boy. He turned over and nestled close to her, and she sang the baby song she always sang to him when he slept. Robert was too weak-hearted for such tender scenes. He was a very woman in his nature, and he stole away, while the mother sang in liquid tones, though her eyes were filled with tears.

The next day we hoped the dear child was better, and Robert and I concluded to return home. Therese drew my brother to the window, and asked if he would do her a favor. Of course Robert was ready and anxious to do any thing he could for her.

"Send your good mother to me, will you?" said Therese, sadly. "I want somebody who is older than I am. I want your good mother with me now. Beg her to come and stay with me until my boy gets well. She is so kind and gentle, and she lost a little boy once. Perhaps I may have to suffer what she has. She can feel for me, I know she can."

"My dear Therese, we all sympathize with you," said Robert.

"I know, oh I know you do. You have all been more than kind. But your mother—she knows the sorrow of my heart. She told me of her little boy—her first-born—and showed me his little grave. I have thought of all this in the long, still hours, when I've been watching him. He is not like himself. He grows purer, and more tender, and so thoughtful. Heaven may be drawing him, gently drawing my boy away!"

"We must hope for the best, my dear Therese," said Robert, pressing her hand, while the tears came to his eyes. She turned to the bed, and took the limp hand which was reaching to her.

We went home and sent mamma to poor Therese.

In a week mamma wrote:

"The little boy grows visibly worse. I think, with poor Therese, that he is being gradually drawn to heaven. He is very feeble. His little frame is wasted to a shadow, and his eyes are very bright—too bright for earth. I have comforted the mother all I could, but this is the Father's work: I cannot bid her be comforted, but there is One greater than I, who will teach her that all is for the best." And in a postscript, she said Adolphe was dead. The little spirit had returned to its Home, and the pride of the mother's heart was in Heaven.

Poor little Adolphe!

Poor Therese was left with mamma. And she glided about our house, carrying her great sorrow in her gentle bosom, and looking up to us through her tears. Louise would take her hand at evening and walk far away, and try to win her

back to life. Mamma, with gentle thought, would bid her take the keys, and go on errands for her, that she might, for a moment, forget her loss. And I would try to do my part by talking,—not cheerfully, but a shade more cheerfully than any of us felt, that by degrees we might call her away from her great and constant grief. Papa, too, had a gentle thought for her—and would come in from squirrel hunting, and calling her to him, would ask her to have the squirrels served up in her capital way for his dinner. Sometimes he would cry out from the Library, to Therese to mix his porter for him, or to prepare his toddy, or to do any thing, which he knew would please her.

Robert kept away. He felt more than all, but he could not approach her.

After a while, Therese said she must return to Mr. Blanton's. She could not desert them altogether. They were lonely and felt her loss, and missed, at every turn, the same little foot-fall which she mourned.

It was twilight, and the pensive mournful figure stole away from the quiet family circle to the grave of her darling boy. She had been gone an hour, and the heavy dew was falling on her bowed head. Robert was restless. He wanted to go to her, but how disturb her in the sanctity of her grief?

"Mamma, if I were to go to her, and lead her gently back?" he said, inquiringly.

"Go, my son, but be gentle with her."

Robert went up the winding pathway, looking for the mourner at the little grave. He found her kneeling with her white hands clasped and her eyes turned to heaven.

"My poor Therese!" said Robert, sitting down and drawing her gently to him.

"Poor, poor Therese," she murmured, bending her head upon her hand, "this blow is too much—too much!"

"And can I do nothing for my poor Therese?" said Robert, tenderly.

Gradually Therese returned to life. She seemed to think it selfish to sadden gay hearts with her presence, and at last, with many tears she left us.

To be Continued.

HOW THEY MANAGE IN EUROPE.

A FRIEND of ours, who was named Peppercake, had a dry statistical way of saying things, and one day, addressed us as follows:

"There are fifty families, in Europe, which call themselves Royal, assuming that they alone have the right,—a right derived from God,—to govern the rest of Europeans. Nearly all of them found their claims upon tradition, or the fact that their ancestors, centuries ago, usurped the supreme control, and by conquest or fraud, established their pretensions against those of all rival claimants. Thus, they argue, by a curious form of logic, that the Deity decided in their favor, whereby, their first-born, thereafter, to the end of time, was entitled to be, either as Emperor, King, Queen or Grand Duke, the exclusive source of power and the only fountain of honor in their respective countries.

"Around these principal or royal families, circulate, like satellites about a sun, some twenty or thirty thousand other families, which are denominated noble, and which, exempted from all the burdens of society that fall upon other classes, or sharing in the subordinate functions of government, possess the land, fill the offices of profit, absorb distinctions and dignities, and distribute social positions.

"The dependants of these families, are, first, some 100,000 relatives and servants; secondly, 1,000,000 priests; thirdly, 1,000,000 clerks and functionaries; fourthly, 2,000,000 soldiers, and fifthly, a miscellaneous mass of usurers and merchants, whom they win over by patronage and grants of profitable commercial monopolies. Altogether, we may compute the governing minority at about five millions of souls.

"On the other side there are, simply, the several classes of the people,—the peasants who cultivate the land, either as serfs or laborers,—the mechanics who pursue various branches of handicraft, small traders and carriers, and professional and literary men, with the families of each,—in all, nearly two hundred millions of souls.

"The latter have considerable wealth, inherited from their fathers or acquired by their own labors; they have also considerable social freedom, in their ability to talk and move about, to get married, and to work at certain trades: but they have few or no political rights, except such as are supposed to be conceded to them, as an act of grace, by their superiors. They are *subjects*, and nothing more,—not a

people or nation, but the mere working integers of a vast and complicated social machine."

"Your way of stating this," said we to our friend Peppercake, "recalls that remarkable image wherein Paley, representing the distributions of place in a monarchical society, summons a flock of pigeons to his aid. Do you remember the passage? It reads thus:

"If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all that they got into a heap, reserving nothing to themselves but the chaff and the refuse; keeping this heap for one and that the weakest perhaps and worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on all the winter, whilst the one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy and hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety and nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one; getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their labor produces (and this one, too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set,—a child, a woman, a madman or a fool); looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labor spent or spoiled; and if one of them take or touch a particle of it, the others join against him, and hang him for the theft."

"True, very true," rejoined our philosopher, "but the interesting part of the inquiry is, how this unequal and absurd distribution can be maintained. Why do the pigeons allow themselves to be plucked? Why does the immense numerical majority submit to the extortions and rapacity of the few, when the physical power is almost entirely in their own hands, and they have but to will it, to produce the most tremendous overturn? They certainly must have a general understanding of their rights; they have courage enough to assert them, as they have proved at certain revolutionary periods; they have skilful and competent men among them for leaders,—such glorious fellows as Kossuth and Mazzini,—and they have every motive of justice and gain to induce them to take matters into their own hands. Yet they suffer outrageous oppressions and wrongs year after

year, with a silent or sullen acquiescence! Or, when they do attempt to reverse the position of things, they only achieve petty successes, and are then forced back into their original nothingness."

"It is a strange case, certainly," said we, "but not inexplicable; for it illustrates only the power of organization over divided effort, or the superiority of system to incoherence. The governing classes of Europe are organized, and act as one; the governed classes are individual in their action and separated in space. These are dispersed, without knowledge of each other, and without common aims; while those are united by selfish instincts, as well as by treaties of mutual alliance and defence; and, being already in possession, turn all their efforts towards the intrenchment of their power and the defeat of the common enemy. The contest between them, therefore, is like that of a well-equipped man-of-war with a host of little gun-boats,—multifarious, wild, petulant, but ineffective on one side, and defiant and crushing on the other."

This conversation leading us to look a little more closely into the peculiar political organization of Europe, we tried to discern, with our poor republican eyes, the secret methods by which it was operated. There is such a stupendous solecism in the fact that two hundred millions of people should be controlled by five millions, that the process becomes an object of intense intellectual curiosity. We behold an immense, complicated, powerful machine set in motion by a few wheels, and we long to know by what economy of means it is that the effect is produced.

All the European governments pretend to be conservators of order, giving out, too, that they rule exclusively for the good of the governed; but it is very soon seen, on inspection, that they are tremendous despotisms, more or less disguised, subsisting, almost without exception, upon the two elements of force and fraud. Artfully contrived as they are to secure the ascendancy of certain classes, their constant effort and aim is to preserve things as they are; to keep certain classes in their superiority, and to exclude from it all others, except the few who may be made instrumental in furthering their main design. Every means within their reach is summoned and used to this specific end.

No one doubts that a traditional respect for kings and nobles exists in many parts of Europe. There are intelligent men and women who are sincere in their notions of royal right, who believe the people utterly incapable of self-government, and find in the distinctions of rank a source of public refinement. There are

many of the people themselves who have been trained into a submissive reverence for the upper classes. Old family associations, the ties of household and neighborhood, the influence of education, the love and esteem of personal qualities, remembrance of ancient splendors, are all causes which have brought them to a willing and even joyful acceptance of social hierarchies. But it would be folly to contend that these or any other motives are at this day paramount in Europe. The number of persons affected by them now is exceedingly small, and is every day, through a variety of causes, getting smaller. Those violent disruptions of old ties, wrought by the revolutions of the past century, the social distresses brought about by unjust laws, the more rapid intercommunication of men with each other in modern times, and the diffusion, in some way or other, of new ideas of right, as well as the wants of trade, have co-operated in destroying the sentiments, along with the relationships of the feudal system. Races assert themselves against nationalities, and individuals against society, while the old heaven of loyalty is dead. Burke, in his pathetic lament over Marie Antoinette, was right, when he said that "the age of chivalry is gone, and that the age of economists and calculators had succeeded." Never, never more shall we behold the generous loyalty to rank, the proud submission, the dignified obedience, the subordination of the heart, which he so eloquently mourned, but society the while refuses to weep for its loss. The greatest economists and calculators are to be found now in the high places themselves, and governments have discovered that, to be sustained at all, they must sustain themselves by management, and not upon the real affections of their subjects. In full assurance of the change, therefore, they put in operation a system of means, most admirably contrived to blind the eyes of the masses and perpetuate their own supremacy.

(1.) One of the first agencies in this process is what Mr. Scotchman Laing, in his "Notes of Travel," calls Functionarism, or that manipulation of the menials of government, by which hosts of active men are scattered over every province or town of a nation, ostensibly to execute the laws, but in reality to carry out the secret purposes of rulers. Of the number of them, and of the opportunities of influence they possess, we may get some idea by considering the civil arrangements of France. France, we are told, is divided into 86 departments, containing some 38,000 subdivisions, called communes, which correspond to our American townships, and have each their distinct set of local functionaries.

A group of these communes forms a canton, just as a group of townships here is a county; a group of cantons forms an arrondissement; a group of arrondissements a department; and each group has its several officers, charged with the execution of administrative or judicial duties. There are officers of the commune, officers of the canton, officers of the arrondissement, and officers of the departments, in the same way that we have state, county, and township officers; but the difference is, that with us these officers are chosen by the residents of each separate division, while in France they are appointed mainly by the central authority. De Tocqueville estimated the whole number of them, in 1830, at no less than 130,000, but as they were greatly increased under the reigns of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, it is safe to mark them down at 150,000 at least. Now, since the whole population of France is 36,000,000, there is one of these functionaries for every 240 souls, or estimating by families, one official family for every fifty other families.

Considering, then, that they are selected with some reference to their ability to act upon the opinions of their neighborhood, to which their official distinction contributes, so far as it goes, we may judge what amount of flunky influence they may and do control. Each one has his little circle of dependent or admiring flunkies, to whom he becomes a centre of propagation. Whenever and wherever the central government may wish to produce an impression,—to diffuse a prejudice, to defeat an adversary, to crush incipient rebellion, or to prepare the way for a *coup d'état*,—it has its instruments ready, needing only to pull the string to set them at work.

How efficient these train-bands of flunkysm can make themselves has been shown under all administrations, republican as well as imperial, but under none more so than under that of the present usurper of the French throne. He was scarcely seated in power, before he began his operations, and by giving the nod at the Elysée, had his will carried on flashes of lightning to the remotest extremities of the land. For these officials are always the friends of the *ins*; they have no personal preferences, no serious political convictions; and when they receive their cue, they have at once a perfect understanding of the parts they are expected to act. Whether the plot of the play be a pretended popular election, or an august imperial reception, or the proclamation of a new dynasty, they catch the word of the prompter at once, and move on to the catastrophe. No satraps of an eastern mon-

arch could be more prompt or punctual in obedience to the royal mandate than these wretches are to the slightest dictation of power.

By a similar method, in all the despotic states of Europe, opinions and events are manufactured, to suit the purposes of the cunning knaves who sit like great spiders at the centres of mischief, to reap the benefit. They commend themselves to the regard of the uneasy multitudes, and blast the characters of oppugnant liberals, and no one knows how the effect was brought about. A prodigious mass of falsehood is thus kept in constant circulation, now in this place, and now in that, to meet the varying circumstances of time and place, but the force that sets it going the honest people do not so much as suspect. They hear of changes, and reforms, and improvements; they are told of the astonishing beneficence of their rulers; they are flattered with promises, and when the time comes for their fulfilment, are put off with specious pleas of uncontrollable state necessities; and so, from year's end to year's end, are deluged with illusions; and should they grow factious, are at once haled to prison, and their places know them no more for ever. It is only when oppression reaches the extreme of unendurable physical suffering, that they rise simultaneously and break the fatal charm.

(2.) Again, the ecclesiastical patronage of the Governments,—the preferments and offices of the church,—is an effective right arm of the civil administration. It is almost universally wielded to purchase the support of the clergy. Accordingly, whenever you find a priest, you find a friend of power. He is a friend, too, who has more and better opportunities for determining opinion than the civil functionary, because his functions seem more disinterested, because he addresses the superstitious fears and religious faiths of his victim, and because he works through the most intimate, solemn, and tender feelings of the heart. At the bedside of the sick and feeble he is a privileged visitor, as he is also a welcome sharer of the hospitalities of the fireside. His objects, if sinister, are seldom suspected; his political insinuations are conveyed in the same breath with sacred and cherished truths; while, in the catholic nations, the most tremendous engine of influence ever put in the hands of man, the secret confessional, is his acknowledged right.

Many of the inferior clergy are doubtless sincere in their convictions of duty; are men of amiable and blameless lives, and honestly believe, that in sustaining the existing order and the policy of the

state, no matter how tyrannical and unjust it is, they obey the commands of God, as they certainly do the wishes of their superiors. An unquestioning submission, is their ideal of duty. Thus they are taught, and thus they teach. But there are others, not so lowly but quite as obedient, who have a more intelligent appreciation of what they are at,—the managing directors of the religious armies,—unprincipled, subtle, energetic plotters, who pursue the advancement of their confederates, unscrupulous of means, and far-reaching as to ends. These look upon the people literally as their flock, to be guided, or impelled, or fleeced, as the schemes of the governing class may dictate. They have a personal interest in maintaining popular ignorance, stability, and subjection. When tyranny has an atrocious design to effect, they are its quick and willing tools. Michelet, in his eloquent chapters on the Priest and the Family, has scarcely exaggerated either the malice or the fatality of their machinations.

How many of these intelligent implements of despotism and wrong there may be in Europe, neither statistics nor Mr. Peppercor could tell. It seems a part of their policy to evade any formal statement of their strength. In Italy, they are estimated by Balbi at half a million, or one priest to every forty inhabitants; and though not so numerous in other nations, they swarm every where,—as you are convinced, in travelling, by unhappy encounters with whole flocks of shovel hats—and every where they are actuated by the same leading motives. As consumers of industry, as promoters of ignorance, as teachers of a debasing morality, we do not consider them now, but as the supple and diligent agents of the bad governments from which they receive their privileges, and expect rewards, we must regard them as among the most pernicious members of European society.

(3.) What adds to their powers of mischief, is that in most of the states, the functions of education are intrusted to their care. One might naturally suppose that education was a means of influence which wise despotisms would let alone, or suppress altogether; and so they would, if education meant, what we understand by it, the free unfolding and exercise of the faculties of men. But *their* education is a different thing. Emperor Francis, in his address to the Professors at Laybach, at the time of the famous Congress there, declared what kind of teaching suited his order, when he enjoined them not to impart too much to the children. "The leading principles of education," said he,

"consist in *guarding the mind against the danger of entertaining political errors*, instead of encouraging its full development, by the free exercise of the faculties, and well regulated self-dependence." He was perfectly aware that a free exercise of the faculties could only lead to "political errors," or, in other words, to an impatience of the execrable tyrannies of the governments, and to a knowledge, moreover, of the best methods of meeting them with a stern and well-matured resistance.

It is a great mistake to assert that there is no education allowed by the despotic rulers. Not only is it allowed, but it is sedulously encouraged. Ample pains are taken by all, except, perhaps, those of Russia and Spain, to force children into public schools. The laws even require parents to cause the attendance of their children, and while penalties are denounced against their neglect, it is also provided that children themselves, who do not attend, shall, in their after life, suffer important civil and social disabilities. In Austria, for instance, the uneducated are debarred from public and private employments, and without a certificate from the state schools, are forbidden to marry. There is no want, therefore, of education. Rome has more schools, in proportion to its people, than any city of Scotland; Berlin has quite as many as any city of the United States; and Naples, too, where that impious Bourbon Ferdinand reigns, is famed for its fine academies.

It is the kind of education given in these places on which we ought to animadvert. Its whole tendency is to debauch the populace with false notions of their political rights, and of their relations to their rulers. Emperors and Kings, they are made to believe, derive their power from God, and are the substitutes of God upon earth. The poor and miserable cheats who assume human majesty, are blasphemously associated with the Divine Majesty, as if the two were one, and the sanctity of Heaven attached to their persons. Here is a specimen of instruction, taken from an elementary class-book, authorized by the government, as it was found by Mr. Gladstone, in the schools of Milan:

Quest. How must subjects behave towards their sovereign?

Ans. Subjects must behave towards their sovereign like faithful slaves towards their master.

Quest. Why must subjects behave like slaves?

Ans. Because their sovereign is their master, and has power over their property as well as over their life.

Quest. Are subjects bound also to obey bad sovereigns?

Ans. Subjects are bound to obey, not only good, but also bad sovereigns.

Now, imbue the tender minds of infancy and youth with such stuff as this,—impress it upon them, with all the arts of

accomplished teachers, and associate it with whatever is lovely and venerable in their early affections, and you may teach along with it, all the reading, writing, and arithmetic in the world, without effacing its deleterious effects! The jackals of the despotisms are sure of their prey, and willingly incur the slight danger of awakening thought in their pupils, in the certainty that they have already emasculated their minds.

Many will suppose that we ought to except from this category the educational system of Prussia, which has been so much extolled for the thoroughness of its organization, and, being Protestant in its spirit, for the comparative freedom of its religious discipline. But we are afraid that, in spite of its boasted liberality, the Prussian scheme does not differ in its *animus* from the rest, and is only more adroitly managed. The most enlightened observers remark that it is constructed entirely on the drill-sergeant principle, teaching every where absolutistic principles, and turning religion into a support of tyranny, by inculcating invariably a blind veneration for the autocratic head of the state. "If," says Mr. Laing, that knowing Scotchman whom we have before quoted, "to read, write, cipher and sing, be education, the Prussian subject is an educated man. If to reason, judge, and act as an independent free agent, in the religious, moral and social relations of man to his Creator and to his fellow-man, be that exercise of the mental powers which alone deserves the name of education, then is the Prussian subject a mere drum-boy in education,—compared even to the unlettered population of a free country. The dormant state of the public mind on all affairs of public interest, the acquiescence in a total want of political influence or existence, the intellectual dependence upon the government or its functionaries in all the affairs of the community, the abject submission to a want of freedom in thought, words and acts,—the religious thralldom of the people to forms which they despise, the ineffectiveness of religious and social principle in society, justify the conclusion, that the moral, social and religious condition of the people, was never looked at or estimated by those writers who are so enthusiastic in their praises of the Prussian educational system. The French writers took up the song from the band of pensioned literati at Berlin, and the English from the French writers; and so the song has gone round Europe, without any one taking the trouble to inquire what this education system was producing." Our own observations during a brief visit to the Prussian states,

confirm those of honest Laing, for, though we found much technical instruction in the schools, much abstract and scientific learning among the professors, the great mass of the common people were ignorant, debased, and discontented. The absence of those motives to the continued cultivation of the mind furnished by an active and free civic life, and the influence of the obligatory military service which immediately succeeds the period of schooling, seems to have effaced entirely any good effect that might have been wrought by earlier instruction. Not a few forget in a few years how to read at all.

(4.) But here is a touchstone of the whole business! If the rulers of Prussia, as well as of the other states of Europe, are sincere in the purpose of educating the people,—if they do not regard the school and the college, as an appendage of the police office and the barrack-room,—as an important part of the mechanism by which subjects are either deluded or drilled into order, why do they, in such utter inconsistency with their avowed designs, and by the most arbitrary and oppressive measures, restrain and punish the use of those faculties which it is the aim of all good education to call forth? Why do they deny the means and opportunities of continuing education when the school-days are ended? Why do they embarrass and fetter the minds of their subjects by every imaginable variety of injunction and threat? Why do they institute censorships of the press, emasculate books, and give the lock-jaw to editors? The object of education, as we take it, is the free development of all the powers of the mind, and the unbiassed exercise of judgment in the research and discussion of truth. But under their rule there is no such thing as unlicensed writing or printing,—any more than if the goose quill and types were not yet invented. Thought may be free, because no process for discerning the thoughts has yet been made known to the watchful guardians of the police; but to utter thoughts against the thoughts of the government, is one of the most flagrant offences. It is a crime punishable with imprisonment or death. Even in those states which profess to be constitutional, and are therefore a shade less dark in their absolutism, there is no open and manly expression of political opinions, no frank exposure of public abuses, and no just criticism of the intentions or deeds of rulers. The theory is that governments are impeccable. Let a journal speak a word to the contrary, let its editor at any time or on any topic insinuate the truth in regard to malfeasance in office, and his

presses are on that instant seized. Let the writer of a book pretend to an opinion of his own on political questions, and his sheets are as good as burned by the public hangman. He may say what he pleases on indifferent matters, may be violent in his Hegelianism or Anti-Hegelianism, may write sentimental poetry, or pleasant tales of no significance, may recount his travels in other lands, or fill the world with learning about Greece and Rome, or the antiquities of Egypt; he may, too, discuss some doctrines of religion, to the extent of Straussian infidelity, but let him beware how he approaches any political subject! The excellent Germinus is, at this hour, under arrest, for philosophizing democratically in his *prolegomena on History*. Politics are the ark of the covenant, which no common man can touch and live; it is the holy of holies, for ever tabooed to all but the initiated priesthood; it is the high, sacred, indefeasible, inviolable prerogative of the state!

(5.) Yes: the state is all in all in education; and, what is worse, and another of the means by which the people are degraded into mere subjects, the state seeks to become the all in all in nearly every other interest of life. Its aim is to render them wholly dependent upon itself, by keeping them in a position of perpetual pupillage, where they are discharged of every sense of personal responsibility, and deprived like slaves of nearly every motive to personal advancement. Said an official at Vienna to us, when we spoke with some severity of the detestable stringency of the police regulations: "It is true, we deny the people any political life; but then, as a compensation, we take such good care of them in every other respect." "Ah, friend," we replied, "it is precisely in that meddling and officious care that we freemen detect one of your most subtle and devilish devices." He stared, and we proceeded: "You are well aware that every exercise of his rights as a man, by a man, suggests the exercise of others, and therefore you sedulously separate him from every act and business which trains his free agency. You do all that you can for him, in order that he may do as little as he can for himself. Beyond that rudimentary use of his powers, which is necessary to the carrying on of the humbler trades and occupations, you discourage every exertion of his natural and acquired endowments, which might teach him self-reliance, or elevate his consciousness as a man. Beginning with him in his cradle, you hardly let him alone for a moment, never abandoning him to his own resources or the invaluable discipline of cir-

cumstances; you fit him with his education, religion, politics, business, amusements, and what not, as an idiot is fitted with a strait-jacket. His individual existence is swamped and smothered in the multitude of his appliances. The government takes the conduct of life out of his hands, leaving him few motives to the exercise of his sagacity, enterprise, self-dependence, or social duty, so that to the end of his days he remains a vassal. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule,—men of strong original natures, who rise above the disadvantages of their station,—but the pliable part of these are immediately seduced over to the side of power, by offers of official distinction and employment, and the rest are branded with the mark of Cain." When we had closed, our Vienna friend had nothing to reply as to the benignant and paternal character of his intermeddling government.

How could he reply, with the stupendous usurpations of government, not in Austria alone, but all over Europe, staring him in the face? He knew very well that he himself had no religion but what the state allowed him, no education but what the state had furnished, no business but what the state had authorized, no liberty to move hither and thither, except as the state should give him a written permit. He looked to the state for the initiation of every measure and thought, and for the means of getting on in every line of life. All the avenues to success were closed to him until they might be opened by favor of the government. The army, the navy, the church, the law, the professorships, even the humbler situations of schoolmaster, bridge-contractor, courier or postilion, were gifts in the possession of his rulers, and neither he nor his sons could lift a hand to break stones upon the highway until the government had clapped its livery upon his or their shoulders, to show the world that they were the servants of the state.

The consequences of this policy are the depression of enterprise, the discouragement of social ambition, the aggrandizement of the ruling classes, and the generation on the part of the people of a feeling of utter dependence and subservency, which paralyzes their energies, destroys their self-respect, enfeebles the springs of virtue, and withers and blights the impulses of hope. No one is surprised, therefore, in travelling over Europe, to find, in passing from an absolute to a constitutional country, that the aspect and condition of the inhabitants changes at once. Where the pursuits of commerce and manufactures are comparatively open; where places and emoluments are not utterly removed

from reach; where the means of rising to wealth and distinction are not sedulously set round with barriers; where there are other passports to official or social eminence than the smiles of ministers; where industry, character, usefulness, talent have a chance to reap their just rewards in practical successes and the affections of mankind, the whole tone of the community is exalted, the intellect grows brighter and sharper, the energies more vigorous, the virtues manlier, and Nature herself, casting off her sickly languor, shines with new beauty and laughs with joy.

(6) Of course, it is necessary for the European powers in maintaining this watchful guardianship over every interest and motion of society, to keep in operation a most comprehensive, rigid, and unrelenting system of police, whose agents are to be found in every city and village, and almost in every house. They are more plentiful than the frogs which came upon Egypt, as one of the plagues, and like the frogs, too, they hop and croak through the very kneading-troughs. But they are unlike in one respect, which gives them an immeasurable superiority, as a means of malignant annoyance and abuse; in that they are the most thoroughly organized body in the world,—more compact than the church, and more controllable than the army. The police, with a single efficient head in the capital of a nation, ramified into innumerable subordinate centres, from which lines of communication and circumvallation are spread, like the threads of a spider's web, constitute a vast, consistent, and irresistible machinery, which is every where present with an intelligent and conscious purpose, and yet which works with the terrible precision of a fate. As an open, recognized department of the state, overseeing every thing, examining every thing, minuting every thing, its powers of control are tremendous; a relay of telegraphs, it reports from the most distant parts of an empire the approaches of danger, and then, again, a battalion of cohorts, it rushes to the scene with impetuous velocity, to extinguish the least symptom of trouble. But there is a secret wing of the service, the dread bands of the Espionage, unknown to the public and unknown to themselves, which imparts a mysterious ubiquity and a tenfold effectiveness to its power. There is a fine passage in Gibbon, quoted by De Quincy, in his *Cæsars*, in which, describing the reach as well as the intensity of the Roman Imperial power, he speaks of the impossibility of an offending subject escaping punishment. If he fled to the wilderness, it pursued him there; it tracked him over the pathless waters of the sea, and in the

heart of populous cities, often the most secure and lonely of hiding-places, its eye penetrated his concealment, or its hand snatched him from the throng. Thus all parts of the earth became to him only so many wards of an immense prison.

The secret police of Europe achieves a similar abhorrent universality. Its forces, composed of some of the highest dignitaries, as well as the most wretched creatures of every class and calling,—women of rank and waiters in the *cafés*, the clerks in shops, the domestics about your table, and even the lowest frequenters of the gambling-houses and brothels, lurk every where, to eavesdrop, to waylay, to pervert, and to accuse. Your property, your freedom, your life itself hangs on their reports, and long years after the circumstances on which some temporary suspicion may have grown, the records of the secluded consistory—this modern *Vehm-Gericht*—will rise up against you, like a book of judgment, and betray you to awful penalties. Your trial will be secret as the accusation is, and your fate will only be known to the sweet young family who miss you from the fireside, and the cherished friends that shall feel the warm greetings of your hand no more. Scarcely a prison-house in Europe, from the watery dungeons of Naples to the cold solitudes of Siberia, that does not hear the sighs of victims who have flitted away, in this silent manner, as if they had exhaled, or been carried bodily “from sunshine to the sunless land.”

As an example of how this espionage is carried on, we were told last winter in Paris, that a lady of fashionable society, who proposed to give a ball, applied to the police for the usual patrol which attends on such occasions, to preserve order, and regulate the arrival and departure of carriages. The officer demanded six blank invitations, as a condition preliminary, which the lady of course refused. “Will you allow me, then, to look at the list of your guests,” asked the man of the law, and when the lady’s agent showed it to him, he replied with a smile, “Never mind about the blanks, there are already ten of *our friends* among the number of the invited.” Thus, the creatures of the state manage to be at all public assemblies, as well as in almost every secret society. Where they cannot go themselves, the terror of them does, so that distrust and suspicion is often insinuated into the most friendly intercourse. “Profound silence or hypocritical subservice is the only safety,” says Mr. Stiles, our former chargé at Vienna. “The very name of police,” says another American, who lived long abroad, “is a word of terror, and the apprehension

which it causes is equally felt by rich and poor. It is in every one's mouth; and the stranger is no less annoyed by its inquisitiveness regarding himself, than he is surprised at the lamblike submissiveness and fear which it universally inspires."

In times of popular disturbance or revolution, these agents are peculiarly serviceable to the state, in denouncing the leading men of the opposition for alleged crimes; in discovering the secret intentions of political clubs, or inventing them where none exists; in fomenting discords among the insurgents, to whom they profess to belong; in getting up pretences of plots for the massacre of certain citizens; and in creating disgust in the minds of moderate men, by menacing violence, or exaggerating the designs of republicans and socialists. More than half the bloody conspiracies with which the government papers teem, during heated political discussions, are the pure invention of the police, who thereby frighten timid and conservative souls into reaction.

It has been no unusual thing for these mercenaries to irritate the working people into actual outbreak, or to gather numerous bands of felons, to commit violence and crimes, in order that the government might get the credit, in suppressing them, of having saved society from disorder and anarchy. Louis Napoleon has been a large dealer in this kind of salvation.

(7.) But no branch of this hidden surveillance is more execrable than that which exists in the post-offices of some of the despotic governments. Letters are supposed, even in semi-barbarous nations, to possess somewhat of a sacred and inviolable character, while among civilized men, they are like the confidential whispers of friend to friend, or the profoundest domestic communion of man and wife. There is many a villain who would eagerly rob a sanctuary, who would yet hesitate about breaking a seal. But what barbarians and rascals are loath to do, is a part of the regular machinery of government in despotic states. They force their subjects to intrust correspondence to their offices, and then pry into it to find motives for some petty persecution against their liberty and peace. What double atrocity! Mr. Stiles, in his work on Austria, where this infamous system is more systematically pursued than elsewhere, has a most interesting history of the practice. He says:—

"The first regular post established in Central Europe, that of the 'Turn and Taxis,' was distinguished by such a system of espionage. The knowledge of the affairs of other governments, which the examination of the

correspondence between princes and generals afforded, most naturally suggested the importance of such an engine in matters of internal police; and in the Flemish intrigues, and the Milan conspiracies, in the time of Joseph the Second, it already appeared in full and successful operation.

"The 'Turn and Taxis' post, which had its central bureau at Vienna, was presided over at first by a 'plenipotentiary secret counsellor,' and, under the reign of Joseph the Second, was connected with the police of the city, and with the most secret cabinet of the Emperor, and its operations brought to great perfection by his prime minister, Kaunitz.

"Later, it was called the 'Chiffre Cabinet,' and had its bureau in the Imperial Palace, in that portion of the building fronting the Joseph's Place, known as the 'Stallburg.' The principal post in Vienna closed in the evening, most punctually, at seven o'clock, and the letter-bags apparently started off, but they were with great rapidity conveyed to the 'Chiffre Cabinet,' in the Stallburg.

"Here, by the assistance of a large number of clerks (who, composed of two sets, worked both night and day), the correspondence of ambassadors, bankers, foreign agents, and any letters calculated to excite suspicion, were quickly selected from the mass, and with great circumspection opened, examined, and copied, a proceeding which lasted usually until midnight, but frequently until daylight, when the mail at length started in truth, upon its destination.

"The lives of the officers and clerks in this department must have been truly deplorable. Although well remunerated, they were, indeed, but little better than state prisoners. They were so strictly watched by the police, that the minutest matters of private conduct and character were familiarly known. How they lived, what they expended, where they went, who visited them and their families; in short, all that they said or did were matters with which the police was at all times perfectly cognizant.

"By the intense application necessary to the unravelling of diplomatic ciphers, and which was carried on with great success, many of their principal adepts lost their minds. But the most serious ills under which they labored, says the historian, were the injuries to conscience in the commission of perjury and forgery, which in the course of their duties they were not unfrequently compelled to undergo. Hormeyer, the able historian of Austria, and for a long time keeper of the Imperial archives in Vienna, after a quarrel with the Austrian officials, entered, in the same capacity, the service of Bavaria, and there, in his last works, written but a few years since, he exposes all the details of this iniquitous procedure, which, but for that circumstance, might have remained to this day undivulged.

"A correspondence, he relates, was carried on for the space of fourteen years, by the

Chiffre Cabinet, with a person in Bohemia, whose letters had afforded grounds for suspecting his loyalty. Assuming the name, and imitating the handwriting of his correspondent in Vienna, they pretended to approve his designs, encouraged him to a full disclosure of his plans, as well as accomplices, and when they were sufficiently divulged, which it seems took fourteen years to accomplish, the whole party were immediately seized and committed for trial.

"The letters were opened, and the seals instantly imitated with a skill that defied detection. The copies of all such correspondence, whose importance warranted the labor necessary in transcribing them, were by order of the Emperor Francis, laid upon his table each day at 7 o'clock, by which hour he returned from the morning mass, and the perusal of these documents, together with the reports of the secret police upon the foreign ambassadors and ministers, their indulgences, expenses, connections and transactions in the city, and which were also presented at the same hour, constituted, it is said, by far the most agreeable portion of his maternal exercises.

"What at first gave great importance to this proceeding—the examination of the mails—was the extent of the system, that it embraced the entire bounds of the German Empire, and extended even to the Baltic Sea and to Ostend, limits within which no state or family secrets could possibly remain sacred. By it all the intrigues carried on in relation to the Spanish, Polish, and Swedish crowns were fully disclosed; but owing to the very importance and extent of these discoveries, they could not long remain concealed, and the correspondence between Russia and Prussia in regard to Poland in 1772 coming to light in this manner, led to the establishment of separate government mails and private couriers. To this day no foreign ambassador or minister to Vienna thinks for a moment of committing his dispatches to an Austrian post, but private couriers take charge of and convey their entire correspondence.

"But even these, as Hormeyer discloses, cannot be implicitly relied on. The Prussian couriers, he relates, as early as the reign of Joseph the Second were bribed for life. At the first post station near Pirna, upon the frontiers of Saxony and Austria, from its retired position being a suitable location, a small house was erected, and there a branch of the Chiffre cabinet, was located. Upon the expected arrival of the Berlin couriers, they, with their dispatches, were taken charge of by the Austrian agents, conveyed in their own postchaises, and during the most rapid driving they always managed to take full copies of all the important communications. In this way they continued their journey together to the last post station before Vienna, where the dispatch-bag was returned to the courier, and he and the Austrian agents separated, the one directing his way to the Russian embassy, the other to

the foreign office in the *Ballhaus Platz*; and, at the same moment that Count Keller, the Prussian ambassador, was examining the original dispatches, Prince Kaunitz, imperial prime minister, would be occupied in reading the copies."

There is reason to believe that the French government resorts to a similar treachery to discover information; and we know that even in England, Sir James Graham, to the utter disgrace of his order and his country, avowed openly that he had violated the letters of Mazzini.

(8.) But all these shifts and expedients to maintain the ascendancy of the ruling classes would be in vain, if they were not backed up by Force. Force is after all their main reliance, and that is concentrated and embodied in *STANDING ARMIES*. Two millions of soldiers, well-trained, well-furnished, and constantly on the alert, are the watch-dogs of absolutism, ready to pounce at any moment upon intractable citizens. "They are my extinguishers," said a royal fellow once to a foreigner; to which the foreigner replied, "What if the extinguishers themselves take fire?" But they have provided pretty well against that. Coming from the people, it might be imagined that in all times of excitement, they would sympathize with the people; sometimes they do, when there is a terrible havoc among the crowned heads; but there are many adroit arrangements to prevent such sympathy. Apart from the *esprit du corps*, which is always operative among troops, and the difficulties of revolt, under the rigor of army discipline, there is this special precaution used. The troops are removed from the localities where those sympathies would naturally lead them to side with the people, are taken away from among their friends and neighbors, and their own people, and sent into distant parts, where the hatreds of nationality, carefully kept up and inflamed, make them indifferent at least to the popular cause. Thus the Hungarians are dispatched to Italy, and the Italians into Hungary, the Croats to Poland and the Poles to Germany. Feeling themselves strangers among strangers, with old animosities of race rankling in their breasts, they are prepared for the work of butchery.

When this cunning device fails, there is yet another resort. It is in the mutual alliance which the monarchs of the different nations have pledged and sworn to each other,—an alliance by which they are bound in all desperate struggles with their subjects, to come to each other's aid. It originated in that series of colossal conspiracies against the rights and liberties, which followed what was called the

Congress of Vienna, in 1815, when the sovereigns of Europe, disregarding the nationalities of race, natural sentiments, traditional remembrances, and popular feeling, partitioned soils and souls, according to their dynastic interests, and swore to sustain each other in the infamous wrong, for ever. A more execrable plot was never conceived, and yet for thirty years it has been executed with an unswerving, relentless, and deadly decision. Italy, Poland, Spain, and Hungary have been sacrificed in succession to its infernal requirements. The rivers of Europe have been made to run with blood for its sake, the prisons of Europe are filled with its victims, thousands of the noblest men in exile curse it in the bitterness of their hearts, and the sighs of orphans, and the groans of widows, bear it to the throne of God for his eternal vengeance.

This, then, is the way they manage to govern the people in Europe. By the skillful use of patronage, of the church, and of education; by the denial of the press, of free-locomotion, and of the rights of trade; by the organization of a ubiquitous police, and by the distribution of standing armies, they bamboozle, delude, suppress, and constrain, until the wretched people, impoverished, ignorant, separated, and set at enmity with each other, are reduced to a slavery from which it seems almost madness for them to hope to escape. Yet, as it is the nature of wrong and malevolence to dig its own grave, their case is not utterly given over to despair, and, in some future paper, therefore, we shall take occasion to show how Thought is subtler than the police, and Truth stronger than the sword.

THE AMBASSADOR IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

OUR country bids fair to be known as the Limbo of lost notables. De-throned monarchs and jail-breakers, usurpers and pickpockets, conspirators against dynasties and fugitives with their friends' wives, outlawed patriots and fraudulent bankrupts, disappear from Europe to find their way here by the over-sea railroad; and the most famous among them sink, after a few days of newspaper notoriety and gossip, to the same forgetfulness as the meanest. The home-keeping American, if he patiently bide his time, may hope to see the actors on the foreign stage, political as well as dramatic, with greater probability than Barnum would promise a succession of shows. The Connecticut Yankee will point you out the cave where the regicide puritan hid himself from the avenger of blood; the New-Yorker, as the locomotive of the Hudson River Railroad is gaining its top-most speed, after leaving the dépôt at 31st-street, sees on a low rocky point the tan vats, where (some say) Talleyrand curried hides, as more recently Garibaldi made candles in Staten Island; on the curving shore of the Delaware lies the princely domain which a Bonaparte enriched with the spoils of Spain, and a few miles above, on the opposite bank, stand the stables of the country-house from which Moreau went back to die on the field in arms against his master and France. Many of us remember Louis Philippe as a "schoolmaster abroad" among us, rejected by a Philadelphia lady, and looking as like as two pears to Dr. Hare; Louis Napoleon, his now Imperial

supplanter, whose boots the representatives of the oldest names of France are eager to lick, was voted by the few who knew him, a worthless, dirty, debauched vagabond; one Murat put up his shingle as an attorney-at-law in Florida, while his fat brother fought cocks among blackguards at Bordentown. The Hungarian demagogue, half-orator, half-prophet, whose oriental eloquence shook the Continent like an earthquake, after showing, like his types of Greece and Rome, a little white feather, strolls and stars it among our staring democrats for a dollar a head and expenses; nor may the time be far distant, when Pio Nono, again abandoning the City of Martyrs, will sing:

"I've been Rome-ing, I've been roaming,"

within the classic cloisters of Fordham; and now reigning sovereigns and haughty aristocrats find a safe hedge in our banks and state-funds should the cards be dealt against them at home. Odd, isn't it? that the "insecure and ephemeral republic, which has in its bosom the elements of its own destruction," should be used as the ultimate asylum of life and fortune, when the arsenals and treasure-houses gray with the moss of centuries, crumble before revolutionary fires! and that those who can stir so furiously the caldrons of popular passion, despite of the police and bayonets of strong governments, fail to make on this side of the Atlantic any more fuss than a mine days' wonder!

"Nothing that is rich and strange,
But doth suffer a sea-change."

Foreigners laugh at our love of a *furor*; but, we hard-working people must have our fun, and we crowd it hard into our few leisure hours, making it out of what we please. Wellington himself, had he come here, could not have been fêted more than Dickens, who, with all his genius, proved himself a *snob*; and Victoria might fall behind Jenny Lind. Thackeray is lionized, as much as Morpeth, and Mr. G. P. R. (are there any more initials?) James, the Man voluminous; out-foes among us the most Bashaw magnificent of them all. We even meet them on their own ground; Jim Crow and his wife oust Punch and Judy from the puppet-show-box, where their "flag has waved a thousand years;" while Uncle Tom and Topsey carry off the admiration of a Parisian carnival, from "the nephew of my uncle" and his imperial Eugénie. Nay, should the privileged blood run out over there, it will go hard but we can supply them. A few years since (according to certain genealogists), a legitimate Stuart domiciled on Long Island; a legitimate Bonaparte lives a citizen of Maryland; a legitimate Bourbon (*tu ipso teste, O Putnam!*) turns up in a swarthy, self-denying, humble missionary among the Mohawks; you can see by the armorial bearings on the long line of carriages in front of Grace church every fine Sunday, that an heir to every coronet in Britain may be found by searching the cod-fish warehouses of New-York; or should his ex-democratic majesty during his visit to Europe, find a queen or heiress-apparent anxious for progeny, he may negotiate a marriage on behalf of Prince John, than whom she cannot find a more vigorous or better husband among her royal cousins. We cannot spare him, however, until he has smashed the aldermen, after which he will be up to any amount of emancipation and reform.

—But I beg pardon. I sat down to write a story, and have been wandering in a fit of patriotic ardor. I meant to say, in the beginning, that many a man, who might have been notable elsewhere from facts in his career, is allowed here to remain in obscurity, of which I was going to give an example.

The English, stimulated by their zeal for illuminating the heathen and removing oppression, are now pushing a disinterested crusade over the Burman empire; but is it known to you, patient reader of Putnam, that so far back as the first French Republic, an ambassador from that great nation, and he an American, was received with high honors at the Court of Ava? Nevertheless so it was, and that is the story I have to tell—a true story—not a romance but a veracious narrative of what

actually occurred. I give it as I had it from the lips of a friend, who heard the hero of the adventure relate it himself.

—There lived in a neighboring city a most worthy man, who by a long and honorable prosecution of an extensive trade, had won both large fortune and high reputation. Sometimes, by artful persuasion, he could be induced to give, though reluctantly, an account of a singular passage in his early life. The recital would set the table in a roar, which was no way checked by the grave vexation which he showed over his remembered troubles. Others might laugh at them, but they had no fun for him.

—When I was quite young, he would say, I was placed with the well-known firm of ——— & Co., and at the age of eighteen had gained their confidence so far, as often to be intrusted with important business, which fired my ambition to the highest pitch. About that time the firm resolved to send one of their best ships with a large cargo of *piece goods* on a long trading voyage to the East, and to my extreme gratification, I was appointed supercargo to act in concert with the captain in the management of the venture. The captain was a most kind and intelligent man, whose society was of great use to me. Our voyage out was speedy, and our operations for some time very successful. I often congratulated myself on my share of the profits, but more on the credit I should have with my principals for discharging so well the duties they had assigned me. This was my constant theme when conversing with the captain, scarcely less delighted than myself. Not all the strange wonders of the eastern world, the magnificent scenery along the shores of continent and island, the voluptuous fragrance of "the spicy breezes," or the clear grandeur of the sparkling heavens, could seduce me from considering, night and day, how I should sell the piece goods, and buy a return cargo to the best advantage. Every evening the invoices with my well worn letter of instructions were spread out on the cabin table, and I went to my berth to dream of balance-sheets and future copartnerships.

—But a sad disaster came over our hopes. One of those frequent storms which are experienced only in those latitudes, suddenly fell upon us. For many hours we drifted on in utter darkness except when the lightning kindled the foaming waves to flames. Every thing that human skill and daring could do was done by our noble captain and his hardy crew; but the elements were too much for us. Spar after spar was shivered, the

tiller ropes parted and the rudder unshipped. When thus crippled and at the mercy of winds and waves, a terrible cry came aft of "Breakers ahead!" and before a word could be spoken, the ship was lifted high on a rolling sea, and flung bodily on an outlying reef. The shock threw some overboard, and for a few moments stupefied the rest. Death stared us fiercely in the face—I was little more than a boy, and life was dear to me—I thought of home and those I loved—I tried to think of eternity—but amidst all I could not help thinking of the piece goods—what would become of them when the vessel broke up? would they sink among the astonished fishes, or be strewn along the shores to be picked up by the natives? What would our House at home think of us? Would they ever find out how well we had managed, and how much we had made for them before the wreck?—All these and a thousand more such thoughts passed through my mind with incredible quickness, and notwithstanding most vigorous efforts to turn it on religious things, the piece goods would struggle to be uppermost. I have heard that Napoleon's last words were, "Tête d'armée!" mine, had I perished then, would have been, "Piece goods!"

But we were saved. When at our utmost extremity, there came a calm as sudden as the storm. The breakers were still dashing over us, but as the morning sun broke through the clouds, they subsided rapidly, and we were able to judge of our situation. The ship was clearly lost to us, though her hull, perched upon rocks bare at low water, was as yet but little broken, and I saw that the piece goods were for the most part undamaged. Some boats from the coast came off to us, and we managed to learn that we were a few leagues from the town of Rangoon, at the principal mouth of the river Irrawaddy.

To our still greater satisfaction, two English trading brigs, on hearing of a vessel being cast away, ran down to us, and as they were nearly empty, we were able to transfer a large, and the best part of the cargo (which, being piece goods, could be more easily handled) from our stranded vessel into theirs. More intent upon saving the piece goods, we had taken nothing from the cabin but the ship's papers and the captain's instruments, before a change in the tide filled it with water, leaving us only the clothes we stood in. The chief men of the town permitted us to land and store our piece goods, and we intended, if possible, to purchase some vessel in which to prosecute our voyage. The captains of the English brigs, and some other English who hap-

pened to be there, treated us with great kindness, but none more so than a Colonel Symes, who sent us all the clothing we stood in need of from his own wardrobe, besides many other attentions. This Col. Symes was an eminently sensible gentleman, who had been sent there by the British East India Company to negotiate preliminaries for a commercial treaty with the king of the country; but he told us that although he had been several weeks waiting for it, he had not yet received permission to go up the river to Ava, where the court was held. Although treated in every other respect with great distinction and hospitable provision for his comforts, he was quite chafed by the delay; yet the importance of his mission compelled him to endure as a diplomat what he fretted at as a soldier. He was fond of talking his troubles over with me, mainly, I suppose, because the modesty of my youth made me a deferential listener. You will judge from this how much we owed to our English friends, and how loath we would have been willingly to be of any hindrance to them, Colonel Symes particularly.

Things went on in this way for several weeks, the captain and myself lodging together, and listlessly waiting for some vessel to come in, which we might purchase or charter; when one morning, as we were over our breakfast, we heard a great noise of music, or what the people there mean for music—blowing of horns, beating of tom-toms, and gongs, and other horrid things. It came nearer and nearer, and halted before the door of our humble house. On going to the window we saw, to our astonishment, the street for a considerable distance crowded with military, horse and foot. A superbly dressed officer, whom they seemed to be escorting, dismounted amidst another grand flourish of the music, and, leaving his richly caparisoned horse in the care of a servant, bowed his head under the low portal, and entered the house. That he came to visit us we had not the slightest idea, until he flung open the door and *salaamed* us to the ground. Even so respectful a gesture failed to allay the alarm the captain and I felt for our lives, and the piece goods, which were stowed in the rear of the dwelling; but, while we were alternately exchanging looks with each other and staring at our remarkable visitor, a meek-looking native stole to his side and made signs that he would act as interpreter, which he afterwards did in very broken English.

"My lord," said he, "who is a very great man and brave general, has been sent by the most mighty king, at whose

power we tremble and in whose smile we live, to assure your excellencies of the great satisfaction he has had in hearing of your safe arrival in his dominions."

The captain answered, "Tell the gentleman that we cannot understand why he or the king should be so civil to us, as my friend here is nothing more than a supercargo, and I only captain of a ship, with a cargo of piece goods. Our vessel was wrecked a little way from here, and we are only waiting to get another, and be off, without troubling the king or any body else."

The interpreter appeared to translate it; the officer spoke to him again, and he said to us:—

"My lord, in the name of his Majesty our most mighty king, desires to say that he has heard of the vast and glorious republic of France, and prays that its prosperity may be increased for ever; he also hopes that the serene and magnificent King of the Republic of France is in perfect health, and victorious over all his enemies."

"The Republic of France! The King of the Republic of France! What do you mean, Mr. Interpreter? We know nothing about France: neither of us were ever there in our lives. We're Yankees, not Frenchmen, thank God! However, you must be a little green, mister, to talk about Kings of a Republic. Our country is a Republic, free and independent, and we have none of your kings there, I guess. But tell the gentleman he is mistaken in thinking we are Frenchmen; though if he or his Majesty want to buy any piece goods, we are ready for a dicker."

The captain had taken a fresh quid, shut his jack-knife with a valorous slap, and was as much of a live Yankee as five feet eight in height and four feet round the chest could make him.

After another interchange of their gibberish, the little man said again:—

"My lord begs that he may be informed which of you most excellent gentlemen is his great excellency the Ambassador of the vast and glorious Republic of France, that he may give him especially the salutation of his sublime Majesty, our most mighty king."

"Tell him, I tell you, you blundering lubber, that we ain't neither of us Frenchmen, nor ambassadors either. We don't represent nothing but our owners, and a cargo of piece goods. Why don't you tell the gentlemen so, and be done with your humbugging!"

"My lord begs to say to your excellencies, that he cannot be mistaken; one of you must be the ambassador of the vast and glorious Republic of France, and he

entreats your amiable excellencies to tell him which of you it is."

"I tell you again, neither of us. We can't speak a word of parleyvoo, and don't want to. We're a couple of Yankees from the States."

"My lord says, your honorable excellencies, that he has had his orders from our mighty king to come here and find his eminence the ambassador from the vast and glorious Republic of France, and escort him up the river to Ava, that he may communicate with his ever-to-be-worshipped majesty the wishes of his government. A thousand troops are waiting to guard him to the river, where the boats are ready. My lord does not care which of you is the ambassador; that you may settle between yourselves; but one of you must go with him as the high and noble-born ambassador of the vast and glorious Republic of France."

Finding the thing becoming serious and our military visitor determined to execute his orders, right or wrong, we proposed to send for Col. Symes, that he might explain the mistake; but this the General would not hear of, declaring that one of us must set off with him at once. Farther resistance was impossible, and the captain and I consulted which should go. Whether the one who went would ever return, or if he did, how long he would be kept, we could not tell. I could sell the piece goods, but could not sail a ship if one were got: the captain could do both without me; so we decided that, as it would not be right to abandon the piece goods, I should give myself up to our captor, for he acted like one. I then told him again that it was all a mistake, as he would find out when we reached Ava; but if he insisted upon taking one of us, I was his man. Whereupon he salaamed me to the ground, and begged to set out with me at once. The captain and I had a brief conference about the piece goods, which I reluctantly gave over to his single control. I shook his hands with tears in my eyes, for I was but a boy and feared that I should never see him or home again, and stood ready to go. The General called in servants with rich dresses, and preventing me from putting up any of the clothes I had borrowed of Col. Symes, enveloped me in several sumptuous cloaks and shawls, putting a sort of cap on my head, and preceded me down stairs, with many tokens of respect. On reaching the door, the band made a grand crash of horns, and cymbals, and drums, to salute me, a splendidly caparisoned horse was led up, which I was told to mount, and surrounded by the troops, we went in triumph through the town. As

we passed Col. Symes' quarters, I saw him looking out of his door with great astonishment, and tried to speak to him, but the guard closed up around me, and I could only wave a sad farewell as we passed on.

Reaching the river side, I found the array on the water even more imposing than that on the land. There could not have been less than fifty boats, each of them forty feet long, broad and shallow, and filled with oarsmen. First in one went the General and his officers, then in another the horrible band; then I followed, the only passenger, in the most highly decorated of them all; then another boat with my cooks and their apparatus; then boats laden deep with provisions, boats with my wardrobe, from which several times a day changes of dress were brought me, and, as far as I could see, boats filled with soldiers and attendants. Every night (and we were several days on the voyage) we went ashore, and they built me a house, which was pulled down the next morning, according to their custom, which does not allow an inferior person to live in a house which had once been occupied by one of my supposed rank. Every luxury they could procure was spread on my table. I had no reason to complain of my living, though the dishes were strange to me, and I had to eat them without knife or fork. There was no end to the distant honors they paid me, but I was very lonely with none to talk to, and no one to understand a word I said when any one came near enough. My thoughts were very sad, and my apprehensions of danger constant. I felt like a gayly dressed beast going to a slaughter-house; and not a little of my trouble rose from anxiety about the piece goods.

In this way we pulled up the river until we arrived at the city, where thousands of troops, with yet more dissonant and louder music, awaited my landing. A splendid horse was brought for me, which, after putting on the finest of the dresses, making me look more like a woman than a man, I mounted. The whole population were in the streets gazing on the splendid procession, which conducted me to a house as grand as a palace in the middle of the town. There scores of servants anticipated all my wants, and a bed like one of our own, only more showily decorated, awaited my repose. That night, overcome by fatigue of mind and body, I slept soundly, forgetting my utter loneliness among thousands who were as ignorant of my language as I was of theirs.

The next morning, after my solitary breakfast, an officer of the court present-

ed himself, with an interpreter, bearing a message of welcome from the king to his excellency the ambassador from the vast and glorious Republic of France. I lost no time in assuring the officer, through the interpreter, that there must have been an unaccountable blunder in taking me for an ambassador from France, as I was not even a Frenchman, and begging him to tell the king so, that I might go back to the cargo of piece goods which had been intrusted to my care. The only answer I got was that the king hoped the most honorable ambassador would find himself satisfied with the arrangements made for his comfort during his stay in the city. Another weary day, and another, and another, when the officer again came to say that the king hoped in a short time to have a conference with the ambassador respecting a commercial treaty, which his majesty was glad to hear the Republic of France wished to make with him. More earnestly than ever I entreated the interpreter, who spoke English quite well, to let the king know how much I was embarrassed by the mistaken notion that I was any thing else than a supercargo of a large venture in piece goods, and that the interests of my principals might suffer severely from my involuntary absence. A low salaam as the officer left me was his only reply. Every morning the same was repeated, I becoming each time more urgent for an interview, that the vexatious blunder might be put an end to, but in vain. My quarters were good, my table well supplied with their curious dishes and a profusion of French wines. If I intimated a wish to go out, my horse came immediately to the door; but I could go nowhere without a close guard of cavalry about me. On one of those excursions I saw my friend Col. Symes in a sort of balcony, who recognized me, changed as my appearance was, yet could not get near enough to speak to him, for my escort hurried on, with loud shouts of "Honor to the illustrious ambassador of the vast and glorious Republic of France!" the language of which, by this time, I had learned only too well.

Three months and more passed on in this way, when at last the officer announced that his majesty had been pleased to appoint the next day for the appearance at Court of the ambassador of the Republic of France. Now, thought I, my troubles will be at an end, for the king will certainly see that a smooth-chinned lad of nineteen, who cannot speak any language but English, could never be the ambassador of the French republic.

Accordingly, at the hour, robed in the ceremonial garments they brought me, I

set out with ten times my ordinary escort to the palace, which was near the city gate, the procession taking a wide detour through the principal streets, while the soldiers and populace redoubled their acclamations in honor of the ambassador from the Republic of France. On entering the palace, I was ushered into a large hall, filled with a multitude of people squatting on their legs, their heads bowed to the ground in the direction of an opening at the upper end, screened by a curtain. The attendants led me to the front and then with courteous but irresistible strength, forced me down to the true posture of the rest. After waiting some little time, the curtain was drawn aside, and the king enthroned on a sort of wagon was wheeled into the apartment. The multitude beat their heads on the floor in silence, when he beckoned me to draw near to him.

"I have the high felicity," said he, by an interpreter, "of seeing the ambassador of the Republic of France at my court."

"Your Majesty is very much mistaken," I replied, "I am not a French ambassador, but a young American sent out by — & Co. of —, as supercargo of a vessel laden with piece goods, which was unfortunately wrecked near the mouth of the river, and I entreat your Majesty to let me go back to my duties."

"I have unmeasured satisfaction in hearing from you, most distinguished sir," the king answered, "the pleasing assurances of friendship and good will from so vast and glorious a republic as that of France."

"I brought no such message, please your Majesty, and never told the interpreter any thing of the kind. He deceives you, and will not tell you what I say."

"I know now," the king rejoined, "what the wishes of the Republic of France are, and will give my prime minister orders to draw up a treaty on that basis, which to-morrow will be submitted for your Excellency's approval."

"Please your Majesty, I have stated no such thing. I cannot negotiate with your minister for France. I said that I was only a supercargo of a speculation in piece goods, and it is the fault of the interpreters that your Majesty did not know this long ago. I have been putting you to expense and wasting several months for nothing, and I earnestly entreat your Majesty to let me go back to my captain and the cargo."

With a benign smile the king rose and addressed me:

"I cannot express my satisfaction with your cordial assent to the proposed plan

of a treaty which we will now consider definitely fixed, awaiting only your signature and that of my minister, when the instrument shall have been prepared as it will be to-morrow. I shall also cause your government to be made acquainted with the profound regard I entertain for your skill in managing the negotiations. Wishing you all personal happiness, I part from you with the hope that your diplomatic career will be always as successful, though I must add that never before (and here an arch expression betrayed itself at the corner of his mouth) have I transacted business with so young an ambassador."

The audience was over, and under a grand escort I returned to my lodgings. That night a half dozen men carried me in a closed palanquin to the river, put me in a small boat, and without any other attendants pulled me night and day down the river to the coast, where I found the captain just ready to sail in a barque he had loaded with our piece goods. After a few days we were off, and I had no desire whatever to change again the Yankee supercargo for a French ambassador. Our subsequent trading was not unprofitable, and though the wreck and delays occasioned temporary losses, we made a good voyage for our owners. I retained some relics of my involuntary grandeur, and among the rest a little ebony casket; on opening which I found a permit from his Majesty of Ava to bring two cargoes of piece goods into his dominions duty free; a privilege I availed myself of, sending, however, another supercargo, as I had no notion of running the risk of being taken again for a Frenchman or an ambassador.

You have looked and laughed incredulously, gentlemen, during my story; but the secret of the mystery was simply this: Col. Symes* was eager to press upon Burmah a commercial treaty, which the king was disinclined to for many reasons, yet fearing British anger, he temporized with the cunning of a semi-barbarian, and to put off the Colonel, he passed me off, as he thought, for an ambassador from France, excusing himself from an audience to Symes on the ground that he was unwilling at once to break with the French, though unwilling to grant them terms. Whether or not he succeeded in deceiving Col. Symes, you can judge; but the ruse answered his purpose for the time. It did not, however, console me to discover that I had been made an unconscious agent in baffling so long my kind English friend, who subsequently, however, succeeded in making a treaty with the king.

* We do not remember positively that the officer alluded to was Col. Symes; but the name resembled Symes; and as a Col. Symes did, about that time, visit Ava on an embassy, we think it so probable that he was the man, as to risk inserting the name.

THE BOURBON QUESTION.

[We have received the following communication from the Rev. John H. Hanson, (author of the article in our February number, entitled, "Have we a Bourbon among us?") wherein he reviews the new work of Beauchesne on the reported death of the Dauphin in the Temple, and also gives the particulars of more testimony which has come to his knowledge in relation to this interesting subject, since his first article was published, among which is a letter from the Prince de Joinville in reference to the matter. The work of Beauchesne appeared in Paris nearly simultaneously with the publication of the Bourbon article here. The character of Mr. Hanson does not permit a question of his integrity in the statements he makes, or a suspicion that he has any other motive than to throw light on a "historic doubt," which has long been entertained by eminent writers on both sides of the Atlantic. In publishing his communication, we do not in any manner make ourselves parties to the controversy, except to vouch for the respectability and integrity of our correspondent. The public must draw their own conclusions after hearing the arguments on either side.—*Editors.*]

M. BEAUCHESNE'S book* and the magazine article† appear before the world at nearly the same time, but in two different hemispheres. They stand in irreconcilable antagonism. The pressure of circumstances compels the author of the one to be the reviewer of the other. Shrinking himself from no severity of criticism, he can hesitate at none.

"Louis of France, the seventeenth of that name, lived only ten years, two months and two days," is the opening sentence, and the fundamental proposition of the book, to prove which, in the most complete manner, all the evidence which literary research can discover in France, is collected and displayed with an imposing minuteness of detail. The article, on the contrary, asserts the probable existence, at this moment, in New-York, of the individual whose death Parisian officials have certified. If M. Beauchesne has proved his point, nothing more can be said.

The task before me is a very simple one: viz., 1. To state clearly the evidence produced by M. Beauchesne, and test its strength; and provided it shall prove inadequate to establish the point desired by him, then, 2. To offer such confirmation as I can of the proposition presented in my article. M. Beauchesne has written, he says, to remove all future doubt, by setting the whole truth so clearly and fully before the world, that incredulity must stand for ever silenced.

Beyond the work before me, I have no means of ascertaining the social position, or the political principles of M. Beauchesne. He assumes, invariably, the tone of an adherent of monarchy—a legitimist in heart and soul—who has written the mournful biography of the Royal martyr, as a sacred duty to the innocent memory of one who inherited so many glories. He would have us know all about him. He does not spare us a sigh or a suffering, an indignity, a tear or a terror. We hear all, and we see all, to the last flash of his expiring eye, and the last half-finished sentence which issued from his feeble lips; and as if to assure us of the unflinching certainty and

minuteness of his knowledge, and his access to all conceivable authorities, he copies the washing bills of the Prince in prison, notes down every handkerchief and shirt, and concludes by presenting us his heart, with a medical certificate attached to it.

His convictions of the Dauphin's death have, he says, for him, "the character of a certainty authentically demonstrated," and he exclaims, "A curse upon me, if my mind in possession of the truth, should suffer my pen to lie." I accord to him all the credit for legitimist feeling which he claims, and thank him for the aid which he has rendered to the development of the truth, by placing before the world, in detail and without disguise, all that can be said in proof of the Dauphin's death.

The first volume begins by describing the last days spent by the royal family at Versailles, and closes with the first period of their sojourn in the prison of the Temple, which terminated with the decapitation of Louis XVI. The second volume carries on the history until the asserted death and burial of Louis XVII., embracing an account of the death of Marie Antoinette and the princess Elizabeth, and of the treatment and position of the Dauphin under the successive keepers who had charge of him until his disappearance. Simon was appointed his preceptor on the 3d July, 1793, and occupied this post till January 19, 1794. During the next six months ending July 27, 1794, he was left without any especial guardian beside the keepers of the prison, and spent his time in the most frightful solitude and misery. This state of things was put an end to by the appointment of Laurent, to whom Gomin was added, November 8, 1794, and on the 31st March, 1795, Laurent having resigned, Lasne became his keeper in conjunction with Gomin, and these two men remained with him until May 31st, around the transactions of which day, and the few following ones, all the interest of this mysterious drama is centred.

The point of attraction must necessarily be the closing scene, and the confirmation,

* Louis XVII. sa vie, son agonie, sa mort, captivité de la famille royale au Temple; œuvre enrichi d'autographes, de portraits et de plans, par M. A. Beauchesne. Tom. II. Paris: 1858.
† Have we a Bourbon among us?

or the discredit, which it affords to the statements recently made concerning an interesting and respectable individual among us. I shall therefore proceed to lay before the reader, all which seems necessary to the formation of an impartial opinion on the particular point under discussion.

Rising slowly, like a wave, in 1789, the revolution attained its full sweep and most terrific height in 1794. The throne, the church, reason, humanity, had been carried away in its progress. The very framework of society itself was next to perish. There was to be war to the knife, of poor against rich, of all who had nothing, against every one who had any thing. But Robespierre fell from his dizzy elevation of infernal power when the force which carried him there had exhausted its utmost capacities of rising higher. The wave bent its bloody crest, broke, burst, and was no more. Men breathed as with recovered life. The times were still turbulent, but there was a feeling that the crisis had passed, and that peace and security were coming. There was no man in Paris to take the place of the tyrant who had fallen. The Convention governed, but no individual was prominent, and it was impossible to foresee who would arise to grasp the reins of power, or from what quarter he would come. The military chieftains who valiantly maintained the renown of the republic in the field, seemed animated, not by personal ambition, but by patriotic ardor, and appeared content to wear their laurels without dreaming of converting them into crowns. Napoleon Bonaparte was an undistinguished name. Weak minds still imagined the possibility of permanently establishing the republic in France. The monarchical faction well knew that such a system of centreless imbecility could not long maintain itself, and Paris was full of intriguers and agents of the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. Between this person and the throne there was only one impediment; a weak, sickly, imbecile boy, in the Temple. Upon the execution of Louis XVI, de Provence had proclaimed this boy King under the title of Louis XVII., and made himself the nominal regent, pledging himself solemnly in the proclamation which he issued at the time to *attempt the liberation of the captive monarch from the Temple*. The corruption of the nation was felt in the highest ranks of society; and not only did Philip Egalité vote for the death of his relative, but de Provence himself was withheld by no scruples of conscience or delicacy of feeling, from corresponding with Robespierre. He is known to have been most anxious to obtain royal power, and was naturally impatient of the intervening obstacle. The republicans, on the other hand, were equally puzzled as to what course they should pursue respecting the child, whose restoration, if he lived, seemed so probable. Unconscious of

the schemes and plots of which he was the centre, the poor innocent was dozing away his captive life with mind so prostrated and enfeebled by suffering, that it could with difficulty be roused to pay the slightest attention to any thing.

The Temple was a massive square Tower, built by the Templars, having circular turrets at each angle, in one of which was the staircase, which wound uninterruptedly to the top of the building, and at each landing there were two doors, one of oak, the other of iron. The Tower was divided into four stories, beside the basement. In the second the Dauphin was confined, and Madame Royale (his sister) in the third. The time which I will choose for our visit is Feb. 27th, 1795. The young prince was then under the care of Laurent and Gomin. The day before, the civil commissioners had reported to the committee of general safety that the prisoner was in a very dangerous condition, and they accordingly appointed Harmand one of their number to visit him, and report. Harmand went to the Tower with two of his colleagues, MM. Matthieu and Reverchon. Passing through the ante-chamber, they entered the apartment and found it agreeable and well lighted, notwithstanding the cross bars of iron and the thickness of the walls in which they were set. The prince himself was seated at a little table amusing himself with a pack of cards, which he placed in the form of boxes and houses. Entirely unmindful of the presence of the deputies, he continued his amusement. Harmand and his companions made every effort in their power to draw his attention, and extract from him a word or look; but amid all their promises of toys and companions, and requests to know in what manner his sufferings could be relieved, he continued to gaze vacantly at his cards or upon the wall, without the most remote sign that he saw or heard them. As the civil commissioners, when interrogated before the committee of general safety respecting the ailments of the Prince, had informed them that he had *swellings upon all his joints, "tumeurs à toutes les articulations," and particularly at the knees*, Harmand finding he could extract nothing from him said to him, as he stood by his right side, "Sir, have the goodness to give me your hand." He gave it, continues Harmand, in his account of the interview, and I felt in extending my movement up to the arm-pit, a *tumor at the wrist and another at the elbow, like knots*. They did not appear to be painful, for the Prince showed no sign of their being so. "The other hand, sir." He presented it; there were none. "Permit me, sir, to feel also your legs and your knees." He rose. I found the same swellings upon the two knees, under the knuckle. Pray mark all this for future reference. One single remark, however, before we dismiss Harmand. He did not write this account until 1814, after the accession of Louis XVIII., who with

pious care for the memory of his deceased nephew, did every thing in his power to collect the particulars of his imprisonment, and the proofs of his decease. From lapse of time Harmand's memory was in some respects treacherous, and hence he contradicts the commissaries in one important particular. They say the Prince had swellings on all the joints. Harmand leaves us to infer that one elbow and wrist were destitute of them. This is an evident inaccuracy, though it may be that Harmand did not, in the case of the left side, extend his examination to the arm.

On the 29th March, 1795, Laurent left the Temple. He appears to have been kind to the young prince, who parted from him with sadness. In his place came a man named Etienne Lasne.

From the 31st March, 1795, until the moment of his asserted death, his two keepers were Gomin and Lasne.

Citizen Gomin was a royalist, and obtained his post at the Temple, November 8th, 1794, through the influence and intrigues of the Marquis de Feneuil, who, says M. Beauchesne, on account of *certaines intrigues soi-disant patriotiques*, "contributed powerfully to a nomination which was a guarantee for the Royalist party," or in other words for the interests of the Count de Provence. Etienne Lasne on the other hand had formerly been a soldier in the garde Française, and later in the garde Nationale, and in 1791, had been appointed captain of grenadiers. And thus "revolutionary influences had nominated Lasne, and royalist influences had nominated Gomin."

The portraits of these men, and innumerable sentimentalisms concerning their honesty and truthfulness are given by our author, but their outward appearance was not prepossessing, and their integrity must be estimated by the times in which they lived, and the parties who placed them in their position. *They are the two pillars upon whom rests the evidence for the death of the Dauphin.* Though sharing in common the charge of the Dauphin, Lasne especially devoted himself to the care of the Prince, and Gomin to that of Madame Royale. Officers entitled acting commissaries (*commissaires de service*), and who were changed every day, had supreme control in the Temple, and it was therefore impossible for either of the prisoners to be secretly removed by Lasne and Gomin, unless the acting commissary for the time being was favorable to the project. No sooner was Lasne installed in his office, than he began to find fault with the noise which the keys made when turned in the locks, and caused them to be oiled that they might move in silence. He also directed the iron doors on the landings to be left open. Taken in connection with the event, this seems to intimate a design in the month of April, the date of the occurrence, to effect an escape. The commissaries, however, said the doors were put there

to be shut, and Lasne was forced to submit. Gomin and Lasne, however, continued, though the representatives of opposite interests, to act in perfect harmony, and made such arrangements respecting the keeping of the keys, that either of them could open the doors at any time without the knowledge of the other. There was evidently necessary only a particular conjunction of circumstances, and the appointment of a royalist commissary who would lend himself to the plot, to effect the removal of the Prince.

And now we come to the confines of the period in which is centered the main interest of the mysterious and tragical drama. In consequence of confinement and want of exercise, the health of the Dauphin languished, and knot-like swellings at the articulations of the limbs increased. His keepers wrote for three successive days on the register the announcement of his indisposition, adding, on the last occasion, that his life was in danger, and on the 6th May, M. Desault was sent to see him.

This eminent physician was one whom the convulsions of the revolution had never tempted to swerve from the noble path of simple rectitude and honor. He had been the physician of the Royal family before the revolutionary troubles.

In the first interview between the physician and the royal prisoner, the latter maintained the same blank silence and immovable listlessness which had characterized his conduct in all visits made to him. Desault, without expressing an opinion, ordered him a simple decoction of hops, but after leaving the Temple, said publicly that he was afflicted "*with the germ of the scrofulous affection of which his brother had died at Meudon, but that this disease had scarcely imprinted its seal on his constitution, nor manifested itself with any violent symptoms neither obstinate ophthalmia, nor vast ulcers, nor chronic swelling of the joints.*" He considered that the danger of his condition, confessedly great, was from a *waiting away caused by confinement, and that immediate transportation to the country, fresh air, and careful treatment, might revive him.* Unable to obtain the consent of the authorities for his removal, Desault continued his attendance until May 30. By kindness he had gained his affections, and at last, when he rose to take leave, the young captive, unable or afraid to speak, would take him timidly by the skirt of the coat. The 30th May at length arrived. Now let it be borne in mind, that all the foregoing facts are derived from Beauchesne himself.

"On the 11th prairial (30th May), [says M. Beauchesne], le Sieur Breuilleard, the acting commissary [for the day] who knew Desault, said to him in going down the staircase, 'The child will die, will he not?' 'I fear it: but there are, perhaps, those persons in the world who hope it,' replied Desault, the last words which the doctor pronounced in the tower of the Temple.

"On the 12th prairial (31st May), the acting com-

misery, on his arrival at nine o'clock, said that he would wait for the doctor in the chamber itself of the child, to which he caused himself to be introduced. This commissary was M. BELLANGER, painter and designer of the cabinet of Monsieur [i. e., Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.], who lived No. 91 Faubourg Poissonnière. He was an honest man; the misfortune of his benefactor,—alas! in these sad times he was almost an exception,—had not dried up the devotion in his heart. M. Desault did not come. M. Bellanger, who had brought a portfolio filled with his drawings, asked the Prince if he liked painting, and without waiting for an answer, which did not come, the artist opened his portfolio, and put it under the eyes of the child. He turned it over, at first with indifference, afterward with interest, dwelt a long time on each page, and when he had finished began again. This long examination seemed to give some solace to his sufferings, and some relief to the chagrin which was caused by the absence of his physician. The artist often gave him explanations of the different subjects of his collection; the child had at first kept silence, but little by little he listened to M. Bellanger with marked attention, and finished by answering his questions. In taking the portfolio from his hands, M. Bellanger said to him, 'I much desire, sir, to take away one drawing more, but I will not do it if you object.' 'What drawing?' said the Dauphin. 'That of your countenance; it will give me much pleasure if it will not cause you pain.' 'Will it give you pleasure?' said the child, and the most gracious smile completed his sentence, and the mute approbation which he gave to the desire of the artist.

"M. Bellanger traced in crayon the profile of the young king, and it is from this profile that, some days after, M. Beaumont the sculptor, and twenty years after, the royal manufacturer of Sevres porcelain, executed the bust of Louis XVII.

"The 13th prairial (1 June), M. Desault did not come again. The keepers were astonished at his absence, and the little child regretted it. The acting commissary, M. Benoist, faubourg St. Denis 4, was of opinion that word should be sent to the house of the physician, to inquire the cause of so prolonged an absence. Gomin and Lasne had not yet dared to act according to this advice, when the next day M. Desault (rue de Bondi 17) who relieved M. Benoist, hearing him, on his arrival pronounce the name of M. Desault, said immediately, 'Don't wait for him any longer, he died yesterday.' This sudden death, under such circumstances, opened a vast field of conjecture. There is one which must astonish by its boldness, let us say more justly, by its infamy; they dare assert that M. Desault after having administered a slow poison to his patient, had been himself poisoned by those who had commanded the crime. But the noble life of M. Desault protects him without any doubt against such a calumny. Other inventors have not feared to say, that M. Desault did not recognize in the poor sickly little one in the tower of the Temple, the child so full of strength and grace, whom he had admired more than once in happier times and in another dwelling; and that it was because he showed an intention of revealing to the government this substitution, that the doctor had been poisoned. This supposition is equally true with the first. M. Desault who had been physician to the royal children, never doubted that his young patient was the Dauphin. . . . 'No notes have been found among the papers of M. Desault upon the visits which he made to the young Prince. From 31 May, the night of his death, to 5th June, i. e., during six days, no assistance from without was given to the prisoner."

And M. Beauchesne, I may add, leaves five of these days without the slightest re-

cord of any event whatever, so that here is an interval too long to fill with fictitious circumstances remaining entirely unaccounted for.

"At last on the 17th prairial (3th June), 1795, M. Pelletan, chief surgeon of the Grand Hospital of Humanity, was charged by the committee of General Safety to continue the treatment of the son of Capet. M. Pelletan went to the tower at five in the afternoon, 'I found,' said he, 'the child in so sad a state, that I asked instantly to have another professional person joined with me, to relieve me from a burden which I did not wish to bear alone.'

Dumangin was accordingly appointed.

I will not pause, however strong the temptation, to examine this narrative, till we have the whole of the facts before us. Pray keep, however, the epoch which has passed separate from that which follows.

Our author having the death of the Dauphin authentically demonstrated, to his own mind, becomes very pathetic as the event approaches, and seems half inclined to set his whole circle of readers weeping beforehand. "I do not seek," he says, "to cause tears to be shed at his end, which approaches. I know too well that death is an event common to every age, and that it is not without reason that the world has made the coffin and the cradle in the same form and of the same materials."

The Dauphin (as we gather from Beauchesne), from the 5th to the 8th of June, inclusive, as death approached, became very animated, imaginative and talkative. His very looks spoke. As he lay in bed he often cast his eyes to heaven, as if he wished to say, "Lord, thy will be done." He had no longer any fear of strangers; nay, addressed them first, without waiting to be spoken to. M. Pelletan having proposed to the commissary his removal to another chamber, he signed to the physician to approach, and with his thoughts all about him said, "Speak lower, I fear they will hear you above, and I should be very sorry they should learn that I am sick, for that would give them much pain." He was removed to another chamber, a sunny cheerful room, on the side of the little tower, "and the air and the sun brought him life, and with life thought, thought which should render his sufferings more cruel and the truth more bitter, thought which should come back with so many memories, and so many apprehensions." His color was clear, his eye bright, his voice strong. These are remarkable changes; that sunny room worked wonders, but we shall find stranger still before we have done with M. Beauchesne. But notwithstanding the strength of his body, and the brightness of his intellect, he was destined to die, and in the mortal agony it pleased—no—I cannot blaspheme—it pleased therefore let me say—Gomin and Lasne—who narrated to M. Beauchesne what he relates with "scrupulous exactitude," that sounds seraphic should salute his ears, while still retaining the self-possession of undimmed intelli-

gence. The death scene is so rich a specimen of biographic fidelity, and what is called "fine writing," that I translate it for the benefit of those who wish to share the authentically demonstrated certainty of M. Beauchene.

"You will ask, without doubt, what were the last words of the dying. You have heard those of his father, who, from the height of the scaffold, which his virtue had made a throne, sent pardon to his assassins. You have heard those of his mother, that heroic Queen, who, impatient to quit the earth, where she had suffered so much, prayed the executioner to make haste. You have known those of his aunt, of that Christian virgin, who, with supplicating eye, when they removed her dress to strike her better, asked in the name of modesty, that they would cover her bosom; and now shall I dare to repeat the last words of the orphan?"

"Those who received his last sigh, have related them to me, and I come faithfully to inscribe them on the Royal Martyrology.

"Gomlin seeing the infant calm, immovable and mute, said to him, 'I hope you do not suffer at this moment; 'Oh yes, I suffer still, but much less, the music is so fine.' Now there was no music in the tower or its neighborhood; no noise from without came at this moment into the tower where the young martyr lay. Gomlin astonished said to him, 'In what quarter do you hear this music?' 'From above,' 'Have you heard it a long time?' 'Since you have been on your knees.' And the child raised by a nervous movement his falling hand, and opened his great illuminated eyes in ecstasy. His poor guardian not wishing to destroy this sweet and last illusion, set himself to listen also, with the pious desire to hear that which could not be heard.

"After some moments of attention the child was again agitated, his eyes flashed, and he cried in indescribable transport, 'In the midst of all the voices, I have heard that of my mother.' This name falling from the lips of the child seemed to take from him all pain. His contracted eyebrows distended and his look was illumined with that serene ray, which gives the certainty of deliverance or of victory. His eye fixed on an invisible spectacle, his ear open to the far-off sound of one of those concerts which the human ear has never heard, his young soul seemed to blaze out with a new existence."

But I must curtail this edifying scene, and come to the end.

"Do you think that my sister could have heard the music? What good it would have done her!" Lasne could not reply, a look full of anguish from the dying child darted earnest and piercing towards the window—an exclamation of happiness escaped from his lips—then looking at his guardian, 'I have something to tell you;' Lasne approached and took his hand—the little head of the prisoner fell on the breast of his guardian, who listened, but in vain—God had spared the young martyr the hour of the death rattle, God had preserved for himself alone the confidence of his last thought. Lasne put his hand upon the heart of the child. The heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat. It was two hours and a quarter after midnight."

Some glimpse of the dying scene is necessary to estimate the worth of the certificates. I should like to present the reader Lasne's soliloquy over the dead body. It is a gem of its kind. One sentence I must transcribe.

"An hour passed during which, breathless, with eyes fixed, without voice I continued near his remains.

That solemn hour had a great influence upon my whole life. A voice had spoken in my heart, to which I had promised to be an honest man."

Then you were not so before, M. Lasne! Honest M. Lasne!

On the 9th June, four surgeons were appointed to open the body, and visited the Temple for this purpose. We give the procès verbal, but it is worthy of remark, as indicating the nervous haste with which the affair was hurried through, that the year is omitted from the date entirely, and that although at the conclusion reference is made to a day and year on which the instrument was written, there are none given.

PROCES VERBAL of the opening of the body of the son of the deceased Louis Capet, drawn up at the Tower of the Temple, at eleven o'clock in the morning of this 31st prairial.

We, the undersigned Jean Baptiste Engène Dumangin, Physician-in-Chief of the Hospital of the Unity, and Philippe-Jean Pelletan, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Grand Hospital of Humanity, accompanied by the citizens Nicolas Jeannoy, Professor in the Schools of Medicine at Paris, and Pierre Lassus, Professor of Legal Medicine in the School of Health at Paris; whom we have joined to ourselves in virtue of a decree of the Committee of General Safety of the National Convention, dated yesterday, and signed Bergoing, president, Courtois Cauthier, Pierre Guyomard, to the effect that we should proceed together to the opening of the body of the son of the deceased Louis Capet, to declare the condition in which we have found it, have proceeded as follows:

"All four of us having arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning at the outer gate of the Temple, we were received by the Commissaries, who introduced us into the Tower. We proceeded to the second story into an apartment, in the second division of which we found upon a bed the body of a child, who appeared to us about ten years of age, which the Commissaries told us was that of the son of the deceased Louis Capet, and which two among us recognized to be the child of whom they had taken care for some days past. The said Commissaries declared to us that the child died that night about 8 o'clock in the morning, upon which we sought to verify the signs of death, which we found characterized by an universal paleness, the coldness of the whole habit of the body, the stiffness of the limbs, the dulness of the eyes, the violet spots common to the skin of a corpse, and above all, by an incipient putrefaction at the stomach, the scrotum, and between the thighs.

"We remarked before proceeding to the opening of the body, a general leanness which was that of marasmus. The stomach was extremely swollen and puffed with air. On the inside of the right knee we remarked a tumor without change of color to the skin; and another tumor, less voluminous, upon the os radius near the wrist of the left side. The tumor of the knee contained about two ounces of a grayish matter, pussy and lymphatic, situated between the periosteum and the muscles, and that of the wrist contained matter of the same kind, but thicker.

"At the opening of the stomach, there flowed out about a pint of purulent serum, yellow and very offensive; the intestines were swollen, pale, and adhering one to another, and also to the sides of the cavity; they were covered with a great quantity of tubercles of different sizes, and which presented when opened the same matter that was contained in the exterior deposits of the knee and of the wrist.

"The intestines, open throughout their whole extent, were very healthy inwardly, and contained but a

small quantity of bilious matter. The stomach presented to us the same condition—it adhered to all the surrounding parts, was pale outside, covered with small lymphatic tubercles, like those on the surface of the intestines; its inner membrane was sound, also, the pilorus and the omentum, the liver adhered by its convexity to the diaphragm, and by its concavity to the viscera which it covered, its substance was healthy, its volume ordinary, the vessel of the gall bladder was moderately filled with bile of a yellowish green color. The spleen, the pancreas, the reins and the bladder were sound, the epiploon and mesentery, covered with fat, were filled with lymphatic tubercles, similar to those of which we have spoken. Similar tumors were scattered over the thickness of the peritoneum, covering the inward face of the diaphragm. This muscle was sound.

"The lungs adhered by their whole surface to the pleura, to the diaphragm and to the pericardium; their substance was sound and without tubercles. There were only some near the tracheal artery and the omentum. The pericardium contained the ordinary quantity of serosity—the heart was pale, but in its natural state. The brain and its dependencies were in their most perfect integrity.

"All the disorders of which we have given the detail, are evidently the effect of a serofulous disease of a long standing, and to which the death of the child should be attributed.

"The procès verbal has been made, and signed at Paris, at the said place, by the undersigned, at four hours and a half, in the morning of the day, and year below written.

"J. B. E. DUMANGIN.

"P. J. PELLETAN.

"PIERRE LASSUS.

"N. JEANROY."

"This procès verbal was completed in 1817, by M. Pelletan, who made the following declaration.

"I the undersigned, chevalier of the order of the legion of Honor, member of the Royal Academy of Science, professor of the faculty of medicine, certify moreover, that after having cut the cranium transversely, on a level with the orbits, to make the anatomy of the brain in the opening of the body of the son of Louis XVI., which had been assigned to me, I replaced the skull-cap of the cranium, and covered it with four strips of skin which I had separated, and which I sewed together, and that finally, I covered the head with a linen handkerchief, or perhaps with a cotton cap fastened below the chin or at the nape, as is practised in similar cases. This dressing will be found, if it be true that corruption has not destroyed it, but certainly the skull-cap of the cranium still exists enveloped in the remains of those linens, or the cotton cap.

"Signed,

PELLETAN."

Paris, 17 August, 1817.

M. Pelletan declared still later, that he had set apart the heart of the Dauphin in the operation of the autopsy, and had carried it away, so as to be able to offer to the royal family this sad and mournful relic of the infant king.

Beside the procès verbal, the documentary proofs of the death of Louis XVII., are the official declaration of Lasne and Gomin, and of two other persons, and certificates written by the said Lasne and Gomin for M. Beauchesne in 1837 and 1840; that of Lasne being confided to the scented pages of our author's album. Lasne asserts "on his honor, and before God, that the young prince died in his arms" at the time

and place officially specified, and tells us that, having all his life told the truth, he will not lie at its conclusion. Both of the keepers unite in affirming the scrupulous exactness of our author. That these authentic testimonials of asserted facts may make the deepest impression, they are given in the form of fac-similes, after which M. Beauchesne states that Providence preserved the life of the two old men to give light to his researches and present, hour by hour, the bulletins of his dying agony. He then carries us to the grave in the cemetery of l'Eglise St. Marguerite, expresses "painful perplexity" as to whether the body was interred by itself or in a common sepulchre, indicates on a map the exact spot of interment, relates all the efforts which Louis XVIII made to obtain certainty as to the place of burial, and of a certain monument which he intended to erect to the memory of the royal martyr, but which "n'a point été exécuté," and ends with the Latin epitaph which was to have been inscribed on the said Mausoleum, "Memorie et cineribus Ludovici XVII."

I would here call attention to one or two singular and suspicious facts. The royal ordinance, issued in 1816, for the disinterment of the body of Louis XVII., was, without any sufficient reason, revoked, as if it were a matter the king was afraid to meddle with. Again, orders were issued for the removal of the heart, asserted to be in the possession of Pelletan, to St. Denis; but, according to Beauchesne (see appendix), Lasne, who was present at the autopsy, declared that he never left the surgeons for a minute, and that Pelletan did not take the heart out; consequently he was left in possession of the sacred and precious relic, which the royal family did not deign to receive. Now, it is obvious that either Pelletan or Lasne must have lied, and thus either the procès verbal is discredited, or the testimony of Lasne; and the whole affair is left in uncertainty. For myself I believe the statement of Pelletan. And here too, the reader is requested to mark that *the whole testimony as to identity resolves itself into the truth or falsehood of declarations made by Lasne and Gomin*. To this we have only to add that, according to Beauchesne, the testimony as to the place of interment is equally contradictory; and that to say the least it is singular, that in 1817, after Louis XVIII. was on the throne, he should have thought it necessary to call in the aid of Pelletan to make a further statement, had it not been felt that the procès verbal was transparently defective. In point of fact we know that it never satisfied the great body of legitimists in France; for many of them to this day do not believe the Dauphin died in the Temple.

We are now prepared to consider the authentic demonstration of M. Beauchesne.

He has proved, undoubtedly, that a child died in the Temple 8th June, 1795, and was buried somewhere in the cemetery of l'E-

glise St. Marguerite on the 10th June, and we will not dispute the assertion that at nine o'clock that night "the air was pure, and the golden hues of the luminous vapor which crowned that fine evening seemed to retain and to prolong the adieu of the sun." But I give the following reasons for denying entirely that it was Louis XVII. who then and there died, and was buried.

I. The surgeons do not testify that it was the body of the Dauphin which they opened.

II. Louis XVII. had tumors at *all* the joints, and particularly at the *knees*. This is a fact, so positively stated by the French officials as to stand beyond reach of contradiction. The tumors were not scrofulous, but the result of confinement, and were in the shape of knots.

The procès verbal speaks of only two tumors, one on the inner side of the right knee and the other near the left wrist.

III. M. Desault, on 6th May, testified that scrofula had scarcely imprinted its seal on the constitution of the Dauphin, and that he had merely the germ of a scrofulous affection.

MM. Dumangin, Pelletan, Lasne, and Jeanroy certify that the death of the child, whose body they examined, was the effect of a scrofulous disease which had existed for a long time, and the internal condition of the body, so minutely specified by them, shows how deeply seated the disease was in the constitution, so that the whole stomach and intestines were covered with a great quantity of tubercles, and all the other organs where the disease could manifest itself, were in the state which showed the ripeness of the malady unto death.

IV. All testimony, except that of Lasne and Gomin, proves that, mentally, the Dauphin was in a condition of imbecility, coincident with his physical prostration, lethargic, timid, mute, difficult of access, shy of strangers.

The boy who died, if the whole account is not false, was exactly the contrary, forward, talkative, animated, imaginative.

V. Again, let any physician say whether a child in the mental condition in which Desault found the Dauphin, could have had not only the brain, but all its dependencies, perfectly healthy, or whether its vessels would not have been in a state of temporary derangement.

The examining physicians say, "Le cerveau et ses dépendances étaient dans leur plus parfaite intégrité."

Now, unless M. Beauchesne can demonstrate that a body having tumors at both knees, both wrists, and both elbows, is the same with a body having only two tumors in all, and leaving one knee, two elbows, and one wrist, without them; that a child who, on the 8th of May, had scarcely a taint of scrofula, but whose diseases were caused by confinement, could, on the 8th of the next month, die of scrofulous disease of long standing; that mental characteristics the most opposite, are the same, and

all the dependencies of an enfeebled brain can be in the most perfect integrity, his certificates, and his witnesses, and his sentimentality, his tears, unbuild cenotaph, and Latin epitaph, and even "le cœur de l'enfant," of which M. Pelletan says, "je l'enveloppai en linge et je la mit dans ma poche," and which he afterwards touched and examined, "avec attention, plus, de mille fois," will be of no avail, and he must be forced to confess that a fact may be authentically demonstrated, and yet physically and morally disproved.

The certificates of our author may be correctly copied—his reports of conversations as Lasne testifies, of the most "scrupuleuse exactitude"—but certificates are pieces of paper with ink upon them, and words spoken are sounding breath and there their worth begins and ends, in times and cases on which great issues hang, unless consistent with confessed facts, and we have moral confidence in those who spoke and wrote.

But some possible objections may be made to this conclusion. It may be said that the number of the swellings was decreased by the frictions and applications made by order of Desault, and that he may have been mistaken in his opinion as to the nature of the Dauphin's malady, or that it increased with an unusual rapidity during the last month of his life. Such objections can never be made by medical men, but it is necessary to guard against the possible difficulties of others. If the disease were scrofulous, all diminution of the tumors would imply diminution of the disease, unless, it manifested itself in some other place of which there is no intimation, and thus the first and the last supposition would be at entire variance. Again Desault was the most celebrated surgeon of the time in France, and it is not conceivable that he could have erred in opinion in a case of such importance, and if his opinion were correct, that in the beginning of May, scrofula had scarcely imprinted its seal on the constitution of the Dauphin; then it is a physical impossibility that it should attain its most advanced stage in a month, for scrofula, as I am professionally advised, is a disease most slow in its progress, beginning in the glands, progressing to the skin and articulations, and gradually taking possession of the intestines and vital organs, nor does it destroy life until the mastery over the last is complete. It would require years to bring about the state of things described in the procès verbal, as being presented at the autopsy of the asserted Dauphin, and the declaration of the physicians that the disease was of long standing concedes this.

Now, against evidence of this character, proving by undeniable physical differences, the non-identity of two bodies, no official recognition of identity based on mere casual observation, however positively declared, and however formally certified, can be of any

avall. Bodies change so much after death, in many cases, that nothing but the closest examination, with the desire to ascertain the truth, can afford grounds for a certain or even probable opinion. Four members of the committee of general safety, came to verify the death of the Prince, but they showed the greatest indifference and actually said the event was of no consequence. The officers and sub-officers of the guard of the Temple were afterwards admitted, and we are told, but *no documentary evidence is afforded of the fact*, that a great number of them recognized the body. But I am at once able to neutralize such testimony, if any should be inclined to attach importance to it, by proof exactly similar to his own. Mr. B. H. Muller, of Howard-st., New York, elsewhere alluded to in this article, and who authorizes me to refer to him, assured me in the presence of Mr. A. Fleming, that he was well acquainted with a person named Auvray, formerly an officer of the household of Louis XVI., and who though afterwards a republican, still retained his attachment to the Royal Family, and frequently saw the Prince at the Temple both in a civil and military capacity, having previously known him well at the Tuileries. Now Auvray declared to Muller that he was present when the body was exhibited to the officers of the garde national, and that *it was not the body of the Dauphin*.* I therefore meet hearsay with hearsay; neither being legal testimony, and one just as good as the other.

It seems necessary to suppose that the Dauphin was removed from the Temple after his last interview with Desault, and another boy of about the same age in the most advanced stage of scrofula introduced in his stead. In confirmation of this idea, let us look at certain undoubted facts.

Between May 30th and June 1st, there were only four persons who had any intercourse with the Prince, Desault, Bellanger, Lasne, and Gomin. The first who knew the Dauphin intimately, and who, as a noble and good man, could never have been brought to testify that he was dead when he knew him to be alive, died suddenly, as all Paris suspected, of poison, on 1st June. Bellanger was alone in the Dauphin's room for hours on the 31st May, under circumstances which show that he was seeking to gain the affections of the child. The keepers—one of whom was put in his place by an intriguer of Louis XVIII., the acting head of the royalist party, and the other who was a representative of the republican interest—present us with the very conjunction of

instruments necessary to carry out what was most desirable for both parties at that time, viz., to remove the child from the Temple to some place of distant and secure concealment. To put him to death, provided they could have summoned sufficient boldness for the commission of the act, was a thing which the two parties could hardly have been brought to unite in, and which, as they were mutually a check upon each other, neither, by itself, could have dared to perpetrate. It may, indeed, be said, that in the weak state in which the Dauphin was, there was no necessity to remove him, since death would soon have taken him out of the way without the commission of any positive crime beyond the prolongation of his confinement. But I reply that in the absence of any notes of Desault concerning the condition of the child, an omission which is remarkable, and can perhaps be accounted for in another way than by supposing that he left no memoranda; there is no evidence but that of Lasne and Gomin, on which no dependence can be placed, to show that his danger was so extreme as is represented. Besides which there was probably the commingling of persons actuated by the most opposite feelings, and the sincere desire to save his life may have influenced some, as the desire to get rid of him by exile, did others.

The precise mode by which the death of Desault was accomplished, or the agents employed, may never be known, but I think there will be few to deny the extreme probability that he was poisoned. Certainly death never occurred more opportunely. He knew the Dauphin well, and was convinced of the identity of the patient whom he was attending, with the son of Louis XVI. A personal attachment had grown up between them. Had he visited the Temple after M. Bellanger was there, he would have at once detected and exposed the imposition that had been practised. It would have been impossible to obtain from him a procès verbal, stating that the Dauphin was dead when he knew him to be alive; or even an indefinite document of the character furnished by Pelletan and his colleagues, which would, in fact, from him, have been worthless. They might shelter themselves under the plea of personal ignorance—he could not do so; and had he violated the principles of his moral nature, and disgraced himself in the eyes of the profession and the world, by the lame non-committalism that the commissaries assured him the dead body was that of the Dauphin, no one would have

* After the above was in type, we received the following paragraph, cut from the *New Jersey State Gazette*, of February 11, 1860, published at Trenton, N. J. It is given for what it is worth:—"It is stated in political circles as a fact, that about two years ago, a Frenchman, who had left his country on account of his principles, and resided at Philadelphia, affirmed that he was on the committee of surgeons who examined the body of the child said to be the Dauphin, and to have died of scrofula in the Temple; that having known the Prince while alive, on examining the face of the corpse (contrary to positive instructions), he perceived no resemblance, and was convinced that some artifice had been used to preserve the life of the young prince. The circumstance is related by gentlemen of credit, who received it two years ago, from the surgeon who was present at the dissection, and is therefore highly confirmative of the recent rumor that Louis XVII. was really saved from the prisons of the National Convention by an artifice of Sleyes, and is still in existence on the Continent."

believed him, and the deception would have immediately recoiled on the heads of its contrivers. Nor would it have answered to have dismissed him and appointed other examining physicians in his place, for the world would immediately have asked, Why is this? Why keep away from the body the man who knows the Dauphin, and substitute others who do not know him? A crisis had evidently arrived in those unscrupulous and bloody days, when either Desault must die, or the combined treachery of two hostile factions must be exposed, and all their plans and contrivances, and hopes for the future, come to nought. Can we think the moving agents in this dark drama would hesitate a moment between murder and utter discomfiture, or that they would lack the instruments to accomplish their resolves.

With respect to Bellanger, a few words are necessary, to which I would beg especially to call the attention of the reader. At the time that my previous article was written, Mr. Williams was not aware that any person named Bellanger was known historically to have been in communication with the Dauphin during the last hours spent in the Temple. He feared, and I believed, that Bellanger was an assumed name. On obtaining the work of M. Beauchesne, I discovered that Bellanger alone could have been the chief agent in the removal of the Prince, and the surprise of Mr. Williams at the discovery was as great as my own. Is it possible to account, on the ground of accidental coincidence for the agreement between the historical fact and the rumor, which, as I shall show, was undoubtedly prevalent in the South in 1848, that Bellanger, when dying, made the confession that he had brought the Dauphin to this country? It will, I trust, have the effect of stimulating inquiry concerning Bellanger, of whom many particulars must yet be discoverable. His portfolios and paintings may be in existence, and the evidence to be derived from them may be of the utmost importance, since as cabinet painter to Monsieur—i. e., to the Count de Provence, he can scarcely fail to have been his agent, and thus by the strongest probability we connect the uncle with the removal of the nephew.

As to Lasne and Gomin, if my reasoning on the evidence be sustained, no other sentence can be passed on them than that they lied knowingly to the end, and the solemnity of their falsehood is on a par with the credulity of M. Beauchesne. Perhaps they were taught to regard it as a religious duty thus to act, and superstition was strengthened by habit, worldly interest, and the too natural desire to preserve consistency to the last. It might be worth while to trace the future of these two men. Of Lasne we know nothing; but Gomin long remained in a lucrative situation about the person of Madame Royale.

M. Beauchesne, I conceive, has failed en-

tirely in establishing the proposition with which his work begins, and this labored production is a further instance of the weakness which must ever attach to every thing which is not founded in truth. His book, as I shall shortly show, is appealed to as authority by those who are interested in maintaining that the Dauphin died in the Temple in 1795, but what support they can derive from his lucubrations, the public must judge. "The literature of the book," says the London Athenæum, "constantly reminds us of the peculiar kind of style employed by a certain school of French writers in composing 'Lives of the Saints.' The same publishers have put forward a good number of legendary tales on subjects sacred and profane; and this work bears all the marks of its particular class."

And now before advancing further, it will be necessary to "define my position." There is a distinction too obvious to be overlooked between legal evidence, and evidence morally convincing, based upon a collection of dovetailing circumstances and carrying with it a very high degree of probability. To the first, as a pioneer in an untrodden field of mystery, I made no pretence. My object was simply to arrest attention and to excite inquiry. To enable the public to aid in this, I threw before it all which seemed to have a bearing on the subject, not as proof, but as collateral issues to be examined. Thus, the mode by which the education of Mr. Williams was defrayed, and the knowledge of his personality by De Ferrier and Le Ray, were not stated as proven facts, but as hypothetical inferences. But there were certain other statements which were of a very different nature, and which could only receive stronger confirmation as time and investigation proceeded. These were that Eleazer Williams is not an Indian, that he bears the most decided resemblance to the house of Bourbon, that members of that family have held communication with him under circumstances of the most suspicious character, that he is a sane man, and a good, honest, simple-minded, Christian man, and that he, with the fullest sense of responsibility to God and man, declares certain things.—Such was my original position, and I have yet found nothing to weaken, but much to confirm it.

I shall now proceed in as brief a manner as possible, to give the public every means of arriving at a correct judgment on this question, as far as it may be predicated from the existing condition of the evidence; and to this end I shall lay before it all the principal documents in my possession, correct all important errors of transcription and typography in my previous narrative, and intersperse the whole with such argument and explanation as may seem necessary. For mere senseless ridicule, I have no ear and no answer. To sound reasoning, from whatever quarter, I am prepared to respond, and when convinced to confess it.

Having arranged the circumstantial evi-

dence of all kinds under twenty-seven heads, I will for convenience cite such of them as are necessary, and accompany them with the required documents, arguments, and explanations.

1. The inquiry of the Prince de Joinville, on his arrival in this country, for Mr. Williams, and the interview.

The following is the letter from M. Touchard, of which a small portion has already been given :

*Aide de Camp de Service,
Auprès de M^r. le Prince de Joinville. }
Frigate la Belle Poule à New-York,
21 9bre (Novembre), 1841.**

MONSIEUR, — Je me suis empressé de mettre sous les yeux de Monsieur le Prince de Joinville, votre lettre datée du 25 8bre, avec les notes qui l'accompagnaient sur les premiers établissements Français au bord des grands lacs.

Son Altesse Royale me charge de vous remercier en son nom de votre obligeant et de votre aimable empressément. Il lira ces notes avec tout l'intérêt qui s'attache à vos recherches historiques faites sur le théâtre même où nos Français, ont laissé tant et d'honorable souvenirs.

Je suis heureux, Monsieur d'avoir à vous transmettre les remerciements de son Altesse Royale. Si jamais vous venez visiter notre France veuillez vous souvenir que S. A. R. vous reverrait avec plaisir.

Recevez, Monsieur, toutes les assurances de ma considération la plus distinguée,

Lieut. de Vaisseau V. TOUCHARD.

It seems necessary to make a few remarks on the foregoing document. From the journal of Mr. Williams it appears that the Prince de Joinville and his party left Green Bay, 20th Oct., 1841. Five days after this Mr. Williams addressed to the Prince a letter on some historical subjects connected with the early French settlements on the border of the great Lakes. This was doubtless at the request of the Prince de Joinville. Now I can imagine some one saying, "Eureka." The Prince went to Green Bay to make some historical inquiries of Mr. Williams and this gentleman has fabricated out of this harmless incident a demand to resign the throne of France. It would seem, I admit, that the Prince de Joinville desired to cover up under some such pretext the true nature of his abortive visit, and that Mr. Williams in his unsuspecting simplicity permitted himself to be caught in the snare. The reader will perceive from the following letter, addressed by M. Trognon, the secretary of the Prince de Joinville, to the London correspondent of Mr. Putnam after the receipt of the February number of the magazine, that this is the nature of the ground upon which the Prince has determined to take his stand. As this document is of the highest importance, and defines the position of the Prince, I will give both the original and a translation.

Claremont, Surrey, 9 Fevrier, 1853.

MONSIEUR, — Le Prince de Joinville, a reçu le

numéro du *Monthly Magazine* de New-York, que vous avez bien voulu lui transmettre, et a lu l'article sur lequel vous avez appelé son attention. Sa première pensée était de traiter avec l'indifférence qu'elle mérite, l'absurde invention qui fait le fond de cet article : mais en réfléchissant qu'un peu de vrai s'y trouve mêlé à beaucoup de faux, le Prince a cru qu'il était bon que je vous répondisse en son nom quelques lignes destinées à faire, au milieu de cet amas de faibles la part exacte de la vérité. Vous ferez, monsieur, de cette réponse l'usage qui vous paraîtra le plus convenable.

Il est très vrai que, dans un voyage qu'il fit aux Etats Unis vers la fin de l'année 1841, le Prince se trouvant à Mackinac, rencontra sur le bateau à vapeur un passager dont il croit reconnaître la figure dans le portrait donné par le *Monthly Magazine* mais dont le nom avait entièrement fui de sa mémoire. Ce passager semblait fort au courant des événements qui se sont accomplis dans l'Amérique du Nord pendant le siècle dernier. Il racontait une foule d'anecdotes et de particularités intéressantes sur les Français qui prirent part à ces événements et s'y distinguèrent. Sa mère était, disait-il, une Indienne appartenant à la grande peuplade des Iroquois fidèle alliée de la France il ajoutait que du côté paternel son origine était Française et allait jusqu'à citer un nom que le Prince s'abstient de rapporter. C'était là ce qui l'avait mis en possession de tant de détails curieux à entendre. Un de ces récits les plus attachants était celui qu'il faisait des derniers moments du Marquis de Montcalm, mort entre les bras d'un Iroquois non parent, à qui le vaillant capitaine avait laissé son épée. Les détails ne purent manquer d'intéresser vivement le Prince dont le voyage à Mackinac, à Green Bay et sur le Haut Mississippi avait pour objet surtout de rechercher la trace glorieuse des Français, qui les premiers ouvrirent à la civilisation ces belles contrées.

Le Prince pria M. Williams (puisque tel était le nom de son interlocuteur) de lui faire parvenir, sous forme de notes, tous les renseignements qu'il serait en mesure de se procurer, et qui pourraient jeter quelque jour sur l'histoire des établissements Français dans l'Amérique du Nord. De son côté M. Williams qui ne paraissait moins curieux de connaître à fond cette même histoire, demanda au Prince de lui transmettre tous les documents qui y étaient relatifs et qui devaient se trouver dans les archives du gouvernement Français.

Arrivé à Green Bay le Prince y fut retenu pendant une demi journée par le difficulté de se procurer le nombre de chevaux nécessaire au voyage qu'il allait entreprendre, M. Williams le pressa vivement de l'accompagner dans un *settlement* d'Indiens Iroquois établis près de Green Bay, chez qui disait-il se conservait encore le souvenir de leurs Pères d'Orient et qui accueilleraient avec bonheur le fils du Grand Chef de la France. Le Prince déclina cette offre, et poursuivit son voyage.

Depuis lors, quelques lettres ont été échangées entre M. Williams et les personnes attachées au Prince, au sujet des documents dont il vient d'être question. Ainsi la lettre de M. Touchard citée dans l'article du *Monthly Magazine* doit être authentique M. Williams aurait pu également en produire une que je me souviens de lui avoir écrite pour le même objet.

Mais là finit ce que l'article contient de vrai sur les relations du Prince avec M. Williams. Tout le reste, tout ce que a trait à la révélation que le Prince aurait faite à M. Williams, du mystère de sa naissance, tout ce qui concerne le prétendu personnage de Louis XVII, est d'une bout à l'autre une œuvre d'imagination, une

* Printed October in my first statement.

* There is no mystery in regard to this name, as the Prince's words would seem to imply. Mr. Williams spoke of Col. Bougainville, afterwards the French circumnavigator, as a supposed connection of his mother's family.

fabile grossièrement tissu, une speculation sur la crédulité publique faite on ne sait à quel propos et dans quel but. Si par hazard, quelques uns des lecteurs du *Monthly Magazine* étaient disposés à y avouer créance il faudrait les engager à faire venir de Paris un livre qui vient d'y être tout récemment publié par M. de Beauchêne fils y trouveraient, sur la vie et la mort de l'infortuné Dauphin, du vrai Louis XVII. les détails les plus circonstanciés et les plus positifs. Il me reste à vous offrir en même temps l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

AUG. TROGNON,
Ancien précepteur et secrétaire des commandements du Prince de Joinville.

Claremont, Surrey, Feb. 9, 1858.

Sir,—The Prince de Joinville, has received the number of the *Monthly Magazine*, of New-York, which you have kindly thought fit to transmit to him, and has read the article to which you have called his attention. His first thought was, to treat with the indifference which it deserves, the absurd invention on which this article is founded—but on reflecting that a little truth is there mixed with much falsehood, the Prince has deemed it right that I should in his name, give a few lines in reply, to show the exact portion of truth there is in this mass of fables.

"You can make, sir, of this reply, the use which you think proper.

"It is very true, that in a voyage which he made to the United States, towards the end of the year 1841, the Prince finding himself at Mackinac, met on board the steamboat, a passenger whose face he thinks he recognises, in the portrait given in the *Monthly Magazine*, but whose name had entirely escaped his memory.

"This passenger seemed well informed concerning the history of North America during the last century. He related many anecdotes and interesting particulars concerning the French who took part, and distinguished themselves in those events. His mother he said was an Indian woman, of the great tribe of the Iroquois, faithful allies of France. He added, that on his father's side, his origin was French, and went so far as to cite a name which the Prince abstains from repeating. It was by this means that he had come in possession of so many details curious to hear. One of the most interesting of these recitals was that which he gave of the last moments of the Marquis de Montcalm, who died in the arms of an Iroquois, who was his relative, and to whom the great captain had left his sword. These details could not fail vividly to interest the Prince, whose voyage to Mackinac, Green Bay, and the Upper Mississippi, had for its object to retrace the glorious path of the French, who had first opened to civilization these fine countries. The Prince asked Mr. Williams, since such was the name of his interlocutor, to send to him in the form of notes, all the information which he could procure, and which could throw light upon the history of the French establishments in North America. On his side Mr. Williams, who did not appear less curious to understand thoroughly this same history, asked the Prince to transmit to him all the documents which related to it, and which could be found in the archives of the French government.

"On his arrival at Green Bay, the Prince was detained during half a day, by the difficulty of procuring the number of horses necessary for the journey, which he was about to undertake. Mr. Williams pressed him earnestly to accompany him to a settlement of Iroquois Indians, established near Green Bay, among whom, he said, were still many who remembered their Eastern fathers, and who would receive with delight, the son of the Great Chief of France. The Prince declined this offer, and pursued his journey.

"Since then, some letters have been exchanged between Mr. Williams and the persons attached to the Prince, on the subject of the documents in question. Thus the letter of M. Touchard, cited in the article of the *Monthly Magazine*, must be authentic. Mr. Williams could also equally have produced one which I remember to have written to him upon the same subject.

"But there ends all which the article contains of truth, concerning the relations of the Prince with Mr. Williams. All the rest, all which treats of the revelation which the Prince made to Mr. Williams, of the mystery of his birth, all which concerns the pretended personage of Louis XVII., is from one end to the other a work of the imagination, a fable woven wholesale, a speculation upon the public credulity. If by chance, any of the readers of the *Monthly Magazine* should be disposed to avow belief in it, they should procure from Paris a book which has been very recently published by M. Beauchêne. They will there find concerning the life and death of the unfortunate Dauphin, the most circumstantial and positive details. It remains for me to repeat to you, sir, that you can make of this letter such use as you may judge proper, and to offer to you at the same time, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

"Signed, AUG. TROGNON.

Former preceptor, and secretary for the commands of the Prince de Joinville."

This letter has arrived just as my article was going to the press, and I have to stop the printer while I briefly consider it. It is a reply to the statement of Mr. Williams, formal, definite, official. I am glad that the necessity of making such a response was immediately felt. My object in the former article was to call it out. As the friend of Mr. Williams, I cannot permit the imputations which are cast on him, in the letter of M. Trognon, to pass unnoticed. For the Prince I feel the respect to which he may be entitled; but when the question comes to one of veracity between man and man, statements must be weighed according to their inherent worth, and not according to the name of those who make them. The word of a Prince, with political interests to sustain, is certainly no better than that of a clergyman who has his all both in this life and the next at stake. If the Prince had read my article carefully, he would have perceived the dangerous nature of the ground on which he stands. Having unequivocally, through his secretary, charged Mr. Williams with falsehood and the wholesale manufacture of fables, I must hold him to the rigid letter of his own statements. M. Trognon was at a loss to know for what purpose my article was written, and to what end. The purpose was, the discovery of truth; the end, the righting of wrong.

Now the Prince de Joinville represents himself, not only forgetful of the name of Mr. Williams, but ascribes to chance his meeting with him. "Finding himself at Mackinac, he met on a steamer a passenger." The *suppressio veri* is the *suggestio falsi*. And from the ground which he has taken I cannot permit him to move. *The Prince de Joinville, it can easily be proved, sought the interview with Mr. Williams. There was*

no accident in the meeting. He was rather young at that time as a diplomatist, and permitted the world to know too much of his errand. The following testimony, from respectable American gentlemen, is decisive:

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN SHOOK.
TO THE REV. J. L. HANSON.

Huron, February 9, 1858.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 4th inst., together with the February number of "Putnam's Monthly," came duly to hand. It gives me great pleasure to communicate any thing, and all I know, of what took place between the Prince de Joinville and the Rev. Eleazer Williams, upon the steamer Columbus, from Mackinac to Green Bay. I have carefully read your article in the Monthly, and so far as matters relating to me go, the Rev. gentleman has stated things truly. I have a very vivid and distinct recollection of the introduction of the Prince to the Rev. Mr. Williams, and of the apparent surprise manifested by the Prince on the occasion, and furthermore, could not but wonder myself, why he should pay to the humble and unpretending Indian missionary, such pointed and polite attention. I have long known the Rev. Mr. Williams, and seen much of him in our voyages up and down the Lakes, and have always found him an amiable, upright, and gentlemanly man, and to be relied upon in any statement he may make. I would again repeat, that what he has stated in relation to me is literally true. If I have not met your mind in this reply, please to write again, and put the matter to me in the form of questions. You say, "I believe that the Prince gave to you a gold snuff-box upon the occasion." He did, and I prize it highly.

If you need an affidavit on the subject, I am willing and ready to give it. With sentiments of high regard I am yours,

JOHN SHOOK.

The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. George S. Raymond—Editor of the Northern Light, Hallowell, Maine—dated March 1, 1853, and addressed to Mr. Putnam.

"I am acquainted with many of the circumstances connected with the Prince de Joinville's visit to Green Bay, his meeting with Mr. Williams, &c., having been myself a fellow-passenger with the Prince during the whole of his Lake tour. At that time I was an officer in the Brazilian service, and came home to the United States to visit a brother, then a resident at Fort Howard near Green Bay. I joined the Joinville party in New-York, travelled with it to Green Bay, and, during several conversations with the Prince, heard him express a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams and have an interview with him."

An Editorial having appeared in the Buffalo Courier, stating that the writer had heard the Prince making inquiries respecting Mr. Williams, I addressed a letter of inquiry to the Editors of that paper, from one of whom, Mr. Jas. O. Brayman, I received a reply, dated Buffalo, March 4, 1858, from which I make the following extract:

"In the fall of 1841, I took steamboat at Cleveland for Detroit. The Prince de Joinville and company were on board, having come up from Buffalo. There were also several gentlemen of French descent from Detroit, aboard. In the evening, while sitting in the cabin, the Prince conversed freely—part of the time in French, and part in English. While conversing with the late Col. Beaubien, he made the inquiries concern-

ing Mr. Williams, and spoke of his intention of visiting him at Green Bay. Col. B., who had, I believe, been an Indian trader, knew Mr. W. well, personally or by reputation, and replied to the Prince as to his whereabouts and his occupation. The Prince inquired as to his personal bearing, and asked various general questions concerning him, and had the appearance of considerable earnestness in his inquiries. The conversation continued some minutes, and concluded by the Prince remarking, 'I shall see him before I return.' This matter has slept in my memory, and having been called up by the late discussions, is not very distinct as to particulars; the general features, however, are as fresh in my mind as an occurrence of yesterday. I have a relative who was some years a teacher in the Indian Mission School at Green Bay. I have heard her relate the circumstance of the visit of the Prince de Joinville to Mr. Williams as something involving much of mystery, and that it for a while produced a marked and observable change in Mr. W.'s conduct. He appeared abstracted at times, and excited as by some great emotion. She remarked that the Prince treated him with more than ordinary deference and consideration, for which she could not account at the time."

The editors of the Buffalo Courier and of the Northern Light show that, long before the Prince got into the neighborhood of Mackinac, he was inquiring about Mr. Williams. Capt. Shook confirms entirely all the statements of Mr. Williams in which he is concerned. It is then a fact that not once, but several times, during the journey from New-York to Green Bay, he had inquired of a variety of persons concerning Mr. Williams, and that, when he saw him he showed surprise and agitation, and paid him such unusual attention that it is remembered vividly by eye-witnesses after the lapse of twelve years. More testimony, of various kinds, can be obtained to prove the fact, that the Prince went to Green Bay to see Mr. Williams, and not to make historical researches. And yet the Prince, who knew his name so well before he ever saw him, and whose memory is so very faithful concerning every thing which he thinks will make against him, now declares that the meeting was accidental, and that his name has escaped his memory. But, in many respects, his statements are important. The Prince says he acknowledged himself the son of an Indian woman. This shows how erroneous are the misrepresentations in many circles which have charged him with having had a monomania of twenty years' standing, that he was the Dauphin, and confirms by the authority of the Prince, the statement of Mr. Williams that up to this time he considered himself of Indian parentage. As to his being of French extraction on the father's side, Mr. Williams never could have said that, unless he intended to accuse his supposed mother of infidelity, which it is not likely he would have done to a stranger. The Williams family are of English origin. There was a surmise that his mother had French blood in her veins, but it was some generations back. Again: The nature of a great part of the conversations between Mr. Williams and the

Prince, on the steamer, are in substance confirmed; and thus all which Mr. Williams has stated is authenticated, on one hand or the other, except what occurred in the private interview. Here no one but themselves and God are witnesses. But, inasmuch as the letter from the Prince proves him not to be trustworthy in matters open and evident, there is no reason why we should give him credence in those which are secret. The reference to Beauchene is unfortunate, and proves to my mind that there was a special necessity for the publication of such a work. It is curious that the very copy which I have reviewed was left by some person unknown, in the room of Mr. Williams, at Washington, with an anonymous note, begging his acceptance of it, "though the personal might give him pain."

Let any one trace on a map the route of the Prince, and ask himself whether historical researches would be likely to take any man to a place like Green Bay, lying off the direct line of travel, leading nowhere, and having in its neighborhood no important memorials of the French. His natural course when at Mackinac, would have been either to go through the Saut Ste. Marie, to Lake Superior, the shores of which are crowded with mementoes of his countrymen, or to follow the track of La Salle and Hennepin down Lake Michigan to Chicago. Green Bay is a small town in the wilderness, having a palisade fort, and surrounded by a few Indian settlements. There is no historical attraction about it, and the Prince confesses as much by saying that a delay in procuring horses was the sole cause of his staying there even half a day, and declining an opportunity of meeting the neighboring Indians. It is true that Marquette was at Green Bay, but if the Prince had desired to follow his footsteps, he should have pursued the Fox River westerly, and not gone directly south to Galena. On the sixth of the next month, he was at St. Louis, so that his historical researches on the Upper Mississippi could not have been very laborious or profound.

Again, the whole of his account is made to tally with the fundamental misrepresentation that the meeting with Mr. Williams was accidental. Now we know that it was not accidental; that it is an established fact that he went to Green Bay to see him; that he repeatedly and earnestly inquired after him, and can have no reasonable doubt that had Mr. Williams resided in any other place than Green Bay, he would equally have sought him out. But the account of the Prince contains nothing to meet the requirements of that fact. That fact demands that de Joinville should have had some object in seeking an interview with Mr. Williams. It is impossible to evade this. Nor is such object apparent in the Prince's statement, nay, is studiously kept out of sight; and though he solemnly declares that he states the whole truth, yet it is undeniable that he omits

the most important portion of the history of the interview—and not only omits it, but precludes himself by the coloring which he has put on the transaction, from framing any substitute for the simple truth hereafter. But from Mr. Williams we learn why the Prince so particularly inquired after him, and so earnestly sought him out; and I assert and will maintain it, that herein he is entitled to the benefit of all the probabilities, physical, historical, and circumstantial, which tend to confirm the truth of his account. In other words, if there were no such evidence to sustain him, his cause would be by so much the weaker; but every iota of testimony which makes it probable that he is the Dauphin, increases the probability that he tells the truth concerning the facts of his interview with de Joinville; and yet some will say, the Prince denies the revelation asserted, and therefore Mr. Williams spoke untruly. I say there is no *therefore* about it, and defy any one to prove that there is. Why should there be? Because de Joinville is a Prince—the descendant of the Regent Orleans, and of Philip Egalité! The opinion of the *New-York Daily Times* is far more sensible: it predicted the course which the Prince would take, and the reasons which would actuate him. "If the story be true," it says, "neither the Bourbon nor the Orleans family have any justification before the world for the cruelty of suppressing the truth, always well known to them, for more than half a century, in order to enjoy the inheritance of the legitimate but exiled king. They will be considered as usurpers, not of the property of a stranger, or of an enemy, but of one of their own household; one whose misfortunes, if not his rights, entitled him to consideration. It will prove to have been a conspiracy of a race against one of its members; a royal conspiracy to defraud. And it is scarcely likely that de Joinville will readily corroborate a tale which must sentence the Bourbons of either branch to infamy." But I have not yet adduced all the testimony to disprove an accidental meeting; Americans have testified, let Frenchmen speak:—

A gentleman of my acquaintance, whose name is at the service of any inquirer, was, in the year 1846, informed at Brest, by one of the officers who accompanied the Prince de Joinville to Green Bay, that there seemed something mysterious in that trip, for that they had met in the backwoods of America, an old man among the Indians, who had very much of the Bourbon aspect, and who was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI. Now, Mr. Williams could not, before the Prince's visit, have spoken of himself as such, for he thought, on the Prince's own testimony, he was the son of an Indian woman. There was no such report current concerning him, to the knowledge of his most intimate friends, and the story must have originated in the party of the Prince, and shows which

way their thoughts were tending. Mr. Williams informs me that the officers of the Prince's retinue asked several of the townspeople if they knew who he was, and on the reply being given that he was an Indian preacher, they said, "He is no Indian—he is something more." The letter of the Prince shows the necessity of further, deeper, and more systematic inquiry, and I trust that the world will not permit investigation on a point of such historic importance to be stifled, when all antecedents, physical and evidential, are in favor of Mr. Williams, and the mere inconsistent *ipse dixit* of a Prince against him.

As to the letter of Mr. Thomas L. Ogden, spoken of in my previous article, I may remark that this gentleman was the legal adviser of Mr. Williams, with respect to certain Indian claims, and the information respecting the Prince de Joinville was contained in a simple clause in a business letter, which has not yet been found. But I am authorized by Dr. John Ogden, son of Mr. T. L. Ogden, to say that he has known Mr. Williams intimately many years, and places the fullest confidence in his integrity and simplicity of character, and has no doubt, both on that account, and from the close business relations which subsisted between him and his father, that his statement is correct; and Mr. Richard L. Ogden also assures me that, provided Le Ray de Chaumont was in the secret, it would have been entirely unnatural for the Prince de Joinville to have applied to any other man than his father in America, for information concerning Mr. Williams, as he was legal adviser also of Le Ray, who was well acquainted with the business relations which existed between Mr. Ogden and Mr. Williams, and would necessarily refer the Prince to the former.

"3. That Bellanger, in 1848, confessed, when dying, that he brought the Dauphin to this country."

The reader will bear in mind the proof already given that this was the name of the person who, historically, is most likely to have been the agent of the Dauphin's escape, and that this fact was entirely unknown to Mr. Williams until a few days past. Mr. Williams, it has been stated, heard of his dying confession through Mr. Kimball, of Baton Rouge, in the spring of 1848. M. Arpin, editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, told me in the presence of Mr. Williams, and of several other gentlemen, that he was at New Orleans in the early part of the year 1848, and that he heard then a report that the Dauphin was alive and among the Indians, and that since he has been in New-York, he has seen a paragraph in a Louisiana or St. Louis paper, containing the confession of Bellanger. Mr. A. Fleming, of this city, remembers also to have seen a similar paragraph in a Southern paper. I shall now transcribe the journal of Mr. Williams, written on the reception of Mr. Kimball's letter, in which the reader

will observe Bellanger is not mentioned by name. This is an instance of the loose way in which Mr. Williams kept his journal, which makes no pretence to minute accuracy, and was written without the remotest idea of publication. In his letters, however, for years he has mentioned Bellanger by name.

"Green Bay, March 10. In the letter I have received from Mr. Thos. Kimball, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, my curiosity is somewhat excited, and it may be a novel news.

"He states that the information he received from a respectable gentleman was such a startling news with him, as to induce him to communicate the intelligence to the person who was the subject of it, and with whom he was acquainted. He states by the death (in January last) of an aged and respectable French gentleman, either in New Orleans or Helena, that he made disclosures at the last hours of his life, that he was the person who aided in the escape of the Dauphin, or the son of Louis XVI, King of France, from the Temple in 1795; his transportation to North America; and his adoption among the Indians: all this that he may live and be hidden, and live beyond the reach of his enemies, who had been murderers of his royal parents; and that the person alluded to as the Dauphin is no other than the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the Missionary to the Oneida Indians; and that the gentleman who had the principal agency in the escape of the Dauphin, was strictly and solemnly bound by the meramental oath of the Roman Catholic Church never to disclose, particularly in Europe, of the descent or family of the royal youth whom he was about to convey to North America; and that it was not until he saw himself drawing near to a close of his earthly career, that he would disclose the secret which had been locked up in his bosom for half a century; and that he would do this the more cheerfully now, without infringing his conscience, because he was in America, and that it may be a benefit to his most dear, beloved, but unfortunate friend, the Dauphin; in uttering the last his whole frame was agitated, and shed abundance of tears; and that near one of his last exclamations was, O the Dauphin! may he be happy and be restored!

"The intelligence is so improbable it had no weight nor consideration with me; and thinking at the same time there may be mistake as to the person, I shall wait patiently the meaning of all this for a further information from Mr. Kimball upon this new and mysterious subject.

"March 13. Went to Green Bay, and dined with the Rev. Mr. Porter, and had a long conference with Judge Aldin respecting the Oneidas, with whom he is at war in relation to some lumber which he had purchased.

"March 15. Went to the Sugar camp with Mr. Wartmen to make some inquiries. This is a beautiful day, and it was delightful to be among the lofty pines.

"March 16. Received some letters from my friends in Oneida, in one of which I am informed that my father is in a feeble state of health.

"March 18. I wrote to-day to the Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of Boston, in which I recapitulated the intelligence I had received from Mr. Kimball, in relation to the Dauphin of France. On mature reflection upon the subject, I must confess the news is becoming more startling with me. It is true that I have no recollection of my existence in the world until the age of 13 or 14: what passed with me previous I am unable to decipher. Since my recollection is perfect, there are some incidents connected with my life, I must confess, which are strange, and which I am unable to reconcile with each other. The suspicion is

the minds of some that I am not the son of Thomas Williams may be mistaken, and the story of Van Derheyden of Albany, in 1814, has created in my mind an idea that I may be an adopted child, as I find the Iroquois have adopted more than 16 persons of both sexes of the Canadian origin.

"March 24. I have written to Mr. L. of Boston, and sent the letters containing the mysterious news in relation to my origin. Although this melancholy subject was communicated to me in 1841, and now again, it is renewed and brought before me from another quarter, I may truly say, that as often as the subject is brought to the mind the eyes of the afflicted man are filled with tears.

"Yes, in 1841, when the awful intelligence was communicated to me, my blood seemed to chill and my heart to rush into my throat, and I became affected in a manner which I now find it difficult to describe. May I humbly submit to the will of Heaven. O for more grace and Christian resignation!

"March 27. Last evening there were several of the Oneidas lodged at my house, who made great inquiries after the history of the primitive church. They were referred to the day of Pentecost, and dwelt largely upon it. They were very thankful for the instruction.

"March 28. Went to Grand Kakalin, called upon Mr. Grigor, and dined with him, and soon Governor Doty joined with us.

"This evening I am invited to go to the Oneida settlement, to attend the funeral of one of the warrior chiefs. He was a communicant April 8. Went to Green Bay, and was at the Fort, and had a long conversation with —. He is an infidel. May the Lord show him the error of his ways.

"I have had many such people to deal with."

In the foregoing journal, Mr. Williams alludes to having written twice to the Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of Boston, in relation to the communication from the South. Learning that Mr. Leavitt is now a resident in New-York, I called on him, and inquired what he remembered on the subject. He kindly gave me the required information, and wrote me two letters, from which I extract the following:

"During my residence in Boston, from 1842 to 1848 inclusive, I was in correspondence with Mr. Eleazer Williams, and was visited by him several times, partly for relationship and partly on a matter of business, in which he wished my assistance. In the spring of the year 1843, I received from Mr. Williams one or two letters, in one of which was contained a statement concerning the decease of an old Frenchman, who declared that the Dauphin of France was still living and in this country. This statement I procured to be printed in a small daily paper in Boston, called the *Chronotype*, where it appeared on the 12th April, 1848. In the autumn of the same year, Mr. Williams called on me, and greatly astonished me by saying that he himself was the supposed Dauphin. He seemed much disturbed and distressed about the matter, and even terrified at the possible consequences of the disclosure, and I thought wished not to have any further publication on the subject if it could be avoided. He also expressed the regret he should feel in losing his cherished relationship to the Williams family, and declared that he should always feel towards them an unabated affection."

In the other letter, Mr. Leavitt, speaking of the disclosure made to him in the autumn of 1848, says that Mr. Williams "remarked, with sadness, on the disquiet the

affair had caused him, interfering with his chosen work of the ministry, and even filling him with alarm for his personal safety." In his distress of mind, it was natural for him to apply to Mr. Leavitt, as this gentleman is connected by marriage with the Williams family, and had shown him much kindness in his troubles. A slip from the *Chronotype*, of April 12, 1848, is before me, containing the statement referred to, which is nearly literal in its agreement with the journal of Mr. Williams, except that the portion relating to himself is omitted, and the Island of Cuba is referred to in connection with Bellanger, which may probably have arisen from confounding the word *Helena* with *Havana*. This journal throws a curious light on the workings of Mr. Williams's mind. Deeply affected at first by the revelation of the Prince, he seems, in course of time, to have learned to treat the subject with indifference. It appeared to him entirely improbable. But the same tale comes from another quarter; and the first impression having faded away, it is looked upon as a novelty, and has no weight with him. Slowly his mind gathers itself up; awakens its recollections; renews its impressions; combines things widely separated, whose connection it did not at first perceive; and then anxiety begins, and he has recourse to a friend for advice; timidly unfolds to him his griefs and his apprehensions, and wishes to hush the affair up lest it should injure him.

4. That the French ambassador Genet in the presence of Dr. Francis and others, acknowledged that the Dauphin was both alive and in this country, and in the State of New-York in 1817.

I am happy to be able to confirm in the fullest manner, the statement of Dr. Francis by the authority of Dr. Hoesack, and of the family of the late ambassador, from whom I learn that his decided opinion was that the Dauphin was alive and in this country, and an article in the *Mirror* relates literally many particulars mentioned to me by Dr. Francis, as having been stated by Genet in connection with the main fact.

6. As to Col. de Ferrier, during the reign of Louis XVIII., he went to France, carrying four Indians with him, and previous to leaving this country, he obtained from Mr. Williams, three separate signatures to certain documents, ostensibly by way of attestation, and one of these Indians told Mr. Williams on his return, that he had been introduced into the presence of some person of distinction, whose name he did not know, and asked many questions concerning the condition of things at Oneida, and among others who was the religious teacher of the Indians, to which he replied, Eleazer Williams,—he was further asked if he was certain that he was there, and on his answering in the affirmative, was dismissed. The journey of de Ferrier to France, is a well-known fact, and also that after this he was in frequent correspond-

ence with the court. The rest I state on the authority of Mr. Williams.

9. That the name of Eleazer Williams is not in the baptismal register at Caughnawaga, is proved by the following extract from a private letter of Hon. Phineas Atwater, formerly Indian Agent, to me, dated Dec. 1, 1852.

"In a conversation between myself and Rev. Francis Marcon, priest at St. Regis, he told me the circumstances of Mr. Williams' birth; that when he was born he was so weak that it was thought he would not survive many hours, and that he was taken immediately by an Indian man to the priest for baptism; and from those circumstances his name was not recorded in the baptismal register. The fact that the name of Eleazer is not in the register of births and baptisms Marcon admitted, and gave this statement as the reason. His reputed mother was living at St. Regis at my last information, said to be more than 90 years old. She cannot speak English, and of course is entirely under the control and influence of the priest, who is prejudiced and bitter against Williams, on account of his being a Protestant minister, and also in relation to some pecuniary matters in which he has been engaged with the nation. They fear him. The priest and chiefs endeavor to prevent any intercourse between him and the tribe. I have never heard any thing derogatory to the character of Mr. Williams touching his integrity or moral character and habits."

10. That he has none of the characteristics of an Indian. 11. That he closely resembles Louis XVIII.

The person of Mr. Williams has during a few weeks past, been so closely and curiously examined by gentlemen of the highest intelligence in the community, that it may seem needless to say another word upon either of the above heads. But for the satisfaction of those at a distance, and as important for future historic reference, I give the following letter, which will explain itself, from M. Fagnani.

New-York, Feb. 14, 1853.

Rev. John H. Hanson:

"MY DEAR SIR,—In complying with your request to inform you of my impressions with regard to the identity of the Rev. Mr. Williams and Louis XVII, the Dauphin of France, and what acquaintance I have of the peculiar lineaments of the Bourbon race, I must premise by informing you that of the immediate family of Louis XVI I know nothing, beyond having seen the original portraits of them at Versailles; but with the features of the Sicilian and Spanish Bourbons, who are closely allied by intermarriage as well as blood, with those of France, and strongly resemble them, I have been familiar from childhood. To enumerate those whose portraits I have painted, beside having seen and known many others, I may mention the Dowager Queen of Naples, mother of the present King Ferdinand II.; the Prince of Capua, and Count of Trapana, brothers of the King, and grandsons of Caroline, sister of Marie Antoinette; Queen Christina of Spain, widow of Ferdinand VII.; Isabella II, the reigning Queen of Spain; and her sister, the Duchess of Montpensier; and two daughters of the Infant Don Francis de Paul, uncle to Queen Isabella. Of the House of Hapsburg I have painted the portraits of the Arch-Duke Charles, brother of the Emperor Francis II.; and the Arch-Duchess Augusta, daughter of Leopold, the present Grand Duke of Tuscany. From the particular examination an artist must necessarily make of his sitters,

many points strike him which would escape a more superficial observer. In painting the portrait of Mr. Williams, I noticed many of the peculiar characteristics which are developed in a greater or less degree in most of the princes of the House of Bourbon whose portraits I have taken. When I first saw Mr. Williams, I was more particularly impressed with his resemblance to the portraits of Louis XVI and XVIII.; and the general Bourbonic outline of his face and head. As I conversed with him, I noticed several physiological details which rendered the resemblance to the family more striking. The upper part of the face is decidedly of a Bourbon cast, while the mouth and lower part resemble the House of Hapsburg. I also observed, to my surprise, that many of his gestures were similar to those peculiar to the Bourbon race.

"Had I met Mr. Williams, unconscious that he was in any way other than his name would indicate, I should immediately have spoken of his likeness to the Bourbon family; and although a resemblance of the kind might possibly be an accidental freak of nature, still taken in connection with the facts you have brought before the public, and the quantity of corroborative testimony adduced, it leaves no doubt in my mind of the very great probability that Mr. Williams and the Dauphin are the same person. Hoping that this interesting historical problem may be speedily and satisfactorily solved, I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours,
GUEPPE FAGNANI."

In addition to this I may add that M. B. H. Muller, a French artist in New-York, who was a pupil of David and of Gros, and is intimately acquainted with the lineaments of the Bourbons, having taken a crayon sketch of Louis XVIII. after death, was at once struck with the remarkable likeness to the royal family of France, and identified the color of Mr. Williams' eyes, bright hazel, with those of the Dauphin, having frequently seen authentic portraits of him in France. But it happens that there is an excellent portrait of the Dauphin in the Bryan Gallery in Broadway, for the authenticity of which Mr. Bryan pledges himself, having purchased it at the sale of the collection of M. Proustean de Montlouis, in Paris, in 1851. This gentleman was a Royalist, and enjoyed a high reputation as a connoisseur and collector, and his name is sufficient guarantee that whatever came from his collection is genuine. In this portrait the eyes are precisely of the same color as those of Mr. Williams, and not blue, as has sometimes been asserted of the Dauphin; the lower part of the face, jaw, and lips, which are the least changeable portions, might even now serve as a representation of Mr. Williams; and the nose is sufficient evidence that the Dauphin would have been an exception to his race, and never have had a strongly marked aquiline nose.

"That the various marks upon his body correspond exactly with those known to have been on the body of the Dauphin."

The correspondence is far closer than I imagined when I wrote this. In the article I had stated, in agreement with Mr. Williams' declaration, that there were scrofulous marks on the knees and on no other part of the body. A hasty examination also had been made by two physicians, without

consultation, and it was supposed the marks on the knees were scrofulous. On referring to Beauchêne, I found it necessary for the identity of the Dauphin, that there should be the scars of tumors also on the wrists and elbows, and asked permission of Mr. Williams to examine his arms, when I found them in the spots indicated, though he himself had not observed them. I then obtained a formal examination of his person by Drs. Francis, Kissam, and Gerondelo, who, after consultation, and without knowing Desault's opinion, that the Dauphin was not affected with scrofula, came to a similar conclusion with respect to the origin of the scars on the body of Mr. Williams, as the reader will perceive from their certificates below.

New-York, February 12, 1838.

REV. MR. HANSON: Dear Sir:—We respectfully inclose to you the following statement as the result of an examination made at your request. The physical development of Mr. Eleazer Williams, is that of a robust European, accustomed to exercise, exposure to the open air, and indicative of the benefit of generous diet, and a healthy state of the digestive organs. He might readily be pronounced of French blood. His general appearance and bearing are of a superior order: his countenance in repose is calm and benignant: his eyes hazel, expressive and brilliant, and his whole contour when animated indicates a sensitive and impressive organization. His cerebral development is nowise noticeable, and his mental manifestations are in harmony therewith. If any peculiarity is predominant, it is his apparent indifference to the pretensions or claims of his advocates. There are no traces of the aboriginal or Indian in him. Ethnology gives no countenance to such a conclusion. This fact is verified by anatomical examination, and no unsoundness of mind or monomania has been manifested, by any circumstance evinced in communion with him. His age might be estimated as approaching seventy years. After a careful examination of the several cicatrices which are to be seen in various parts of the surface of his body, more especially those discernible about the articulations of the knees, we are fully convinced that the joints themselves are in a perfectly normal condition, and that they have never been affected by scrofula or any deep-seated inflammation. The scars which are more numerous on the right than on the left leg, are colorless and superficial, indicating an ulcerative process of the integuments at an early period of life: these marks show no stromous diathesis, but might equally be the result of early bodily severities inflicted by, or consequent upon a protracted confinement in impure or deteriorated air, restricted or bad diet, and other deprivations, or by the habits of a wandering and imbecile youth amidst the wilds of nature. The remnants of diseased action found on the arms, above the elbows and about the wrists, though less conspicuous are of a like character. The face in the vicinity of the brows both of the right and left eye, exhibits proofs of wounds. These manifestations of injury cannot so easily be traced to a definite period of life, inasmuch as they are in some measure masked by the eyebrows themselves: but they partake of the character of incised or lacerated wounds. The cicatrix on the superior part of the right side of the forehead being somewhat more than an inch in extent, would appear to have originated from a simple incised wound.

With all consideration, your most obedient friends,

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D.
RICH'D. S. KISSAM, M.D.

REV. J. H. HANSON.

New-York, February 12th, 1838.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—You have requested me as the medical adviser of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, to render an account of his personal characteristics, and the marks of former disease visible on his body. He has a lofty aspect, strongly marked outline of figure, obviously European complexion and a slight tinge of scrofulous diathesis. His age seems to border on seventy—his share of native intellect is above mediocrity, and his mind, sound in its integrity and pertinent in judgment, is as unassuming as his heart is cordial and affectionate. The limit of his ambition appears to be faithfully to fulfil his mission as a minister of Christ. The scars I have examined are located on both knees, particularly on the right—both elbows corresponding in character with those on the lower articulations—and both arms near the wrists, more obscure than the former. They must all have occurred in childhood—and, particularly those about the knees and elbows, are such as would be left by ulcers, produced by a morbid condition of the system brought on by unwholesome diet, exposure to damp foul air, and great depression of mind. They are in no sense scrofulous, but might have been accelerated, perhaps slightly aggravated by a superficial taint of that particular diathesis. With a sincere hope you may succeed in settling the question which the most palpable facts have propounded,—I remain, very respectfully, yours truly,

B. GERONDELO, M.D.

"20. That Williams was idiotic at the age of thirteen or fourteen."

"21. That the Dauphin, at the age of ten, was reduced to the same condition by ill treatment."

"22. That since the recovery of his reason, faint, dreamy remembrances of the past have returned to the mind of Mr. W., corresponding to known scenes in the Dauphin's history."

In using the word "idiot," with reference to Mr. Williams, I failed in strictness of speech; but my meaning was sufficiently evident. A cloud rests upon his early life, which he has never been able to lift. Memory goes back with distinctness no further than to the plunge in Lake George. Previous to that he has some vague notion of the Indians roasting chestnuts at Christmas time, of lying on a carpet with his head leaning against the silk dress of a lady, of being in a room where there were persons magnificently dressed, and seeing troops exercising in a garden; but all these recollections have a faint, dreamy, and intangible character. A highly respectable lady, who was a school-mate of his, and who has signed a certificate of the facts, though too sensitive to permit her name to appear without necessity in print, tells me that, when a boy, Williams was fair and sprightly, and her father used frequently to say he looked more like a Frenchman than an Indian. One day he came in heated with exercise, and with the perspiration standing on his face. Glancing in the mirror, he started and turned round suddenly and asked her if she knew where he got those scars. She replied, "I suppose in infancy." He said her supposition was true, and that they were connected in his

mind with painful images, which he did not like to dwell on. Though generally lively and good-humored, he was subject to fits of thoughtfulness and abstraction, very unusual in a boy, and would sink down occasionally in a deep reverie, and when asked the cause of it, would reply that there were painful ideas about his childhood in his mind, which he could neither get rid of nor exactly understand.

In a communication, also from Mrs. Julia H. Jenkins, containing much which may be of future interest respecting the childhood of Mr. Williams, I am informed that, though naturally cheerful, still a tinge of thoughtful sadness would steal over him when interrogated with regard to his early history, and he would say that he did not remember much about it, and it seemed to give him much pain that he could not. The prevalent opinion in the vicinity seemed to be that he was a French boy, who had been stolen from his family by the Indians, and brought away at so early an age as to render his recollections of any other than Indian life vague and unsatisfactory. These two ladies are entirely unknown to each other; and the latter writes the recollections of her mother, who resided at Long Meadows, when young Williams first came to Mr. Ely's. It appears that at this time he was in very delicate health, subject to fits of shivering in the warmest weather; and one day Miss Grosvenor finding him in this state, wrapt him in a blanket and put him on the sunny side of the house, for which attention he gratefully said, "Missie Gomie very kind, poor Lezau." In conversation with Mr. Williams I also learn that in 1836, an Indian woman, still living at St. Regis, showed him an old hymn book, which it is hoped may be preserved, in which, before the recovery of his mind, he had scribbled some letters, and got a flogging for so doing from her husband, having, in his absence, seized a pen, dipped in the ink, and set himself to write. I find from several persons, that he made very rapid advance in his studies when put to school, and was particularly fond of writing and drawing. When I read to Mr. Williams the account given by Beauchesne, of Bellanger showing him pictures, he said, "Now there is a thing which I seem to recollect. I have some idea of being pleased with pictures in a dark room."

"23. That a decree for the banishment of the son of Louis XVI. passed the French Convention in 1794."

My authority for this statement was Adolphus, who wrote his Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution, in 1799. He says that in the month of December, 1795, Leguinio "moved that the Committee of Government should devise the means of sending the son of Louis out of the territories of the Republic. This was decreed, but no steps were taken to put the decree in execution." According to M. Beauchesne, who doubtless is correct, this motion of

Leguinio's was referred to the committees, who were divided in opinion, but finally reported against it. It is quite sufficient for my purpose to show that the project was in agitation; since, if the end could be accomplished more safely by indirect means than by direct, the former would necessarily be chosen.

"25. That there have been various attempts made to personate the Dauphin."

Herr Naundorf is the only one among the Dauphin pretenders who has made much impression on the world, and he puzzled, rather than convinced, his adherents. I am of opinion that the curious history now opening on the attention of the public, will afford the best clue to the mysteries of Herr Naundorf's life. The principal strength of his cause lay in the impossibility of proving that the Dauphin was dead, and in the knowledge which the pretender possessed of the interior of the Temple. Now I give the following, merely as theory, to account for what is strange about him and his claims. According to his own story, a boy was introduced into the Temple and instructed to play the part of the Dauphin, and after the removal of the latter, carriages, with boys, were sent in different directions, so as to baffle pursuit and inquiry. It may be that so far he told the truth, that he was one of the instruments employed; that as such he was put in possession of many secrets of the Dauphin's career, and became familiar with the arrangements of the Temple, and that all this supplied him with the means of originating and carrying on the deception. The more I consider Herr Naundorf's history, the more I am inclined to think that there must be some such personal connection as this with the main thread of events. Of course a boy of the Bourbon type of countenance would be selected to personate a Bourbon. It would be easy to find plenty such in Paris, where royal blood must have run by many a bye-path into the gutter, and can therefore afford no just ground of astonishment, however startling a phenomenon it may be to find among the St. Regis Indians, a man combining in his person the physical and mental characteristics, and even the familiar gestures of the princes of Bourbon and Hapsburg. Again, if the Dauphin's escape from the Temple was contrived and connived at from political motives by the two dominant parties, nothing could be more improbable than that he would be left wandering about Europe with credentials of identity in his pocket. We can accept no theory whatever which violates entirely the fundamental probabilities of human action. If the Dauphin were taken out of the Temple alive, he would necessarily be sent out of Europe, and not be permitted to remain at large in the centre of political strife, to defeat the very object of removing him. There could be no more natural place to send him to than America, and when there, no more

likely hiding-place than among the Indians. If Bellanger, a pious Roman Catholic, were bound both by religious vows and by regard for the child's safety, to carry out the designs of those who employed his agency, he would neither keep him with him where he could be recognized, nor commit him to the care of Europeans, who would be able to show from whence he came, but would, in all probability, do just what we suppose him to have done.

Several minor items of intelligence have come to my knowledge from various quarters, which I will simply record without deducing any definite conclusions from them, since although they may have the most intimate connection with the main fact to be established, our information concerning them is too imperfect to employ them as evidence. I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Mount Morris, that he was acquainted with Mrs. Catherine Mancius, the daughter of Jacob Vanderheyden, the Indian trader, who, the reader of my previous article will remember, was present at the time that Mr. Williams was left among the Indians at the head of Lake George, and who afterwards, in conversation with Thos. Williams, seemed anxious to pry into the subject. Mrs. Mancius mentioned to Mr. Van Rensselaer, that when Talleyrand was in this country he made her father a visit. Like the visit of the Due de Liancourt to the vicinity of Lake George in 1795, and his rambles among the Indians, this incident may be accidental in its nature, but it affords another of the curious coincidences with which this affair abounds. It is certainly singular to find Talleyrand in contact with old Jacob Vanderheyden. Again, Mr. Treadway, of Malone, informs me that on mentioning this subject to Mr. Brockway, a gentleman whose statements are to be relied on, he told him that in 1832 he was at the Sault Ste. Marie, when two Frenchmen, fresh from France, arrived there, and made earnest and particular inquiry for Mr. Williams, supposing that he was there or in the neighborhood. Both were unable to speak English, and one was a Romish priest. On being informed where he lived, they immediately employed some Indians to paddle them in a canoe through the lake to Mackinac, with a view to take a steamer for Green Bay. Here my information ends. But Mr. Williams has frequently told me that strangers from abroad have inquired for him, but seemed quite unsuspicious that their visits were of any meaning or moment, and has no particular recollection of the incident referred to. My own impression is, that the secret of his birth has been in the keeping of many, and this may aid to account for its disclosure by Louis Philippe, who certainly could not have been the sole depository of it; but if he saw a chance of its coming to light some other way, he would be apt to forestall the revelation and turn the fact to his own advantage, by playing

Williams as a card against the Due de Bourdeaux. I learn also through Mr. Lee, of Newport, that the Prince de Joinville was there with a fleet in 1838, and the ships staid there some time, while he went on a Western tour. It has been stated with seeming authority that the Prince, while in America, either then or afterwards, went to St. Regis, and had some communication with the Indian chiefs. This can hardly have been the case, or we should have heard of it before, unless the Prince travelled incognito. He certainly went at this time into the interior of the State of New-York, and was at Lake George. After the return of de Joinville to France, there came letters from that country to Mr. Ruggles, the French Vice Consul, making inquiries for two old ladies who had been servants of Marie Antoinette, and search was made for them throughout Rhode Island, but with what success is unknown.

In my previous article there were some typographical mistakes, and errors of transcription. The letter of M. Touchard was incorrectly dated 21 Oct., instead of 21 Nov., and in the Journal of Mr. Williams, Thursday is printed instead of Tuesday. Exception has been taken at Mr. Williams telling Capt. Shook that there must be some mistake, as he had no acquaintance with the Prince, when he had previously been led to expect an interview with him. The meaning of Mr. Williams was, that there must be an error as to the person on the part of the Prince, an idea which he expressed to de Joinville himself when he informed him of his birth, and which occurs again in the Journal in 1848. The fact was, Mr. Williams had no personal reminiscences to give probability to the statement that he was the Dauphin; he was not aware of his likeness to the Bourbons, or of the crowd of strange corroborative circumstances which now turn up; nay he did not even know that there was any doubt about the Dauphin's death, and he was just as slow to believe what he was told, dear reader, as you may have been when you first heard the story. The only true discrepancy or difficulty in the article is susceptible of easy explanation. It is in the last entry in the Journal, and resulted from the carelessness and excitement under which it was written. The steamer arrived at Green Bay about 3 o'clock, Tuesday, Oct. 19. The interview occurred that night. We then read, "*Oct. 20, Wednesday.* The Prince and suite left Green Bay yesterday at 12 o'clock," which would make the party leave three hours before their arrival. The explanation is, that the events mentioned are those of Oct. 20, but that they were not recorded until the 21st, and then laboring under excitement and writing in the careless way common to him in his Journal, he spoke of them as having happened yesterday. What he meant to say was, "The Prince and suite

left Green Bay yesterday, Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 12 o'clock," which is a literal historical fact.

I will now briefly sum up the evidence which I may consider historically proven, and entirely external, to which all discussion that is to the point should henceforth proceed.

There are before us three classes of facts.

I. Those which relate to the Dauphin.

II. Those concerning the Rev. E. Williams, but which rest on evidence entirely independent of his testimony.

III. Those which he himself asserts.

This classification will enable us to take a clear and comprehensive view of the whole subject. For the present, I drop out of view mere collateral issues, not as being of no moment, but because I have neither had the time nor the means to examine them, and while uncertain, they detract from the compactness of my argument. It is sufficient to have thrown them before the world for examination.

I. Let us look at the facts proved concerning the Dauphin.

1. *That there is no evidence of his death in the Temple, in June 1795, but that it would appear from a comparison of testimony, that a dying boy was substituted for him, whose body after death was opened by four physicians, and that the tumors upon it and the disease which occasioned death, are utterly irreconcilable with the allegation that it was the body of the Dauphin.*

2. *That the disease of which the Dauphin was indisposed was not scrofulous, though he had a slight scrofulous taint in his constitution, but was the result of confinement and severity, from which, in the opinion of Deaault, air, exercise, and careful treatment might revive him, that his mental powers were greatly enfeebled and impaired, and the articulation of his limbs, viz., the knees, particularly the right one, his elbows and both arms in the neighborhood of the wrists, were covered with tumors, like knots.*

3. That M. Beauchesne shows that the two keepers were agents of political intriguers, and that the name of the last person besides them who it can be proved had an interview with the Dauphin in the Temple, was Bellanger, a Royalist; and cabinet painter to the Count de Provence; that this interview took place at a crisis, and under circumstances which are consistent with the idea that he was the agent employed to remove him; and further, since the keepers themselves could not aid in his escape, without the connivance of the acting commissary, and there is no evidence that any other acting commissary visiting the Temple at the time was a Royalist, there is the highest probability that the Dauphin, who just then disappeared, was taken away by Bellanger.

4. That the pictures of the Dauphin prove that he had hazel eyes, and that, unlike his family in general, he never could

have had a strongly marked aquiline nose.

II. And now turn to the facts proved concerning the Rev. Eleazer Williams, independently of his own testimony.

1. That though he has lived among the New-York Indians since the end of the last century, he is of European parentage, and that no proof physical or evidential can be produced to the contrary.

2. That Mr. Williams has the physical characteristics, features, gestures, and even mental peculiarities of the Bourbon race, and that to such a remarkable extent, as to attract the attention of entire strangers to him, who are acquainted with the family.

3. That there are on his person scars of early disease, which in the opinion of eminent medical men, may have been induced by confined air and bodily suffering—and that their location is on the two knees, particularly on the right, on the two elbows, and in the neighborhood of both wrists.

4. That his eyes are hazel, and his nose very slightly aquiline.

5. That those who knew him in early life, can testify to the obscurity then existing in his mind concerning the events of his childhood.

7. That in October 1841, the Prince de Joinville, after repeatedly inquiring for Mr. Williams in divers places and of divers persons, sought and obtained an interview with him near and at Green Bay in 1841, all the particulars of which are capable of verification from other sources, except what occurred between them in private; but that the Prince, in the face of direct testimony to the contrary, imputes their meeting to chance.

8. That in the spring of 1848, the Rev. Mr. Williams wrote to the Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of Boston, informing him of a report which he received from the South, that the Dauphin was alive, and afterwards communicated to him personally the fact that he was said to be the person, expressing great concern and pain at the intelligence; and further, that a report to the same effect concerning the Dauphin was current in New Orleans in 1848, and that newspaper accounts of Bellanger's confession were seen by responsible persons ready to testify to the fact.

9. That the Rev. Eleazer Williams is regarded by those who know him intimately, as a gentleman of high moral character and unimpeachable truthfulness and integrity, that he is respected and beloved in private life, affectionate in disposition, sound in mind, unimaginate in temperament, humble, unassuming, simple and devout, sensitive in his feelings and shrinking from observation, and one who never would himself have taken any steps to bring the question of his regal parentage before the public.

III. It is unnecessary to recapitulate in detail the facts which rest on the personal authority of Mr. Williams; they are before the world in his reported conversations and

journals. In brief they amount to this—that he has no recollection of his childhood beyond a few faint dreamy images, in which horror and magnificence are blended, and has always been troubled with painful uncertainty as to the occurrences of his early life; but that from two separate sources he has been informed that he is Louis XVII. of France: first, by the Prince de Joinville, at Green Bay, in 1841; and, secondly, through the reported dying confession of Bellanger, in 1848.

Such is the sum of the evidence which has been proven before us, and we see for just how much Mr. Williams is responsible, and what there is to give credibility to his statements. Nothing rests merely on his evidence except what in the very nature of things must do so.

All these separate classes of facts tend to one common centre. They do not clash with the history of the times or the probabilities of human action, but coincide with them. Startling as is the conclusion to which they lead—its rejection would be attended with greater difficulties than its acceptance. Physical evidences and moral probabilities are both in its favor. He who denies it must confess the strangest concurrence of coincidences. The Dauphin, if alive, could not be more like himself than Mr. Williams is, in native constitution and accidental disfigurement. Events ranging through more than half a century, and occurring in opposite quarters of the world, blend harmoniously together, and are capable of no satisfactory solution apart from each other. The Dauphin disappeared from the Temple. What became of him? Bellanger was with him. What became of him? The counterpart of the Dauphin is found among the Indians, sought out by the royal family of France, indicated by report, as having been brought to the country by Bellanger, years before any thing is known historically about Bellanger. Report says that Bellanger on his death-bed declared the Dauphin to be Eleazer Williams.

Supposing that nothing more could be discovered on the subject, we have enough to lift it far above the atmosphere of ridicule, and invest it with the gravity of an historical problem too important and romantic ever to be forgotten.

Such is one aspect of the evidence. There is another, to which I adverted in my previous article, but had then no means of testing. De Joinville's letter supplies the deficiency. The whole subject narrows itself to a single, simple, but stern issue—that of veracity between the only two witnesses who can testify concerning a contested fact. Dismiss from the mind the comparative rank of these two individuals: look at them merely as men. An interview has taken place between them. One asserts that it was purely accidental and unsought, and gave rise to no secret communication of a startling fact, and his account of the inter-

view is made to correspond with the hypothesis of a purely accidental meeting. The other person affirms that the interview was not accidental, but was sought by the first individual, who communicated to him a startling fact, up to that moment unknown to him. Which shall we believe? The rule of law is, *falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus*. The first asserts an accidental meeting, and an unimportant conversation, its necessary consequence. The accidental meeting is positively disproved. The foundation goes and the superstructure goes with it. A sought interview requires a specific object. The second person, who has a fair character, and in whose story no misrepresentation can be proved, relates a fact communicated at the interview, adequate to explain the proved solicitude of the first person in seeking him, but which communication that person has the highest earthly interest in denying. If you believe the first, you must do so in the face of a falsehood and an unexplained fact. If you believe the second, the fact is explained, and no falsehood on his part can be shown. I leave the world to decide on which side probability inclines.

To those who have charitably attributed to me the origination of a moon hoax to sell a magazine, or the credulity of adopting the baseless tale of a monomaniac, I reply with all good nature, that I am content to leave the case to speak for itself, quite satisfied with the approbation of those, neither few, nor stupid, nor credulous, who entertain, with me, the strongest conviction of the high probability that beneath the romance of incident there is here the rocky substratum of indestructible fact.

Shall the subject rest where it now does? Will the public, satisfied with having been amused and excited for a moment, allow the matter to drop? or shall organized means be taken to probe it to the bottom? I can do little by myself. What I can do I have done, in so presenting it as to arrest attention. It now passes out of the hand of an individual, and becomes the property of the civilized world.

In conclusion, let me say, that Mr. Williams has no political pretensions, assumes no name other than he has borne during his recollection, continues, and desires to continue, in the duties of the Christian ministry, and submits himself to the will of God and the shapings of his Providence. He makes no claim. He simply asserts facts. He remains what he has always been, passive; and come what may, he will be resigned.

To all those who have aided me in the accumulation of evidence I return my sincere thanks, and would beg also their continued co-operation; and I would further request all persons, either on this continent or in Europe, who may be able to throw light on the transaction, to address me, to the care of G. P. Putnam, Esq., New-York.

J. H. HANSON.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN. — We announced in our last number the probable conclusion of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, in which the rights of authors to the labor of their brains would be reciprocally recognized. But the hum and confusion incident to a change of administration have thrown the subject into the shade for a while. Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Everett have retired, without the glory of having achieved this noble act of justice, which is reserved for President Pierce and Secretary Marcy. Both of them, we believe, are men of literary tastes and literary associations, the personal as well as political friends of Hawthorne, Bancroft, Bryant; and it is, therefore, to be hoped, that in the midst of their absorbing occupations, they will not allow that gross and damaging denial of justice, which has hitherto marked our legislation, to disgrace our national character. It is a piece of self-injuring baseness on the part of the United States, that it suffers so vast and important an interest as that of literature to remain without the protection of law, exposed to almost universal piracy. Some rumors allege that the treaty is already before the Senate; if so, we shall look to that body for prompt and decisive action.

—A sensitive author, of whose little work we may have spoken in too curt and harsh a way, sends us a long letter to say that we have done him an injustice, but that we are forgiven. We are sorry to have hurt his feelings, but glad to find in him so much Christian magnanimity. Let us add, however, in self-defence, that we really thought he had mistaken his vocation, and expressed ourselves accordingly; but if he has not, his future works will show none the worse for our brief criticism, as the grass is greener where the fire of past years has scorched it the most.

—One of the hardest things in the world to write well is a book for children; but Mr. STODDARD, in his *Adventures in Fairy Land* has overcome the difficulty with no little success. There is a remarkable daintiness and delicacy in his treatment of his several subjects, quite uncommon; while the stories themselves, mostly allegories, are charming for their purity and tender simplicity of style, which would hardly be anticipated by those familiar with the luxuriant and highly-colored verse of the author.

—It gives us pleasure to remark that

the *Works* of the late JOHN C. CALHOUN, one of the most clear-sighted, pure, and powerful of our statesmen, have come into the hands of a New-York publisher, who will give them a wide circulation. The first volume contains his posthumous treatise on Government, and on the Constitution of the United States—both remarkable productions—while the two volumes that are to follow will embrace his *State Papers and Speeches*. Mr. Calhoun was a man of genius, and all that he wrote and spoke bore the impress of a penetrating and original mind. His pages carry you away by the mere force of will that is in them, by his sharp grasp of his subject, his keen, stern logic, his indomitable earnestness of purpose, and by the rapidity of his progress. Without humor, pathos, rhetorical illustration, or any of the ordinary marks of literary culture, his style is still fascinating, on account of its clearness, directness, and conscious energy. But, as we mean to write an elaborate criticism of late American statesmen very soon, we reserve the many other thoughts suggested by this publication.

—A uniform edition of the writings and sermons of that Boanerges of the Congregational pulpit, Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, is in the course of publication. It is easy to see, in reading the strong, terse, eloquent sentences of this vigorous preacher, where his son, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and his daughter, Mrs. Stowe, learned the secrets of their success in the literary and religious worlds. They are emphatically "chips of the old block," with more imagination, than the father, but with the same wiry power and tenacity of purpose.

—*Amabel; a Family History*, is the title of a novel, by ELIZABETH WORMLEY, which has just been published simultaneously by Putnam & Co., of New-York, and Smith, Elder & Co., of London. Miss Wormley is a daughter of the late Admiral Wormley, of the Royal Navy, who was a native of Virginia. She has been some years a resident of this country, which she intends making her future home. *Amabel* is an interesting narrative, and contains many scenes of highly-wrought interest. The scene, in the earlier part of the story, is laid in the island of Malta. But the author has aimed at a higher motive than merely to absorb the attention of the reader: the moral which she has attempted, and we think successfully, to teach, is, that love is not an impulse nor an instinct merely, but a principle which may be cultivated.

—An acceptable service has been rendered to his profession by Dr. SKINNER, in his translation of the "*Pastoral Theology*" of Vinet, one of the most distinguished of the Protestant divines of Europe. It is a work of great thought, admirably methodized, and full of tender religious sentiment, as well as practical truth.

—One of the most important literary acquisitions made by this country of late is the library of NEANDER, the celebrated German theologian and historian. It was purchased for the Rochester University, we believe, and consists of five thousand volumes, many of them of the rarest kind, not to be found elsewhere in this country, and hardly in Europe. They relate mostly to Neander's own favorite pursuit, church history, embracing a complete collection of the Fathers, from Clement and Polycarp to the latest of them; of the scholars of the middle age, such as Duns Scotus, Anselm, Albertus Magnus, Roscellinus, &c.; of the contemporary writers of the Reformation, in the original editions, besides the copious philosophies of all ages. But we are sorry to learn that this treasure-house of rare learning is kept in a wooden building, which may at any moment be destroyed by fire!

—LAYARD's account of his recent oriental researches appears simultaneously from the press of Murray in London, and Putnam in New-York. They form no inconsiderable volume, and are even fuller of new and strange matter than his first work. We have found time, as yet, only to glance over the proof-sheets, which promise the richest and rarest entertainment for the reader. In our next number we shall give a detailed review of this important addition to our knowledge.

—The "London Quarterly" has a labored review of the *Life and Letters of Justice Story*, in which that jurist is extensively patronized, and the United States in general kindly patted on the head. It is not long since the "Quarterly" characterized the Yankees as a set of semi-barbarians; and it gives us the more pleasure therefore, to find its writers taking juster views of the Republic and its people. Who knows but that, some time or other, Bull and Jonathan will be very great cronies?

—Mr. KIMBALL's last work, called *Romance of Student Life*, we observe, has reached a third edition, and has been translated into the German, and is now in course of publication in the *feuilleton* of the *Atlantische Blätter*.

—Miss ABBY WHEATON, youngest daughter of the late Honorable Henry Wheaton, has in preparation a Memoir

of her distinguished father, for which his long diplomatic residence in Europe, and his peculiar opportunities of intimacy with the most famous of his contemporaries, will also afford abundant and various material of interest. The volume will also include a notice of her brother Robert, a youth of singular promise, who died a few months after his father.

—*Thalatta* is the attractive title of a volume of choice poetical selections for the sea-side, to be published early in the month, by Ticknor, Reed & Fields. The taste, ability, and elegant culture of the compilers, promise us in this book of summer reading by the sea, a collection of permanent value.

—*Considerations upon some Recent Social Theories*, is the title of a volume in the press of Little, Brown & Co. of Boston. It is the work of a young and earnest thinker upon the great humane interests of the time, a gentleman of wide experience and observation of all social speculations and experiments. We anticipate in it a book which will command the sympathetic attention of thoughtful men. It will be issued, probably, about the first of May.

FRANCE.—Some of the fair advocates of the Woman's Movement might appropriately employ their time and genius in translating *Le Monde des Oiseaux* (the World of Birds), a Treatise on Passional Ornithology which M. TOUSSENEL has just published at Paris. This writer alone, of the once numerous, but now scattered Fourierist School, who formerly had their centre in that capital, still retains the pen and commands the attention of the public. Endowed with a vivacious and fertile mind, a great reach and brilliancy of fancy, a lively, dashing and readable style, he makes of the analogies of the natural world, a vehicle always bizarre and often very charming, for the ideas and theories of Fourier, heightened and varied by the inventions of his own brain. One of his earlier works, the *Esprit des Bêtes*, or Passional Zoology, has had the luck of a translation and extensive sale in this country. In that, the genius and character of the masculine division of Humanity were congenially illustrated from the habits and characters of beasts. He now takes a higher flight, and from the facts of ornithology, by the help of fine-drawn analogies and far-fetched fancies, demonstrates that, physiologically, morally and humanely, the women are altogether the better part of creation—not so hard an undertaking, as every body will admit.

"The real and secret aim of this book,"

says M. Toussenel, "is to prove, by a thorough examination of the manners and institutions of these privileged creatures [the birds] the following revolutionary propositions: 1. The reign of Man, an inferior creature, is the reign of brute force, of constraint, of imposture, and of old age, the reign of Satan; it fatally coincides in the history of Humanity with the phase of Infancy, the age of silly terrors and superstitions. 2. The reign of Woman, who is a superior creature, is the reign of Right and of Liberty, the reign of Truth and of Youth, the reign of God, whose coming all good hearts daily implore. It coincides with the phase of apogee, or the full development of the human species."

This theme M. Toussenel expounds and rings the changes on through the whole of his octavo volume. Not a bird that flies in the celestial blue, or that haunts the marshy waters of a pond, but furnishes him with some new argument for feminine superiority. The dove and the falcon, the swallow and nightingale, all lend their voices to swell the anthem of love, beauty, and the divine right of woman.

"All lovely birds," says our author, "have in their hearts a longing passion for woman; all ardently desire to be called to adorn and inhabit her abode. The taming of the pigeons of the Tuileries is more conclusive on this point than the longest speeches would be. In the natural state, these birds are the shyest and most untamable of the woods; but their wildness melted like snow in the gentle influence of that focus of attraction which is known in all languages as the Parisian woman. I am perhaps the first writer that has not feared to reveal to the young beauties of my country this marvellous proof of the omnipotence of their charms. The pigeon is the cherished bird of Venus Aphrodite, and is a noble and elegant creature, that admits with the socialists of the best school, that happiness is the destiny of beings, and that it consists in loving. One beautiful day of spring a century or two ago, chance brought some of them to the shades of the royal chateau of the Tuileries; they saw, and heard, and fixed themselves for ever in a place so sympathetic with their secret attractions. They chose that garden for their residence, because the beauty which honors those alleys with its steps, and whose words echo in the boughs of those trees, was endowed with the power of supreme fascination; because there has always been the veritable court of love for the European world. I know that this is trite, and that all men of taste, of every country, have long admitted the supremacy of Parisian beauty; but this unanimous opinion of men required to be sanctioned by the opinion of the pigeon, the sovereign judge in matters of love."

Thus through science, sentimentality
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and fancy, M. Toussenel pursues his object, enveloping birds and women in a common glory. Among the feathered race, feminine authority is universally recognized, as it ought to be among all other bipeds. The happiness of individuals, the prosperity of communities, and the duration of empires, are in proportion to the degree in which woman exercises a controlling power.

"We admire the birds," exclaims our author, "because among them, as in every well-organized system, it is gallantry which distributes rank. We admire them for the purity of their morals, and the wisdom of their legislation, which invests the female, the producer and worker *par excellence*, with the supreme direction of the social movement."

In this philosophy M. Toussenel finds the key which unlocks every intellectual mystery.

"It contains the immediate and radical solution of all the knotty questions of religion, politics, fine arts, and literature, with which for six thousand years poor humanity has been torn."

Every thing will be settled in the reign of woman. She alone is the true type of humanity; her beautiful features form the only genuine human countenance. She is superior in volume of brain, in good sense and lucidity of mind. The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family is sufficient to keep it clear of fools for several generations. Those nations where the men bring themselves most nearly to resemble women are, according to our author, the most powerful; hence the greatness of England and of Russia; of England, because the men shave themselves; of Russia, because her sons pay particular attention to the development and rounded fulness of their chests.

Finally, in justice to M. Toussenel, let us say that if we have not here reported the most fantastic parts of his book, we have also passed over those which are most pleasing and most truly scientific. And we will assure any incredulous reader, that if he opens *Le Monde des Oiseaux*, he will not be likely to lay it aside until he has read it to the end. Whether it will convince him of the truth of *Passional Ornithology* and the divine right of women to all sorts of supremacy, mundane and celestial, we do not venture to predict.

—Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN has had the boldness to measure herself with the most famous production of Molière. She has brought out a comedy with the title of *Lady Tartuffe*, and what is more, it has succeeded. The first performance

took place before the most brilliant audience possible in Paris. Jules Janin, who gives a long analysis of the piece, says that—

"It is both a comedy and a drama: it shines at unequal intervals with the spirit, the grace and the vivacity of comedy, and then it covers itself with crape—it laments, it weeps, it blasphemes! We may find fault with many things in the five acts, but we cannot deny the interest, the curiosity, the movement they excite. We cannot deny the pity, the terror, the improbability, and a thousand trifling points which are almost all successful. The triumph is a great one, and it will be durable."

—JULES JANIN, the redoubtable and fantastic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, has published a little volume on the *Art of Raising and Multiplying Canary Birds*, which he makes the subject of a long and agreeable article in that paper, affecting to treat its author as an entirely different man from himself. He concludes in the following fashion:—

"Well then! I will read again this famous treatise on the art of raising birds, and I hope—yes, I hope—that in the course of ages some readers, lovers of good things, deceived by the similarity of the two names, will attribute to the maker of feuilletons the delightful book of the raiser of canaries. After all, they will say, he was a good man; he loved the sweet melodies of spring; he would have given all the rusty poems of the world for the song of a warbler; he would gladly have swapped all bloody melo-dramas for the cooing of a turtle-dove. No doubt he made very bad books—romances, histories, criticisms, frivolous things, spiced with pedantry; he very improperly mixed the Latin with the French; he used a dialect of his own, made up of tricks very tiresome to follow, of trifling researches very fatiguing to read, of little hits which had no great point, of little malices which but few readers could understand: in a word, he had a foolish dialect, fitter for a linnet than a man; and this dialect, made with so much pain and research, died with him, and now nobody knows the first word of it. Luckily, and this is what saves him, and what will make him live in the future, this Marivaux of the written word, this seeker of new worlds, this Falstaff of the sylphs, this skimmer over the corn-blossoms and foolish waving grass of ribbon-flaunting rhetoric—wrote—who would believe it!—a charming book, a useful book, a famous book, an immortal book, on the *Art of Raising and Multiplying Canary Birds!*"

—In these days of Dauphins resurrected, M. PROSPER MERIMÉE's last book, *Les Faux Demetrius* (The False Demetriuses), may have an even greater interest than belongs to it intrinsically. In the

latter part of the sixteenth century, Demetrius, the seventh son of Ivan the Terrible, Czar of Russia, and heir to the crown, was either assassinated or accidentally killed himself with a knife, probably the former, at the age of ten years. At any rate, his death was a fact that could not honestly be called in question, whatever doubt there might be as to the manner of it. The imperial authority—then far from what it now is—passed into the hands of Boris Godounof, who had been prime minister, and was accused of the murder, though unjustly. He exercised the government greatly to the dissatisfaction of the people, till twelve years after the decease of the young prince, when suddenly it was announced that the latter had not been killed, but only carried off, and had all the while been living in Poland, and that having now reached manhood, he was coming back to assert his right to the throne. And so he did, supported by Prince Adam Wisniowiecki, a rich and powerful Polish grandee, who furnished the funds for the expedition. The face of the pretender was universally recognized as that of the family of Ivan, and his person bore all the marks ever heard of as belonging to the defunct heir of the crown. More than this, a man was found who declared that he had been a servant of the boy, and was perfectly sure that this was the identical person. It has been supposed by historians that this Russian dauphin was a priest by profession, that he had been a sort of missionary among the savage Cossacks, and that his real name was Grichka Otrepief; but M. Merimée rejects this hypothesis. It does not appear how our pretender came to invent the rather plausible story by which he imposed on so many persons. However, he entered Russia at the head of an army; after a prolonged struggle he defeated Boris, who then died suddenly, probably by suicide; and finally, he was recognized by the nation as Czar. His glory was, however, of short duration. After a reign of eleven months, during which he exhibited more talent and better qualities as a ruler, along with a smaller proportion of brutal vices than could have belonged to any of the race of Ivan, he was assassinated again, never to be restored to life. But this was not generally believed; it was affirmed among the people that the Czar Demetrius was still in existence; and in fact some four or five other pretenders successively came forward, claiming to be the murdered monarch, and made a vain but often bloody war on Basil Chouiski, who had got possession of the throne. Of these new pretenders M. Merimée narrates the adventures of three.

Whoever wishes to read one of the most curious pages of history, will find it in his book, which is written in that vivacious, lucid, and elegant style, for which he is justly distinguished.

—*Vingt Années aux Philippines* (Twenty years in the Philippines), is a little volume containing the choicest adventures of M. DE LA GIRONIERE, who founded a colony at Jala-Jala in the island of Luzon. Lovers of travels, and of strange, out-of-the-way tribes and countries, will find here something to their taste.

—MIGNET, the historian, is publishing in the *Journal des Savants* a series of articles on that exhaustless subject *Charles V., son abdication, sa retraite, son séjour et sa mort au Monastère de Just.*

—Readers of French novels will, perhaps, think they do not waste their time if they undertake the *Contes Romanesques* of M. PAUL DELTUF. The best thing in the little volume is *Une Vendette Parisienne* (a Parisian Vengeance).

—ARSENE HOUSSEY is an elegant, but a shallow and frivolous writer. He has just published a new volume of sketches entitled *Sous la Régence et sous la Terreur* (Under the Regency and under the Terror). They are worthless except to those who find nothing better to amuse themselves with.

—*L'Histoire Religieuse des Peuples Slaves* (The Religious History of the Slavonic peoples), by V. KRASINSKI, long in preparation, has at last appeared with a preface by MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

—A history of the discovery and conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, has been published at Paris, with five maps. The author is M. P. CHAIX, who proposes to bring out the entire history of Spanish and Portuguese discovery in South America during the sixteenth century. This is the first part of his work.

GERMANY.—An important contribution to Roman history is Prof. JACOB BURKHARDT's *Zeit Constantins des Grossen* (Time of Constantine the Great), just published at Basle, Switzerland. It is a profound, learned, and instructive work, full, not only of erudition, but of the results of philosophic thought and comprehensive observation of men and nations.

—*Das Hohelied Salomonis* (The Song of Solomon), by Dr. E. W. HENGSTENBERG, is a new exegesis of that portion of the Bible upon allegorical principles, in opposition to the more literal and critical treatment it has been wont to receive from the scholars of Germany. That the work is done with spirit and entire independence of other writers, the name of the author sufficiently guarantees.

—The discourses of Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, since he became a Catholic and the priest of St. Philip Neri, have been translated into German by Mr. DÖLLINGER, and published at Regensburg.

—Dr. JOSEPH SCHWARZ, a German Jew, long resident in Jerusalem, published, some years since, in Hebrew, at Jerusalem, a book on the *Holy Land in its Former and Present Geographical Peculiarities*, which has now been translated into German, and thus made more generally accessible. It is eminently worthy the attention of all who are interested in the geography of ancient or modern Palestine. An English translation has been published in Philadelphia.

—*Der Teufel in Bade* (The Devil at the Bath), is a new romance about to be published by KARL SPINDLER, with its scene laid appropriately at Baden and Homburg.

—A careful and impartial narrative of the life of Louis Napoleon may be found in TIEDEPREUD's *Napoleon III.*, just published at Berlin. It contains also all the public documents which have any particular relation to His Imperial Majesty.

—The Prussian Government have just issued a list of the books which no circulating library in the kingdom is allowed to keep. Among them are THERESA PULSZKY's *Hungarian Tales*, HEINE's *Romancero*, Robert Blum's *Life and Influence*, and several works upon Modern History and Politics.

—The Romanticists must ever hold a high place in the German literature of the present century. The names of TIECK, FOUQUE, SCHLEGEL, NOVALIS, ARNIM, HOFFMANN, and KINKEL, may lose something of the brilliancy which their first admirers attributed to them, but their genius must always command the respect of those whose respect is most valuable. To the young American especially, we recommend the cultivation of these Teutonic writers; and a judicious selection from their works just published at Hanover, will afford a convenient means for making their acquaintance. It is called *Phantasia*, and gives the best productions of the school,—including in it indeed some whom we should not have classed there,—with excellent and impartial critical and introductory notes.

NORWAY.—An interesting collection of the old popular songs and ballads of Norway, long since commenced by Pastor LAUDSTAD, of that country, has recently been given to the public in part, one volume having been published. Most of the poems in this volume come from the province of Oberthelemach, the home of

Norwegian popular song, where Mr. LAUDSTAD has resided for some thirty years. They are given in the original dialect, with notes explanatory of their meaning, and of their connection with Swedish, Danish and Faroish ballads, as well as with the ancient Scandinavian literature in general. They are accompanied, in most cases at least, by the music to which they are sung.

MUSIC.

THE last month has been quite rich in musical interest, at least in New-York. Paul Julien has taken his musical farewell; Gottschalk has continued his success; Mad. Sontag's success was undiminished, at Niblo's; the complimentary concert to Mr. Fry, Mr. Eisfeld's Quartette Soirée, the third concert for the season of the Philharmonic Society, have all taken place.

Paul Julien's farewell drew the world to Metropolitan Hall, and satisfied it. The boy himself never played more exquisitely. There is an ease of style, a sweetness of tone, an atmosphere of rare musical feeling over all his performances, which leave nothing to ask. His violin has a natural pathos, which is the more striking since it is held by a boy, and the entire want of apparent effort in the most rapid and remarkable execution, makes it all seem as natural as breathing. It may, perhaps, be difficult to separate strict enjoyment of his playing from the warm feeling inspired by so young and so winning a person, but we do not remember ever to have been more contented with the chief of instruments. It would be like Vieuxtemps, except that Vieuxtemps was too passionless and coldly elegant. In finish it is like him; but the fact that a boy has already achieved a dexterity which seems to be only the result of long and elaborate practice in the man, shows the fineness of natural organization, and the heroism of earnest devotion. Paul Julien pleases us more than Vieuxtemps. The effect of his playing is not so artificial. Vieuxtemps's was the perfection of industry and talent. But talent and industry cause no magnetic thrill. Paul Julien pleases us more than Ole Bull, whom we much prefer to all other violinists, we have ever heard. Ole Bull is amorphous, erratic, vague in his composition and play. He delights and disappoints. He is the weird magician, who cannot quite command the spirits he evokes, and they pass in a shimmering splendor, rather than shine with fixed light. He is full of power and pathos; he is at once grotesque and gorgeous. To hear him is to hear Ossianic bards

singing in the mist songs in an unknown tongue. But in our little Julien's playing there is the same human sympathy and sweetness, the same early and healthful ripeness as in Mozart. The Mozart-likeness of Julien has been rather amply "exploited" by the critics, but we mean it now, not in an external nor accidental sense, but something more. There is nothing of the prodigy about Paul Julien; there is nothing in him which is remarkable, merely because he is young. His power, his performance, that exquisite tone, that facility of execution, would be as noticeable in a roan as in a boy. He is not a prodigy, because he is a genius; and because he has genius, there is little more to be said about his concerts than to express various degrees of delight. The moment a man is perceived to have genius, that moment criticism is apt to be quiet (or ought to be quiet), because genius only can show its own path. The man is, in virtue of his genius, the pioneer of new ways. Criticism is made up from ways already known.

We are getting on dangerous ground again, as last month, in discussing Alboni. Genius has had its own way long enough, the wise men begin to think, and the doctrine encourages young men who are very lazy and sentimental, to become more so, and call it genius. The wise men ought to remember that because the porter was put into the king's bed, he did not therefore become a king—nor did the circumstance destroy faith in monarchy. Mad. Sontag sang two or three times at Julien's concert. Her singing and her toilette were equally *soignée*. It was gracefully and charmingly done, when she was led forward by the young beneficiary, and by assisting at his farewell, showed her recognition of the artist and his services to her. Badiali, too, was in unusually good voice, and we were all the gainers, for he sang with a commendable and effective heartiness. Paul Julien does not leave the country quite yet, but makes a farewell tour.

The Philharmonic Society's third concert for the season, took place at Niblo's Saloon, on Saturday evening, March 5th. Beethoven's *C Minor* symphony was performed, and Gade's overture, *The Highlands*. The symphony was never more finely done. The *andante* was unanimously encored, and the triumphal march of the finale, inspired the audience as no other music can, at least as no other music can inspire that audience. For, after the brief reign of fashion at these concerts, when they were held at the Apollo Rooms, an audience has succeeded, of those who truly enjoy and ap-

preciate the best German music. The audience is perhaps two-thirds German; the orchestra, with a few exceptions, foreign. The music usually selected from the highest range. Why, therefore, O why, was Mr. Rochsa's *Dialogo Brillante* for flute and clarinet suffered to appear on the bill, and why were we all obliged to suffer the hearing? The poor, amiable, imperfect instruments, strained and quivered in friendly rivalry, shrieking, whistling, and rumbling, while the audience had but the single feeling of hope that they would come safely out of it, and a sigh of relief when the last note expired; "like a star," said a foggy-brained German poet near by, misapplying Shelley's line,

"Dim-plann'd is the intense insane."

The German poet was partly true. It was truly dim, intense and insane. Gade's overture was less pleasing to us than the *Ossian*, played at the first concert this season. There were fine things in the *Highlands*, but they were obscure. There was a want of clear, sweet themes. This business of reverie in music, seems to be rather overdone. Painters and sculptors are not allowed to have reveries in marble and colors; and composers who love their fame and influence, will beware of putting fog into form, and calling it substance. Artists of all kinds address the public. They write for the man who runs to read. If they presuppose upon the part of their audience any especial sympathy with themselves or their moods, they will discover their mistake by being left upon the shelf. Mr. Joseph Burke played a concert of De Beriot's for the violin. It was a clear, polished, exact, and effective performance, and drew out the most unequivocal approbation of the audience. There is a delicious freshness and sparkle in Burke's violin. Why could we not hear it at Einfeld's Soirées? Mr. Root's Quartette party sang very simply and pleasantly, a hunting song of Mendelssohn's, a serenade of Mr. William Mason's, the young American pianist, of whose success in London we spoke last month. The first is one of the purest and most characteristic of the composer's "Songs with Words," which are, however, not so fine as his "Songs without Words." The last is a sweet strain of summer moonlight, delicately conceived, and admirably sung. It was a very agreeable variety in the programme. The audience was a crowd—scarcely a spot for standing could be found. The orchestra was never in better tune or temper.

Mr. Einfeld's Quartette Soirée at the Apollo, on the 19th February, assembled the usual circle of music-lovers—

those who admire upon principle and enjoy by rule (among whom we rank ourselves). But even they were a little balked by that composition of Onslow's, for "The Brothers Müller," who clearly lived upon difficulties, as Mithridates upon poisons, and to whom, doubtless, they were also nutriment. But not so to us. We all applauded the energy and sincerity of Mr. Einfeld and his friends, and the intricacy and elaboration of the composition, and partly, we are sure, in posthumous pity for the unfortunate "Brothers Müller," for whom the thing was originally gotten up, and who, by implication, are supposed to have played it perpetually. Of what "The Brothers Müller" were guilty does not appear; of what "G. Onslow" was guilty, only too plainly appeared. Mr. Root's party sang here also, in the same pleasant way as afterward, at the Philharmonic. There was a quartette by Lachner for piano and stringed instruments, which was not very interesting, but ably performed. Mr. Wollenhaupt, the pianist, did his work very conscientiously, bringing his head to bear upon the performance in a very remarkable manner. But the final quartette of Haydn's redeemed every thing. We could have heard Onslow's affair twice, for the pleasure of the exquisite *G minor* of the sunny composer. It came gliding in at the end of the concert, full of consolation and joy. The "buds and bird-voices" of Spring were in it; it was the harbinger of midsummer. The concerts of the Philharmonic, and these rare evenings of Einfeld, we owe to the resident German musicians. Certainly, if we give them a country, they scatter broad and deep in it the pearl-seed of art. They give as well as take. We shall doubtless owe to them the direction of our musical genius.

The heavens were unkind to Mr. Fry, for the evening of his complimentary concert was one of the most inclement of the winter. However, there were many valiant friends of his in Metropolitan Hall, and when he was called forward, he spoke with fervor and force to the point, that there was still a good time coming for American art, and even the lyrical drama should here be established. The benefit should have been a bumper, and would have been, but for the storm. His friends, however, every where, will be sure to pledge him with bumpers of hope in their hearts.

But neither storms nor diversity of attraction affect the brilliant throng that awaits every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, the rising of Niblo's curtain upon Sontag. Her series of operas have been an unvarying success. She is so charming and finished in all, that the

last is always the favorite. *Marie* was perfect until *Amina* came; *Rosina* was irresistible until *Norina* sang; *Lucia* was love itself, but *Linda* was lovelier. Sontag has a fair field, and plenty of favor. Never was an audience more kindly disposed. Never were tears more profusely bespoken. Never were delights and raptures more rigorously predetermined. Cambrics, and the curtain for the second act rise together; and agony for the woes of *Linda* blends with admiration of her delicious toilette. With one eye we cry for the unhappy peasant girl, ill-suited in a palace, and with the other smile upon that superb brocade, that powdered wig, that ravishing *ensemble*. It is the very luxury of pathos. We all go moist-eyed into embroidered handkerchiefs, while she goes mad in flowered silk and diamonds. She comes out of it as dexterously as she went in, and singing a brilliant rondo, goes off happy. We come out of it with eyes not very red, and hearts only gently wrung, and go off home. It is the pleasantest business in the world three times a week. We have never had an opera so uniformly thronged, and so successful. Our enthusiasm is elegant rather than boisterous. On the whole, we are rather too well-bred to be very demonstrative; only once or twice during these twenty odd nights have we all thundered irresistible applause—which is a thing not to be mistaken when it really comes. As we write, *Linda* is the great success. We confess our individual uncertainty as to what merits the most praise in this performance; whether the music of the opera, the singing, the acting, or the dressing is the most approved. The music seems to us about as poor as any tolerated music could be. There are two melodies in the three acts, and for the rest, that blind groping after melody, that imitation of melodic form, which is so frequent in Donizetti's sixty-nine operas, is very distressing and exasperating. The singing is as fine as it always is; but fine singing squandered upon poor music, is like the wandering of a pianist's hands over the key-board. It is skilful, but a very little suffices. When one remembers how sparkingly Sontag sings Rossini, it is lost time to endure Donizetti. The acting is Sontag's acting—very proper and careful, with no abstraction, no apparent consciousness of an audience, no sly strokes for applause, with just the appropriate look and gesture, so far as it is possible to determine: in fine, just as near the thing you want as the *Venus de Medici* to a woman. It is our old feeling constantly confirmed. The dressing is irreproachable. As a study of characteristic costume, it is worth while

to assist at these soirées. Such color, such elegance, such tournure, such genuineness are rare, indeed, upon the boards. They only prove, what you feel every moment, that you are watching a lady—a lady to whom we all owe the most delightful evenings. The *Maria di Rohan* was equally successful with the rest. It is an opera full of melo-dramatic action, and not remarkably full of good music. It afforded Badiali a fine chance, and Madame Sontag did all justice to her rôle, which was the more interesting as being the first time she had ever played it.

Madame Alboni, with Salvi and others, known to the opera public, commences at Niblo's, under Maretzek's management, about the first of April.

Gottschalk gave only two concerts in all. The more we heard him the firmer was our faith that we have heard no pianist so fine. He is ranked only with the best; and if you consider that he has more than De Meyer's command of the instrument, which becomes an orchestra under his hands, and a strain of genius in addition, it is easy to infer his position. He is very young and delicate. When he has played some tremendous fantasia, under which the whole house seems to have rocked and reeled, he shivers and is as cold as marble, and then perhaps circles off in airy flights through dreamy dances and tropical refrains; or playing, as if in a whisper, some mournful song, his fingers weep along the keys, and the music dies in showery sound. These are rather fine flights, and some "Rusticus in urbe" will be "paraphrasing" our sentences in *Dwight's Journal*. Yet, with deference to the rustics, and to the very accomplished critic of the *Tribune*, it seems as if some latitude must be allowed to words in describing the impression of music. The written criticisms of Liszt and Berlioz, and other musicians, upon music, are very fanciful, but much more significant than any others. The words dilate and describe in their mouths as they would not elsewhere. "Rusticus" is right about the extravagances, only the extravagance is the abuse of the necessary use. The sentences must be a little insane that would characteristically describe Weber, or Berlioz himself, or the young Gottschalk. He has such wild exuberance, such capricious facility, such prodigious power and rapidity; he tumbles the whole piano into such chaos to evoke his little world of melody, which, when it comes, is so simple and round, that you could laugh like a child at a rainbow bubble. His force is so fervent and truly tropical—spending itself in gusts and paroxysms, and floating off and dissolving in delicate play—that it

seems to us quite impossible to deny him an undoubted rank as a characteristic pianist and a man of genius. He has gone to the south, but will return in May, to make a tour of the northern States.

Boston keeps up the game; Alboni was as successful there as here; and we are delighted to know of the success of Mr. Otto Dresel's series of chamber concerts, in which he has been assisted by Jaell, dear to the "belles of Boston." Mr. Scharfenberg assisted at Mr. Dresel's last concert, and fully shared all the honors, as he always does at home. We fancy there is a larger national audience for chamber music in Boston than in New-York. The Mendelssohn Club, of which those who know speak so highly, and these frequent piano concerts, indicate a favor upon which no man could count here. The valiant little band who stand by Mr. Eisfeld, even though he try their courage with Onslow's quartette for the unhappy "Brothers Müller," is the only evidence in New-York of genuine taste for quartette music. They have symphonies and oratorios too, in Boston; and occasionally we read of some native star rising in great glory, but somewhat doubtfully shining, and finally dwindling off toward Italy and forgetfulness.

In foreign musical bulletins we observe that Mercadante's fifty-second opera, *Stalira*, has failed at Naples; and if at Naples, where the composer is royal director of the music, then, certainly, every where else. But another of his operas, called *Violetta*, has succeeded. Verdi, his rival, is writing music to a libretto of *La Dame aux Camelias* for the *Fenice*, at Venice, and has brought out *Il Trovatore* in Rome with great success. His *Luisa Miller* has done well at last, in Paris, with our old friend Bosio as heroine. Lindpaintner is coming to London to direct the new Philharmonic Concerts. He is a second-rate German composer, and succeeds to the baton of Hector Berlioz. Auber is appointed, as we have already intimated he would be. *Kapellmeister* to the new Emperor. He is successor to Paer, who held the post under the uncle. We quote, "M. Auber's inaugural production as head of the French Imperial Chapel—the *Cantata* we mean, for the Emperor's wedding—seems to have been oddly made up. Not having time to write a new work, he put together a miscellany partly from 'Lestocq,' which is a story of a conspiracy—partly from 'La Corbeille d'Oranges,' which is a tale of a basket-woman raised to high preferment—partly from 'Marco Spada,' which shows the tragic end of an intriguing brigand, who, on being shot down, perishes with a lie in his

mouth." M^{lle} Wagner will not try London again. She finds that Chancery disagrees with her. But M^{lle} Klauss, the beautiful pianiste, is announced to come from Russia; and Madame Pleyel has already arrived and "opened the piano." We remark no new names of eminence in any department, except perhaps, that of Duprez, the retired tenor, who is composing an opera for his daughter. Our old friend, Belletti, has been singing *Don Giovanni* successfully in Paris to Cruvelli's *Donna Anna*.

FINE ARTS.

The public-spirited directors of the late American Art-Union, have not been wholly discouraged, in their laudable efforts to diffuse a more general taste for art among their countrymen, by the relentless hand of the Law in crushing the admirable institution which they had managed so prosperously. They have recently opened at their galleries, an exhibition of paintings which possess as much historic as artistic value. It is most appropriately called the Washington Exhibition, as it contains no less than five portraits of the Father of his Country, and a good many of his revolutionary companions. Among these pictures are the original portraits by Stuart and Pine, and Leutze's historical paintings of Washington crossing the Delaware, and Washington on Dorchester Heights. To these are added Powers' marble bust. There are several portraits by Copley and Stuart, and originals by Reynolds, MacIise, Leslie and Mulready. The best productions of some of our best artists are also in the collection. It is quite the finest exhibition of pictures that has been opened in New-York, and the inauguration evening, intended at first to have been on the birthday of Washington, was one of the pleasantest reunions of artists and amateurs that has been afforded to the friends of art in the city.

We simply do our distant readers a kindness by informing them of the fine as well as famous paintings that may be seen in this collection; for it is a rare occurrence, even here, for so choice a collection of works of art to be offered to public inspection. The Copleys and Stuarts are among the finest works of those masters in American art; there is an opportunity afforded, too, of comparing the styles of English and American painters, which does not often occur. The picture by Reynolds is a portrait of a boy reading, and is one of the finest examples of his color. Near it is Stuart's half-length of General Gates, a portrait as remarkable for its vigorous handling as for its rich-

ness of color and characteristic expression. The picture by Leslie is one of his greatest successes; it is the Anne Page and Master Slender which was painted for the late Philip Hone, and is well known to the public from its having been repeatedly engraved. There is a duplicate of it in the possession of a Scotch nobleman, but this was the original picture. The picture by MacIise will not be likely to increase his reputation on this side of the Atlantic; it is an Italian scene, thoroughly melodramatic in character, and possessing but little merit in point of color or drawing. It represents a lover serenading his mistress by moonlight; he is perched in a most extraordinary manner on the top of an arch, to which he has ascended by a rope-ladder, while two ladies are listening at a corridor just above him. Our artists do not suffer by being exhibited in such company. Among the well-known works of our own artists is the celebrated series by Cole, called the Course of Empire, which belongs to the New-York Gallery. It is for the benefit of this institution, we believe, that the exhibition has been opened, and the proceeds in part are to be appropriated to the purchase of Leutze's Washington at Dorchester Heights, to be placed among the permanent possessions of the gallery.

Art was honored on the occasion of the opening night of the Washington Exhibition by a brilliant assemblage of the fashion of the city, in "evening dress," as though these beautiful productions of genius were not to be gazed at in week-day costume. It was a becoming homage on the part of Fashion to Art. But Art will flourish better when she becomes more familiar with the every-day affairs of the world, and when her productions are found in the homes of the laborer, as well as of the rich and exclusive; and it was that all might enjoy the beneficial effects of her presence that the Art-Union was founded; and it was for this noble purpose that the directors of that noble institution were laboring when they were arrested in their benevolent designs.

—A letter from Rome says, "Page has come to Rome, and is likely to have full employment. He is now painting portraits of Mr. Crawford, the sculptor, and of Mrs. Crawford, both very good subjects. Mr. Story has finished his model for the statue of his father, the late Justice Story. It is very highly spoken of by those who have seen it, and there is a rumor that a duplicate will be ordered for one of the Inns of Court in London."

—The London *Spectator*, in a notice of the Exhibition of the British Institute, makes the following allusion to the production of a New-York artist, now in London:—

"The best figure-piece is 'The Night March,' by Mr. Glass, an artist who has developed rapidly within the last year. Well conceived and thoroughly carried out, it presents every requisite of the subject. On a bright moonlight night, a troop of horse defile down a rocky pass, their arms and armor glinting coldly afar. The foremost soldiers have entered a stream which lies in the line of march; the horses bow their necks to drink, but without pausing; and between the two leaders rides a peasant who acts as guide. All is secrecy and anxious purpose. The leaders lean their heads in silence, with watchful eyes and ears, to catch the words which accompany the guide's indication of the route; and they hold their pistols ready for use on a moment's suspicion of foul play. There is a manifest capacity and unity in this work amounting to power. The painting is bold, broad, and effective, if somewhat coarse."

The *Athenæum*, in a notice of a picture, by another New-York artist, in the same exhibition, does not speak of it so flatteringly: "'The Sacred Lesson,' by Mr. D. Huntington, has 'story...none to tell, sir.' It is chiefly to be commended for the manner in which the old man's head is brought out; but the hands of the young girl are large beyond all proportion. As a composition the subject is quite ineffective."